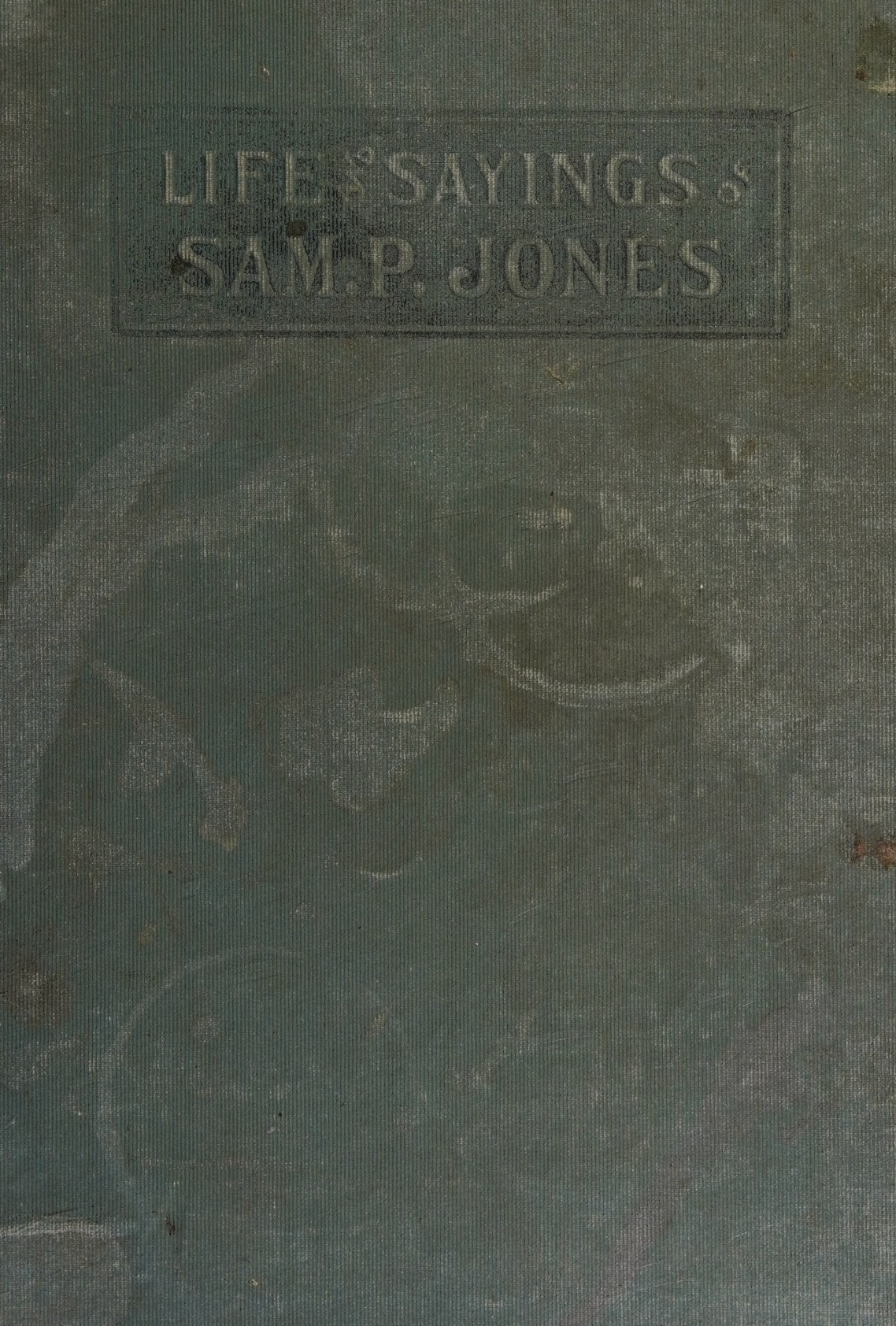
LIFE & SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES



S. Albrecht.

Read and return

Mary M. Albrecht Lehr

The Life and Sayings of Sam P. Jones

The Only Authorized and Authentic Work

BY HIS WIFE

Assisted by
Rev. Walt Holcomb, a
Co-worker of Mr. Jones

1907
THE FRANKLIN-TURNER CO.
PUBLISHERS
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A. N. JENKINS & SCOTT
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS
Austell Building, ATLANTA, GA.

COPYRIGHT 1906, BY
MRS. SAM P. JONES

CONTENTS.

FOREWORD 17

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

AS I KNEW HIM 19

CHAPTER II.

HIS ANCESTRY 33

CHAPTER III.

HIS EARLY DAYS 42

CHAPTER IV.

HIS CONVERSION AND FIRST SERMON 50

CHAPTER V.

HIS FIRST WORK IN THE CONFERENCE 57

CHAPTER VI.

OTHER PASTORATES AND REVIVALS 72

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY EVANGELISTIC WORK AND LAST PASTORATE 81

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ORPHANS' HOME AND REVIVAL WORK 90

CHAPTER IX.

HIS FAME SPREADING 100

CHAPTER X.

REVIVALS IN SOUTHERN TOWNS..... 112

CHAPTER XI.

IN BROOKLYN WITH DR. TALMAGE..... 124

CHAPTER XII.

THAT MEMORABLE MEETING..... 133

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT MEMORABLE MEETING (CONTINUED)..... 143

CHAPTER XIV.

IN MISSOURI AND ST. LOUIS..... 156

CHAPTER XV.

IN MISSOURI AND ST. LOUIS (CONTINUED)..... 167

CHAPTER XVI.

CINCINNATI REVIVAL..... 176

CHAPTER XVII.

CINCINNATI REVIVAL (CONTINUED)..... 187

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHICAGO CAMPAIGN..... 198

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHICAGO CAMPAIGN (CONTINUED)..... 208

CHAPTER XX.

THE BALTIMORE AWAKENING..... 217

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BALTIMORE AWAKENING (CONTINUED) 225

CHAPTER XXII.

INDIANAPOLIS, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS 233

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN TORONTO AND CANADA 237

CHAPTER XXIV.

OMAHA AND KANSAS CITY 248

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GREAT WORK IN BOSTON 254

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST 263
I.—LOS ANGELES 263

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST (CONTINUED) 269
II.—SACRAMENTO 269

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST (CONTINUED) 275
III.—SAN FRANCISCO 275

CHAPTER XXIX.

TOLEDO MEETING 280

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WORK IN THE SOUTH 284

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WORK IN THE SOUTH (CONTINUED) 295

CHAPTER XXXII.

HIS LIFE AND WORK AT CARTERSVILLE 306

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. JONES—A STUDY 316

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SUMMARY 333
THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY 333

CHAPTER XXXV.

DEAD SOLDIER OF THE CROSS COMES HOME 341

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE 347

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BODY LIES IN STATE IN ATLANTA 363

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MEMORIAL SERVICES 371
TRIBUTES AT NASHVILLE 371

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MEMORIAL SERVICES (CONTINUED) 391
SERVICE AT CHATTANOOGA 391

CHAPTER XL.

MEMORIAL SERVICES (CONTINUED) 399
ADDRESSES AT ATLANTA 399
REV. A. W. LAMAR 407

CHAPTER XLI.

APPRECIATIONS FROM PROMINENT MINISTERS 409
BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD 409
REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D 412

CHAPTER XLII.

APPRECIATIONS FROM DISTINGUISHED MEN 414
HON. JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES 414
HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN 415
IN MEMORIAM—SAM JONES. HON. THOMAS E. WATSON 416

CHAPTER XLIII.

SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES 423

CHAPTER XLIV.

SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES (CONTINUED) 428

CHAPTER XLV.

SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES (CONTINUED) 433

CHAPTER XLVI.

SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES (CONTINUED) 438

CHAPTER XLVII.

SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES (CONTINUED) 443

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES (CONTINUED)..... 449

CHAPTER XLIX.

SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES (CONTINUED)..... 455

CHAPTER L.

SAYINGS OF SAM P. JONES (CONTINUED)..... 460

ILLUSTRATIONS.

☞ Forty-eight pages of Illustrations, not page-numbered, plus 464 type pages equal to 512 pages in Volume.

FOREWORD.

While in the last meeting Mr. Jones conducted, which was in Oklahoma City, in conversation with me, he suggested that we set apart the month of December for the purpose of getting together the material for a book containing the story of his life and work. It was Mr. Jones's wish that we write the book, and he requested Rev. Walt Holcomb, who was associated with him in evangelistic work, to spend December in our home and assist us. Our plans were made to do as he suggested.

But in the Providence of God, Mr. Jones was called to his reward; and Mr. Holcomb and I are left to carry out his plans. Acting upon the advice of friends, we began the manuscript as early as my strength would permit, and we have followed the best we knew how what we believe would have been his wishes could he have spoken to us.

For nearly thirty-five years I have preserved newspaper and magazine accounts of his great meetings throughout the United States. In order to get our bearings, and map out the best plan for the book, it was necessary to get the material chronologically arranged, and do much careful and discriminating reading.

We have not tried to give a critical study of Mr. Jones and his labors, but to present them in the simplest way, that those who knew and loved him might have a true record of his long, useful career. The book, however, will be suggestive to those who wish to know the secret of his wonderful life. We have made free use of illustrations, anecdotes and stories related by Mr. Jones to

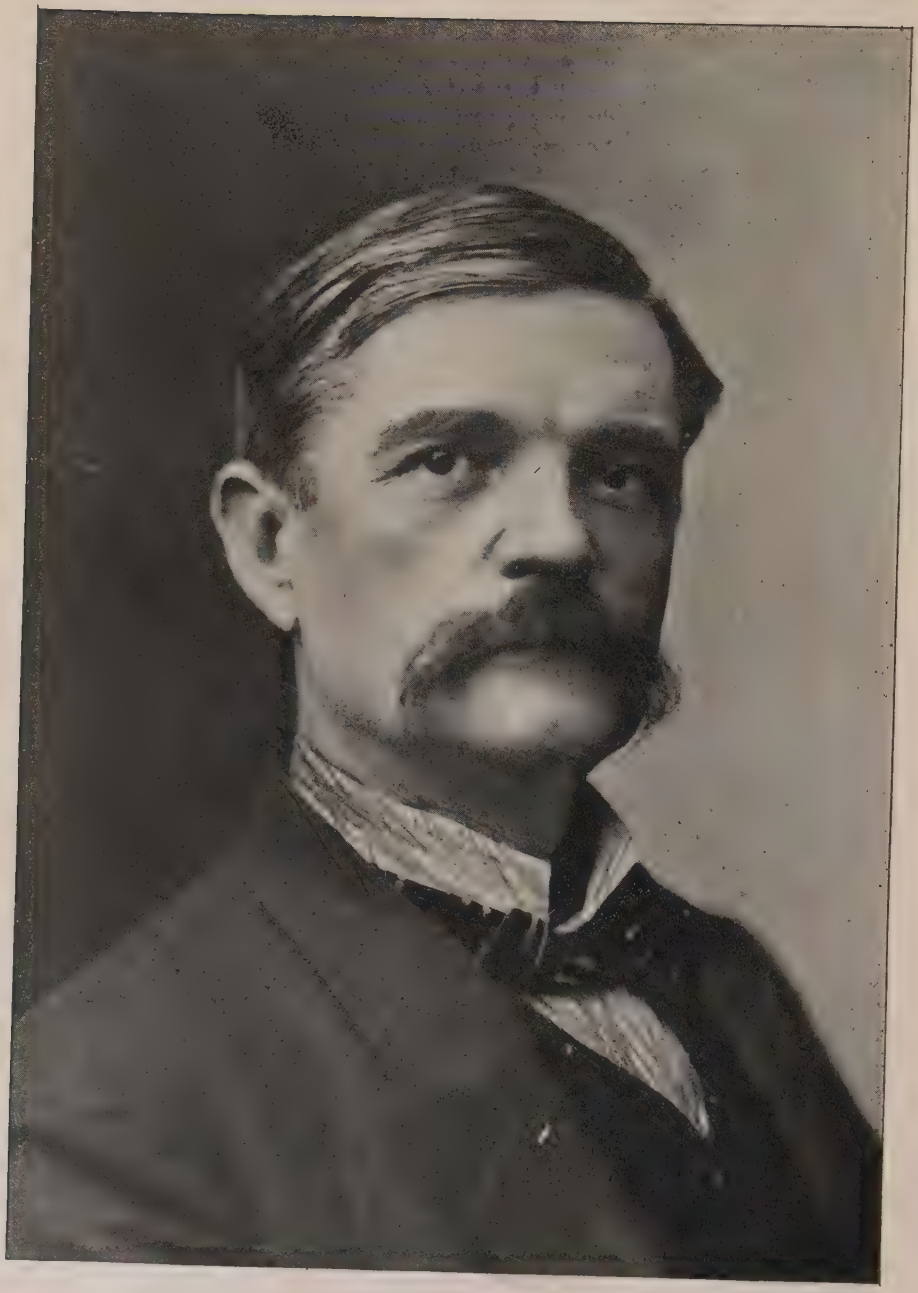
make the work characteristic of himself. As there is such a demand for his "Sayings," we have included many of them. The reader may follow his development, his crowning ministry, and study him in the many capacities in which he served.

Some of the tributes given at the funeral and the memorial services have been used. We regret that we could not use all of them. Other tributes prepared by friends appear in the volume.

Rumors of unauthorized books coming into the field made it necessary for this one to be given to the public as early as possible.

Many friends have been very generous in supplying us with valuable material for the manuscript, which we gratefully acknowledge.

To His Children



REV. SAM P. JONES.

BOOK ONE

His Development

The Life and Sayings of Sam P. Jones.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

As I Knew Him.

The saddest task my love could perform is this tribute to my husband, in writing the story of his life, and when I attempt to write of him as I knew him my heart is filled with sadness, and my eyes with tears, for I knew him in the most sacred relations of life, first as his sweetheart, his wife, his helpmeet, the companion of his youth, the mother of his children, whom he loved more than his own life, and then when the frost began to fall as a mantle upon his head, and the weight of care and the burden of years to bend the precious shoulders that bore so many burdens for the careworn and overburdened fellow man, whom he tried to help, and labored and wore himself out in a life of service to save—we were all the more to each other, and our love instead of diminishing grew and grew until it seems to me since he has gone from me so suddenly, slipped away from me, leaving me the sacred charge of following him, leading our children to the foot of the Cross—and finally reuniting on the morn of the Resurrection—that until that day my life must remain incomplete. I could not tell of him as I knew him; no words, no language could describe him.

I have often heard him say in public life, as well as at home, "The highest ambition I have on earth is to have those who survive me say of me when I am dead and gone, 'Sam Jones lived up to and died by his convictions.' That I was a true man, a good husband, a good father to my children and a good neighbor and citizen, without reproach." I believe the supreme wish of his life has been

granted. The people of Cartersville will testify that he was a neighbor and a citizen without reproach. His audiences all over the United States and Canada will testify that he lived up to his convictions and was willing to suffer for them, and all his children will unite in declaring that he was the most patient, gentle and the tenderest of fathers, and I feel sure that I will not weary the readers of this book when I declare to them that he was an ideal husband. I have reason to know, for I have been his cherished companion, not only in the privacy of our home, but in public life during all these years of his noble career.

It was in the home of Mr. Austin Dupuy, whose father owned the adjoining farm to my father's, that this young man was a visitor during the eight months of his stay in Kentucky. He was taken in as a son of the household and soon became the most talked-of personage in the neighborhood, for most of that part of the country during the Civil War was in sympathy with the North, and this young man was the son of a Confederate captain, and he created a good deal of interest among the people.

This family being such intimate friends of my father's it was perfectly natural that my brothers should very soon know this young man, and he was invited to our home; in fact, was a constant visitor there during his entire stay in Kentucky.

It was on a Friday afternoon in January, 1864, that, in company with one of my young girl friends, it was my privilege to come home and spend the Sabbath, from the boarding-school in Newcastle, Ky., that I met this young man. When I got home my mother was full of praises for Sam Jones, the Georgia boy, who had come home with Lieutenant Dupuy, and when my brother came we were all delighted that he had brought him with him to spend the night. And my first introduction to him was by my mother, who said, "Laura, this is Sam Jones from Georgia." I looked at him and saw a bright-faced boy with large brown eyes, and my heart went out to him in sympathy, for I had heard something of his history and separation from his family from my mother. This was the first sight of the boy who was, in after years, to become my cherished companion, and whose name was to become a household word all over the land.

In the latter part of the year of 1864, it was made possible for him to return South and join his mother in Lumpkin, Ga. I often met him during the remainder of his stay in the community and grew to like him. After he left us he corresponded regularly with my younger brother, but it was quite a surprise when I received my first letter from him, after he had been away several months. From this time we corresponded regularly.

In 1867 Capt. John Jones, Mr. Jones's father, was commissioned to go into the Middle States and solicit supplies for the people of the desolated South, and traveling through Kentucky, he made it convenient to visit the friends of his son in Henry county. He came to our home and made me very happy by chance allusions to his son Sam, whose image at this time was deeply graven on my girlish heart, and from whom I received frequent letters. In this time of struggling poverty in the South Mr. Jones was unable to return to Kentucky to see me, and for four years we corresponded, but were not engaged until the spring of 1868. At this time he was studying law, and expecting to be admitted to the Bar the first of November of the same year. And we had decided on this time for our marriage. After being admitted to the Bar in the courts of Georgia, he took the first train for my home, and on November 24, 1868, we were married very quietly, the marriage being witnessed only by my mother, brothers and a few relatives and friends. My father refused to witness the ceremony, because he had learned since Mr. Jones's return to Kentucky that he had become dissipated—but, thank God, long before my father's death he saw God's hand in my choice, and learned to love Mr. Jones as his own son. My brothers were not entirely willing to entrust the care of their only sister, then a young girl of eighteen, to this young man of whom they knew so little—but my mother, the high-bred, spirited woman that she was, said, "Now, Laura, you've promised to marry Sam Jones, he has come for you, and you are going to redeem your promise." She never regretted this advice, and through the long years of her widowhood he was a son in every respect, and she often said she knew no difference in her love for me and her love for Mr. Jones.

In after-years the homestead came into my possession, but my

mother made it her home as long as she lived, spending her winters with us and her summers in Kentucky, and so it was made possible for me to go and spend a portion of the time with her. And here Mr. Jones would snatch a day or two frequently from his many engagements, coming to the home of my girlhood to live over the old scenes of happiness of our youthful days, when no thought of the future, with its cares, responsibilities, perplexities, and, above all, its increasing, abiding love, growing stronger each day, came to us. When I was called to my home one day in August, 1895, to see my mother before she passed away, Mr. Jones was in Baltimore engaged in a camp-meeting at Emory Grove, and our eldest daughter, Mrs. Turner, was in the Johns Hopkins hospital very ill; he joined me to pay the last tribute to her whom he had loved as a mother, and to whom he had shown every respect. And when she left us, we went to the little church where she worshipped and Mr. Jones made such a beautiful talk, thrilling those who gathered to pay their last tribute of love; how my mother loved him, and stood by him and had indeed been his mother since the day he came to Kentucky in 1868 to claim her only daughter as his wife.

After our marriage we left at once for Mr. Jones's home in Georgia. In those days traveling facilities were greatly inferior to those of the present day, and it took us three days to make the trip from Kentucky to Cartersville, which was to be our home for a time. We were welcomed by Mr. Jones's family and were entertained for some weeks in his father's home. Never will I forget those days. I was a proud, high-spirited Kentucky girl, who had been raised in affluence, and these new surroundings were so different to any I had been accustomed to. On the first Sunday after our marriage Mr. Jones and I went to church with his father and mother, and when we got to the door of the church a sudden shyness seemed to come over him, and he left me, after starting up the aisle with me, to walk alone and sit with his parents, and he went back and sat near the door during the service. But, I am glad to say, in all the thirty-eight years of our married life this was the first and only time he deserted me. He said I taught him better when I got home that memorable day.

Mr. Jones had been admitted to the Bar before our marriage and his prospects seemed bright for the future, but for the South the times were very straightened, and professional men of experience often suffered from lack of employment and poor pay for service they rendered; so a young man necessarily had little advantage. Thinking he would be more successful elsewhere, we decided to go to Dallas, and go into a little home of our own and live in a very modest way, and there our first little girl, Beulah, was born October 31, 1869. We remained in Dallas only a few months, going from there to Alabama, staying in Alabama until Mr. Jones's father expressed a desire that we should return to Cartersville, as he needed his son's assistance in caring for him in his sickness, he having been an invalid for many months, having contracted lung trouble during the terrible exposure of the war.

It was in August, 1871, that God in His wisdom saw fit to take unto Himself our little Beulah, then twenty-one months old, and it seemed to us in our young lives that the sunshine of life had surely gone out, leaving all so dark and desolate. Never will I forget Mr. Jones's grief. He loved this beautiful little girl so tenderly, and I have never seen any man so fond of little babies as he. Each one that came into our home brought joy and gladness to his heart from the first to the last. A few weeks after the death of our little girl, Beulah, our second daughter, Mary, now Mrs. Turner, came into our life.

At this time we lived in a little cabin in Cartersville, which is only a short distance from our present home, and it was in one of the last sermons that he preached at the tabernacle meeting that Mr. Jones gave a few pages of his life, dwelling upon the fact how God would bless a man if he lived right and walked humbly before Him, and spoke of the fact that when he was converted and started out in the ministry that we were living in this humble home, and how through the years of his faithfulness, as he believed he had been faithful to God, how God had blessed him not only in a spiritual, but in a material way. How God had, through friends, given us this beautiful home wherein we now dwell, and how we had dedicated it to God, and had tried through the years to be faithful to our vows.

Mr. Jones at this time was not so dissipated as he had been for the first two years of our married life, but he had abandoned his law practice altogether, and it was by his daily labor that we were enabled to live. He worked for many months, firing a furnace, three miles from Cartersville, having his dinner at 11 a. m., and returning home at 1 a. m. Often in after-years he would say to me, "Wife, I never look up at the stars at night that I don't think of the months I fired that old Bartow furnace. It seemed to me that I counted hundreds of times each star in the heavens and thought of the Great Beyond." Did any whisper of his future greatness come to him? Did he realize the undeveloped power which lay dormant in him? The power which would sway the multitudes as no other man had swayed them since our Divine Christ lived among men? No man ever mounted the pinnacle of fame more rapidly, and yet no man ever seemed so unconscious of his greatness.

Through these years of trial and poverty we found that our friends were not so numerous, but there was one of whom he always loved to speak, who was ever faithful, and that was an old colored woman, Aunt Ann Mickens, who lived near by (we having only one or two near neighbors). She was a woman who had given her heart to God and was a faithful Christian. She and her husband lived on the hill, and had known Mr. Jones all the years of his life that he lived in Cartersville, and loved him devotedly. She would come night and morning during my sickness and minister unto me and give me all the help possible, praying constantly for us that God might lead us out into better and more useful lives. It was our privilege in after-years, when God had blessed us, to minister in turn to her and her husband, who was helpless for many years. In Mr. Jones's visits home she was among the number that he always visited, and contributed to her support, trying to make her latter years as comfortable as possible. It was during one of his visits home that he went to see her before leaving, and she said to him, "God bless you, Marse Sammy. When you gits back from this trip I will be gone, but I will be sitting right inside the gates of heaven when you come, waiting to welcome you, and will tell the Lord Jesus how good you was to an old nigger down here."

I have spoken at length of Mr. Jones as I knew him before his conversion. His conversion, his call to the ministry, and his work as a pastor in the North Georgia Conference are spoken of fully in chapters to follow. His work as an evangelist is also taken up and covered completely.

I shall now speak briefly of him as a husband and father, and his social life, and in the hours of sorrow and bereavement.

Frequently his work while the Agent of the Orphans' Home took him away from us, and perhaps a letter written February 10, 1881, will show his great solicitude for his home, wife and children while necessarily separated from them; also his faithfulness to God and duty:

"MY DEAR WIFE: I received your postal yesterday. I do wish you would quit these postals. Are you out of envelopes, paper and stamps? I want you to write me all about how you feel. Maybe you say if I am so much interested in how you feel, I would go home and see. Well, Laura, I had rather be with you this moment than to be anywhere in the known world, yet I am here, and why I came here and why I am still here, I can only feel is by the direction of the Lord. It is only in the path of duty that I can walk safely. You know, dear wife, that the Lord has done wonderful things for us, whereof we ought to be glad, and whatever the demands of duty are let us comply gladly and freely. I think often of you all at home, 'Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.' After preaching here last night some of the brethren came to me and said, 'You must send for Sister Jones.' I really think you would enjoy being here a few days. You never met a kinder people, and it would be so nice for me to have you come. I think Mary and Annie, for papa's sake, would stay at home with Miss Kate, and be good girls. After all I have written, wife, I want you to do as will be the most pleasure and comfort to you. Let me hear from you by return mail. Love to all.

"Your husband,

"SAM P. JONES."

While on the Van Wert Circuit, May 11, 1873, Annie, our

daughter, now Mrs. Rouhs Pyron, was born. Our oldest son, Sam Paul, was born on May 31, 1875. Our second son, Robert W. Jones, was born on Christmas Eve, 1876, while on the Desoto Circuit. Our fourth daughter, Laura, now Mrs. B. C. Sloan, was born in October, 1881, at Social Circle.

With our five living children, and the added cares and responsibilities which had been multiplied, and which were necessarily heavy upon me, Mr. Jones felt that we must locate permanently, and buy a little home where he could leave us in comfort. We considered both Marietta and Cartersville, but Mr. Jones was specially drawn to the home of his boyhood, where so many of his people live. In our Cartersville home our youngest daughter, Julia Baxter, was born in April, 1885. No father ever loved little children more than he, and the coming of our last child brought special delight to his heart, as there had not been a child born in our home in the last four and a half years. Our grandchildren, of whom five are living, Laura and Eva Mays, Samuel Paul Jones, Robert Porter Jones, and Sam Jones Sloan, were a constant source of love and pleasure to him. When the last little one came just one year ago, we hesitated when he arrived to name him Sam Jones, as the other boys had been given his name in part. Mr. Jones was away from home at the time, and when he returned after a few days the subject was mentioned, and we saw that he was delighted with the idea of calling this sturdy little fellow Sam Jones Sloan, and he was particularly devoted to this boy all the days that followed. He wrote the *Atlanta Journal,* saying, "With the advent of another grandson in our home comes great joy and rejoicing, and I am pleased beyond measure with the fact that he is named plain, flat-footed Sam Jones." Somehow he seemed to be endeared to this little fellow more and more as the days went by. On the eve of our leaving home for Oklahoma City he took the dear little boy in his arms and said to me, "I would love to live to see the day when this dear child will be grown, and will take up the work that I am doing."

The people of Nashville, where he had held a great meeting, generously offered to give him a beautiful home, but after considering and praying over it, he decided to remain at Cartersville. Then

the citizens of Nashville made a generous donation for the purpose of improving our Cartersville home, and through their generous gift our home was completed. Mr. Jones was so grateful to God and friends for the home that he decided to dedicate it to the Lord, and on Christmas Day, in 1885, the house was formally dedicated at 2:30 p.m., Dr. T. R. Kendall, of Louisville, Ky., conducting the service. After an appropriate hymn and prayer by Dr. Kendall, Mr. Jones arose and, in a most touching and earnest manner, presented the home to Dr. Kendall, as a minister of God for dedication to His service. The official minister then read several appropriate passages of Scripture, and after commending the action, expressing the hope that many others must follow the example, he accepted the home in the name of the Lord. He then called upon Rev. W. A. Dodge, who offered a fervent prayer for God's blessings upon the home and family.

Four generations of Mr. Jones's family were present, including his venerable grandfather, uncles, brothers, sisters, mother and my mother.

His beautiful thoughts concerning home and home-life, and the blessings of God in the home, were so sacred and sublime that every one present saw him in an entirely different light to what the world had known him. Some one who was present, in writing of the rearrangement of the home, said, "I was struck with something about Sam Jones's home which is typical of his life. When he built his present home he had the old home, which was a one-story frame building, raised and a new portion built under it. The old homestead is there, but it is elevated and made beautiful by the new part, which is a handsome foundation. So it is with the life of the owner. The old Sam Jones has been lifted up, with a new man and a firm foundation, the maker and builder of which is God. While the entire new structure is beautiful to behold, yet the old Sam Jones is still there, with the humor and the boyishness and the love for all mankind."

In his social life, Mr. Jones was always a marvel, and a source of untold delight to the friends that gathered in our home. We celebrated several occasions of note; among the first, was our

twenty-fifth anniversary, thirteen years ago, the twenty-fourth day of November. This was a notable occasion in our lives, and we had begun to look forward to the fiftieth milepost, hoping to God, if it was His will, to let us journey together these few more years. He so often spoke of what a God-given privilege it was for a man and his wife to journey together for fifty years, and at the end of that time celebrate their golden wedding. It was on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our friend and neighbor, "Bill Arp" that he said, "How glad I would be if God would let me live to celebrate with you, my beloved wife, the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage."

Another, and the greatest occasion of the gathering together of our friends, was on the occasion of Mr. Jone's fiftieth birthday, just nine years before he celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday in the glorious City where many of those who were with him on the occasion of this celebration had gone on before, and I imagine it was a reunion of great gladness and joy. Mr. Jones's happiness on the dawn of his birthday knew no bounds. He was like a schoolboy come home to spend a holiday. The day dawned clear and beautiful. Forty-nine of his friends gathered with him and we were happy indeed. We give in his own words a few thoughts on this occasion. (Copied on separate page.)

We also had a Christmas dinner for the boys of Cartersville, that he might bring them in closer touch with himself, and also a dinner for railroad men from many places. He loved these men tenderly and wanted to help them, because of their great kindness to him. And although Mr. Jones was a very busy man, having only a few weeks in the year oftentimes to spend with his home people, he enjoyed beyond measure these memorable occasions. He loved his home and his home people and his association with them.

While the past seems dim before my tear-filled eyes, and present great sorrow, it is still sweet to remember the gladsome look on his face and to feel that he appreciated the efforts made in his home to add this pleasure in various anniversaries.

But it was in the time of sickness and bereavement that his real heart was seen. I was taken violently ill on the twelfth day of

November, 1887, in Rochester, New York, as I was traveling with Mr. Jones on one of his extended lecture-trips, and I remained in New York five weeks. At the expiration of this time the doctor who was in attendance upon me told Mr. Jones that I would die, and as my anxiety was so great to see my children he advised him, if possible, to bring me home. The friend with whom we were staying was the President of the Delaware and Hudson River Railroad, and he offered Mr. Jones his private car for the journey. His wife, the physician and four other friends attended me. When we arrived in Atlanta, having telegraphed ahead for Dr. Bizell to meet us, he accompanied us home. Immediately upon our arrival here he performed an operation which was of a very serious nature, and my life hung in the balance for many weeks. The physicians held out little hope for my recovery. Mr. Jones was well-nigh prostrated, and his tender solicitude, as he watched by my bedside, touched deeply the hearts of those who were near him. It was the most sorrowful experience, as he often expressed it, in his whole life, for no man, I think I may truly say, ever loved more beautifully, more tenderly or sweetly than he did. He not only loved me with all the affection of his nature but he depended on me. Outside of his love for God, I think his love for me was the greatest thing in the world. While my life was swinging uncertainly in the balance he divided his time between watching by my bedside, and praying to God to spare my life.

His suspense and sorrow was terrible. Calling his children together one day, he told them that he had given up hope, and they must be prepared for the greatest sorrow of their lives, although he was still praying to God to save me, and he said, "I have promised God that if He will give her back to us, I will never while I live give her a moment's pain or speak a cross or impatient word to her." Soon after this an improvement was noted in my condition, as though God had accepted the promise of my beloved husband, and I believe He did. While Mr. Jones was always tender and thoughtful before, it was literally true from that day to the last day of his life he kept his promise to God. He was never heard to utter an impatient word to his wife and his faithfulness to God has been known to the people throughout the land.

There was another period in his life when his faith in God was tested. That was when our daughter Mary was so ill for many weeks at the birth of her oldest daughter, and he saw that all human help was powerless. He went to God in prayer and called upon some of his friends whom he knew lived close to the throne to pray with him. Among them were Brother L. P. Brown, of Meridian, Miss., who gives a very beautiful experience in his own life, when he took this girl to God in prayer, and how he had the assurance from God Himself that her life would be spared. Although many people came to Mr. Brown and told him they had seen in the papers that Mary was dead, he said he knew it was not true, for God had assured him that she would live; and it was in answer to these prayers that she lives to-day.

In January, 1888, after the trying period of my serious illness, Mr. Jones went to Kansas City to hold a meeting, which had been postponed for several weeks on account of my sickness. Having been there a short while, he became so homesick to see me that he, leaving the meeting in the hands of some one else, came over a thousand miles to spend one day with me. Although it was his custom to write me daily, and keep it up till the end, at times he was so homesick he would cancel his engagements to come to us.

I knew him as a sweetheart, a husband, a father, a Christian. He was loving, kind, generous to a fault, and above all things, I knew him in his faithfulness to God.

In the last tabernacle meeting after a hard summer's work with great trials, tribulations, and temptations, he said to the people: "It seems that this has been the hardest year of my life. At times it seems that my grip on God was loosened, and then I went to him in my great distress and poured out my soul in earnest prayer, and God came into my room and lifted the burden from my heart, and gave me assurance of victory, and I could hear him say almost in audible tones as if the voice was clear from heaven:

'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.'"

So he went through life, bearing the burdens, yet filling life full of kind deeds, and always giving pleasure and happiness to others, until the time had come, many years ago, when everything was dated from and to, "when 'daddy' comes home." We always saved the best of everything for him, and when the time came for him to come home we all met him at the depot, the children scrambling for the first kiss. When the train pulled into our station he would always be standing on the lowest step of the car, waiting to step off to receive our welcome. I can see him now, in memory, as his face would light up with that wonderful smile, so dear to me, when he would catch the first sight of his wife, children and grandchildren, waiting to welcome him home. Oh, those home-comings! they were so dear to me, and although we will be denied the earthly pleasure of his homecomings, thank God, he waits at the terminal station of Life's great railway there to welcome each of his loved ones with joy that no homecoming could have given him on this earth.

The last weeks that I knew him were in our Cartersville meeting and his final work in Oklahoma City. After the strain and burdens of the tabernacle meeting, I was quite unwell, and felt that a few days, or a week's rest at home would benefit me greatly, and thought I would remain at home, and not accompany him to Oklahoma City, as two of the children were not well at the time. But Mr. Jones seemed unusually determined to have me accompany him. I hesitated at first, but finally made up my mind to go, and the journey proved more pleasant than I anticipated. I improved so much while in Oklahoma City and our companionship was so delightful. We were together more, without the presence of others, than we had been in the given time for years. Did God, in His merciful tenderness give me those two happy weeks, to try to soften the terrible blow He knew was coming?

The afternoon we left Oklahoma City, October 14th, it was raining and so dreary, but Mr. Jones seemed cheerful and happy and I never dreamed he would leave me so soon. But I do thank God that He made it possible for me to be with him to the very last, and I know that His goodness and mercy followed him to

the very last days of his life, and he now dwells and will forever dwell in the house of the Lord. And although I can not express in words what he was to me or how I loved him, I want the world to know, as many thousands already know, that although he was the greatest man of the nineteenth century in public life—pure, true, honorable and kind to all his fellow men—his greatness was in greater evidence in the place he loved above all else—his home.

This departure is an inexplicable Providence as I see it now. But for my faith in God, and my knowledge of his strong and abiding faith in God and my profound belief in the excellency of his character and the purity of his motives, all mingled with the hope of a glad meeting in the sweet by and by, how could I bear this great loss or be able to say, "Lord, Thy will be done."

CHAPTER II.

His Ancestry.

In tracing Mr. Jones's ancestry, we begin as far back as August 16, 1805. To Rev. and Mrs. John Jones, of Abbeville District, South Carolina, was born a son, whom they named Samuel G. Jones. Both parents died when the boy was four years old. He was then taken into the home of an uncle, where he remained until he was seventeen. Leaving South Carolina, he came to Elbert county, Georgia, where he was apprenticed to a tanner for a term of two or three years. At the expiration of this time he married Miss Elizabeth Ann Edwards, a daughter of Rev. Robert L. Edwards, who was for a number of years a member of the South Carolina Conference, and later of the Georgia Conference.

He was married in his twenty-first year, and his wife was in her sixteenth year. They lived together happily fifty-one years. They reared eleven children; nine sons and two daughters.

Remaining in Elbert county for a few years after his marriage, Mr. Jones then removed to Heard county, Georgia, and from there to Chambers county, Alabama, and later in life he returned to Georgia and settled at Cartersville, where he died at the advanced age of ninety years. He was converted and joined the Methodist church at the age of sixteen and was licensed to preach at thirty-three. For many years he had served the church as class-leader, Sunday-school superintendent, steward and exhorter. After he was licensed to preach, he was ordained deacon in 1843 by Bishop Soule, and elder in 1848 by Bishop Capers.

From the time he was licensed to preach until his death, he was an honored and an acceptable local preacher in the Methodist church. In twenty-eight years he only missed three appointments, often walking nine miles to preach after a hard week's work.

He was a rather peculiar combination of manly and noble characteristics. He stood strongly for his convictions. His common sense was unusual. He was an old-time preacher. His preaching was notable for its directness, clearness and simplicity. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and had much quaint humor.

To be with grandfather Jones and hear him talk was to feel a holy inspiration, and to be impelled towards a better Christian life. His conversation was on high and holy things, showing a remarkable memory and a clear conception of the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, of which his life had been a shining illustration. In Mr. Jones we find some of the characteristics of his grandfather. Much of the wit and humor in the grandfather, also the directness, clearness and simplicity, were reproduced in the grandson. Here we have some of the strongest elements of Mr. Jones's success. Mr. Jones visited his grandfather on his fiftieth anniversary, and speaks of him in the following way:

"Six years ago, I got a letter from my old grandfather Jones, who lived across two counties from us, and he wanted me to come and visit him. The letter said: 'You and your wife and children must come to see us; your grandmother and I have lived happily together for fifty years, and now we are going to celebrate our golden wedding.'

"I didn't intend going, but I thought over it and concluded to go, and we went. After we had finished dinner, grandfather formed all of us around him in a circle and told us this story: Away back when he was sixteen years old, in the southern part of Georgia, he was bound out until he was twenty-one; while he was trudging away at his work, the little village was stirred up one day by some Methodists coming through holding a revival meeting, and he, like every one else, went to hear the preaching, but not like every one else, he was converted to God, and was baptized; a few years afterward he was ordained and has preached the gospel ever since. 'There are fifty-two members in our family, of these twenty-two have crossed over on the other side, sixteen were infants; and, with God as my surety, I know they are in heaven, the other six died happy (and one of these was my father).

"'There are thirty left, and all but one are in the church and on the straight and narrow path that leads to heaven; but that one, oh, I have wept over that brother; I have shed tears of bitter anguish; I have prayed for him and with him, and at last he surrendered to the power greater than he, and is to-day a powerful minister of the gospel. Then the old man said, with tears in his eyes, that he didn't care whether he stayed down here with his thirty children and grandchildren, or went up yonder with the twenty-two to wait for us all."

Grandfather Jones was also in the habit of having a birthday celebration, which came on the fifteenth day of August. He would have his children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and friends present. These were occasions of great grace, more like a revival meeting than a mere social gathering. The day was filled with songs, prayer, sermons and exhortations, and an exchange of Christian experiences.

The deep religious experience of grandfather, and his earnest solicitude for the salvation of his children and grandchildren was lived over in Mr. Jones. No man ever loved his home better and had keener interest for the welfare of his children.

At the different anniversaries in our home and the great annual tabernacle meetings, our home was more like a prayer-meeting or revival than anything else. Some of the rarest and richest religious experiences of life have transpired in our home during these gatherings.

As we have seen, Mr. Jones's grandmother, on his father's side, was a daughter of Rev. Robert L. Edwards. Mr. Edwards was one of the pioneer preachers of Georgia. He was a giant in his day. He preached with unusual unction and was rather unique in his ministry. While the gift of wit and humor was not so pronounced, he was, nevertheless, witty and humorous when he wished to be. He had a burning zeal for the salvation of souls, and was quick to see an opportunity for preaching the Word of God. He was admitted on trial by the South Carolina Conference, at Sparta, Georgia, in December, 1806. After serving as an itinerant preacher for five years, he located in December, 1811. He was readmitted

into the South Carolina Conference, at Milledgeville, Georgia, in December, 1814, and remained in connection with that and the Georgia Conference until his death in 1849.

The Conference Minutes say of him: "As a preacher of the gospel he was one of the most remarkable men that ever labored in the Southern States. His preaching abilities were good; especially did he excel in the talent for extemporaneous preaching. Upon the spur of the moment he could deliver a discourse, marked not only with good sense and fervency but with system of thought and power upon the hearers. He was dintinguished for his skill in planning and conducting meetings in which the conversion of souls was the special object. Nor was he ever satisfied with efforts which did not result in this end. At camp-meetings he would often preach from tent to tent with powerful and blessed effects."

Rev. James D. Anthony, who heard him preach several times during the year 1847, describes a service held at the old Warsaw Campground, in the autumn of that year, in the following words:

"All the preachers had left the tent and were on their way to the arbor. Father Edwards, who always believed in being on hand in due time, was leading the procession. He halted, and turned, facing us, saying: 'Stop, brethren, stop! Tell me who is to preach to-night.' 'Brother David Williamson,' some one replied. Then, facing Brother Williamson, he said: 'Brother Williamson, what are you going to preach about?' Williamson replied, 'I thought I would take a text in Isaiah 48:18: 'Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.' 'Pooh, pooh,' exclaimed Brother Edwards, 'That won't do at all. Give 'em salvation, brother, give 'em salvation. I tell you, you must give salvation.'

"Brother Williamson was not a man who could shoot without taking a rest, so he preached on 'Peace as a River.' It was a very pretty, smooth sermon of about thirty minutes. When he had finished, old Brother Dunnagan, an exhorter, arose to conclude the services. He eulogized the sermon in beautiful language, and began to talk about the 'assize' in England, and the vast numbers that attended on such occasions.

"Brother Edwards was seated in the altar. He rose up, groaned

in spirit, struck a bee-line for the pulpit, and placed his right hand on the exhorter's breast, at the same time saying: 'Brother, I don't care anything about the 'assize of England.' These people are sinners, sir, big sinners, on their way to death. And if you won't tell them where they are going, sit down and let me tell them.'

"'I was going on,' explained the exhorter, 'to tell them about the great assize of the general judgment day; but, my brother, I will give place to you. I know you can do better than I can; and he took his seat. Mr. Edwards made an earnest exhortation, and when he invited the unsaved to the altar, they came in crowds. This moved the church, and the meeting lasted all night. Cries, mingled with shouts of converts, and the happy hallelujahs of Christians continued to be heard until the sun, full-orbed, rode up into the heavens."

At another time he ran across a crowd waiting for a horse-race to come off. He passed a few words with them, and finally decided to preach, provided they would listen. Seeing that he had nearly an hour before the races, he took his stand on the porch of a little store, sang a hymn, knelt down and prayed, and preached a powerful sermon. They asked him to stay with them and preach that night. The people were so impressed with his preaching that they urged him to remain several days. The result was a wonderful revival and a church organized. Thus he went from place to place preaching.

He possessed great physical courage. It is told of him that after preaching a very pointed and direct sermon a rowdy fellow waited for him to whip him and kill him if he did not retract some of his utterances. Mr. Edwards was riding home when this fellow met him in the road. He spoke to him, demanding that he take back the things to which he objected. This the preacher refused to do, whereupon he struck Mr. Edwards, and the preacher returned the blow, but he finally got the sinner on his knees and prayed him into the deepest conviction. The man went home and retired, but his agony of conviction was so intense that his family, becoming alarmed, sent for his pastor; he came and prayed with him and led him to the Saviour.

These incidents may help to account for some of the qualities in Mr. Jones. He was possessed with such a consuming desire for the salvation of the lost, and was always ready anywhere to preach to sinners, and was possessed with such dauntless courage. He used to say, "Fighting is the first instinct of a bulldog, and the last resort of a gentleman; yet you can not have moral courage without physical courage as a basis."

Those who knew Mr. Edwards very well and who heard Mr. Jones preach, used to say: "There is a streak of his great-grandfather running through Mr. Jones, breaking out here and there."

His father, Capt. John J. Jones, was a man of many parts. He was a lawyer by profession but a business man in every sense of the word. In his law practice and business transactions, he made money but spent it freely. He did an immense business, and was always in a good financial condition.

Early in his life he was sheriff of the county in which he lived, and took a lively interest in politics, but never held any other office. He believed in office-holding for his friends.

His Christian life began very early, as he joined the church when young, but it was not until his latter years that he became such a devoted Christian. He always felt that he was called to the ministry, but unlike his son, conferred with "flesh and blood." He didn't feel that the ministry offered sufficient financial inducement for his support, and put off preaching until he could make enough money to feel sure of the necessaries of life. Thus he turned to the legal profession, and became a lawyer of note, distinguishing himself for his intelligence, integrity, justice, social qualities, and piety. As a speaker he was wonderfully gifted, exercising great power over a jury. At one moment he would have an audience angry because of his invectives and sarcasm; and, the next moment roaring with laughter.

He was the soul of honor. In all of his trades and transactions he never took the advantage of any one.

Some of these strongest elements in Captain Jones were in his son. For instance, his honesty, his ability to make money, his great generosity, his power over an audience, and the earnestness of his Christian life.

His mother was a kind, painstaking, sweet-spirited woman. She possessed rare gifts and graces. She was intelligent and refined. Her sweet, noble nature was of the finest type. Her Christian life was exemplary. When Mr. Jones was nine years old, she passed away. He remembered her, and always referred to her as "My Precious Mother." He never forgot the hour when his father took him and the other children into the parlor, and as a little boy, he walked up to her casket and kissed her sweet lips cold in death, though at that time he was too young to realize the enormity of his loss. She sleeps in the old cemetery at Oak Bowery, Alabama.

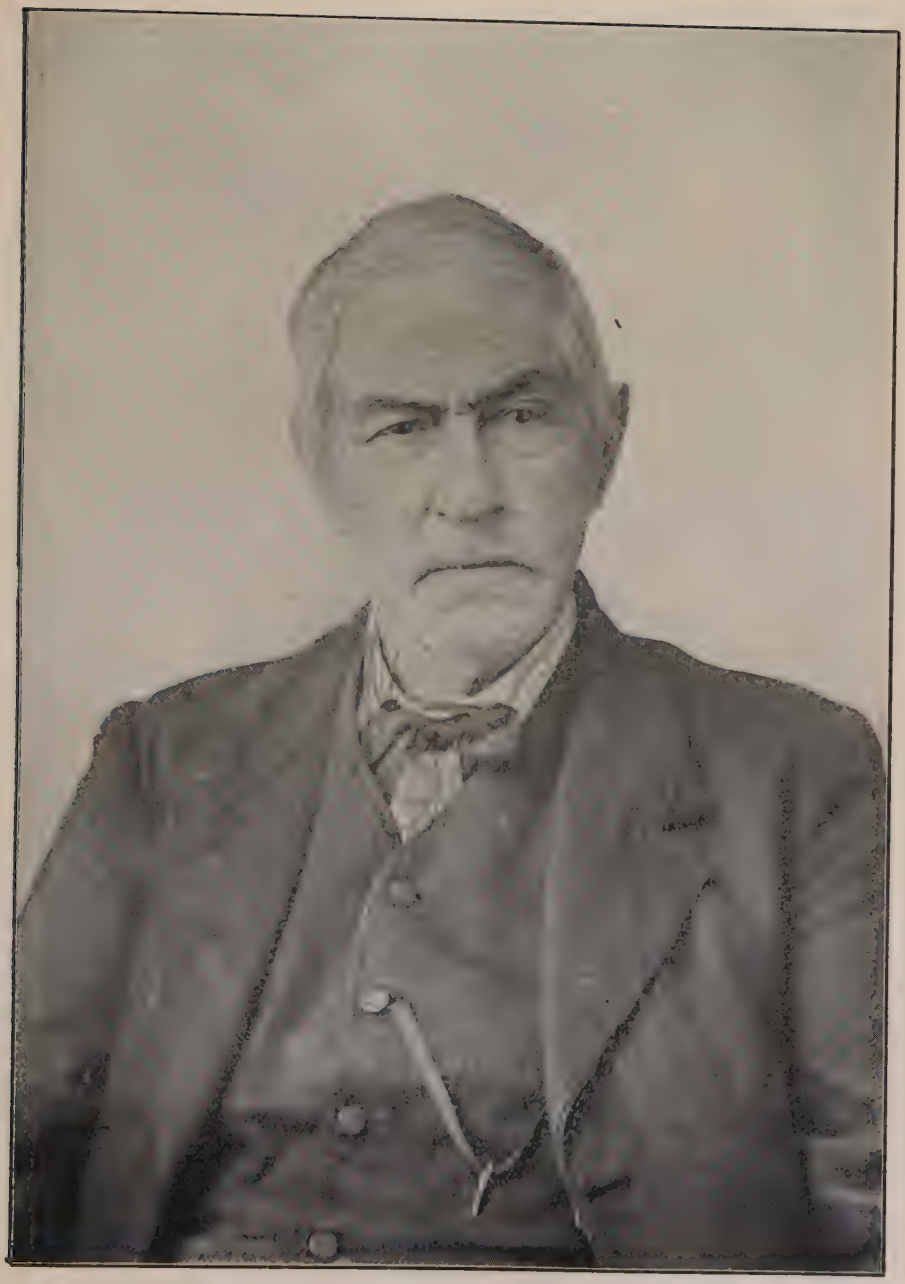
Ten years ago, Mr. Jones went to his mother's grave and to the old home of his childhood, and preached to the people who knew him in his boyhood days. In speaking of that visit, he wrote the following to the *Atlanta Journal:*

"One incident on my trip brought up memories that are sacred to me. I drove from Opelika, Ala., out eight miles to the little old village of Oak Bowery, Ala., where I was born. I had not looked upon the little village in forty-one years. Only a few houses remain, and while I was only nine years old when I last saw the village, yet I could identify and call the names of the people who lived in those houses. The house where I was born has either been destroyed by fire or moved away, but I knew the acre of ground on which I was born. I drove over to the old cemetery, just out of town, where my sainted mother has been sleeping in the dust for forty-three years, and as I looked upon her tombstone and grave the memories they awakened I shall never forget. Memory carried me back to childhood's hours. I thought of my mother as she was to me, a little boy, kind, loving, beautiful mother! Lying near by her was my sister, who died when but five years old. Then I thought of my father, who sleeps in the old cemetery at Cartersville. Then I wondered how long it would be before I should take my place by their side. I was so glad as I looked upon the grave of my mother, and felt that were I to take the casket from the ground and remove its rusty lid, that perhaps, while I could take the bones of my mother up in my hand, yet my Bible whispered to me in that silent hour, saying, 'This corruption shall put on incorruption. This mortality shall be swallowed up by immortality.'

"I may not again look upon the tomb of my mother. Mother's body is all that lies beneath the tomb. She lives and reigns above, with the light and life dancing in her eyes and the glow of immortal life upon her cheeks. A mother—a good mother—is immortal in the memory of her children."

Mr. Jones descended from good and religious ancestry. There was noble blood on both sides of the family. There were no better born or better bred people than his. He came from a lineage of ministers. His great-grandfather on his mother's side and his grandfather on his father's side were Methodist ministers. He had four uncles who were licensed preachers: Rev. Robert Jones, Rev. William Jones, Rev. Parks Jones and Dr. J. H. Jones. Not only did he come from a preaching ancestry, but from Methodist lineage. He frequently said: "I am a Methodist just like I am a Jones, and, if it is a sin to be either, it is a sin that is visited upon the children from their parents." And also, he said: "Don't find fault with me for being a Methodist, for my family have been Methodists, clear back to Adam, for Adam was a Methodist—for didn't he fall?" He was proud of his ancestry and often said: "There is only one thing which either man or devil has ever said of me that hurt me, and that has stabbed me to the heart. When some little editor or man wanted to be more than usually vicious, he said: 'Sam Jones is ill-bred * * * .' 'It is a lie. It is a lie!' God never made a sweeter, purer woman than my sainted mother, nor a grander, nobler, Christian character than that of my father. No, I am not ill-bred. As pure blood flows through my veins as through any living man."

One of the most cultured and thoughtful men of Georgia gives this fitting picture of his early life: "I am quite familiar with some facts in his biography, and I have reasons to remember that section of Alabama with peculiar vividness. Its physical conformation, soil and climate early attracted attention, and the families that settled around Oak Bowery and Lafayette brought with them the interblended blood of Georgia, Virginia and Kentucky. Thirty-five or forty years ago, I knew many of the old population, and especially the Methodist families. The pioneers had even then become the



GRANDFATHER JONES.

GRANDMOTHER JONES.

patriarchs, and a finer race of people I never saw. The pictures of their saintliness, their tender home life and kind neighborliness, the absence of city conventionalisms and the freedom of rural manliness, were very beautiful to me in those days, and more attractive now in the mellowing light of later years. How far these homelike forms of loveliness and easy habits of Christian intercourse affected the young Sam, I can not say; but I can say that it was a fine tonic and atmosphere for a boy to breathe in his early days. Purity, fervor and buoyancy abounded in the atmosphere of these hills, where the great oaks and hickories were symbols of the health and vigor of Mr. Jones's ancestry. No doubt the roll and sweep of the uplands and their wooded forests were felt in his hereditary blood, but the blood itself is unmistakable. The grandmother, the mother, the father of Sam, were people of marked character; and we may well believe that in such instances heredity is among the surest and best of Providential laws. I have no doubt that Sam Jones is a large debtor to his ancestral blood. Blood dies, but blood manages somehow to get into character and never quite dies."

CHAPTER III.

His Early Days.

Mr. Jones was born in Chambers county, Alabama, October 16, 1847. When he was nine years old, his family moved to Cartersville, Bartow county, Georgia, where he was reared, and resided at the time of his death. At his mother's death, the family consisted of the father, an older brother, a sister, and a younger brother. The children went to the home of their grandfather, Samuel G. Jones.

His grandmother exerted a wonderful influence upon his young mind. She was one of the holiest women that ever lived. Her spirituality was remarkable. She read the Bible through thirty-seven times, on her knees. She was wonderfully gifted in prayer, and spent much time in secret prayer having a time and place set apart for this devotion daily. This made a great impression on her children and grandchildren, and Mr. Jones was greatly impressed by her angelic face as he saw it upturned towards heaven. She would go to the church dressed in the old-fashioned way, wearing heavy shoes, and, when the Spirit of the Lord would come upon her she would give vent to her feelings by shouting the praises of God. As she would walk up and down the aisle clapping her hands, she moved as lightly and gently as if she were not touching the earth. Her wonderful example of piety, prayerfulness and study of God's Word made an abiding impression upon Mr. Jones; and, no doubt, helped to lay the fundamental principles of a deeply pious, earnest and consecrated life.

In 1859, Captain Jones was married to Miss Jennie Skinner, and moved to Cartersville, Georgia. As a stepmother, she was kind and good to the children, and did all that she could to instill further into their minds the principles of virtue and honesty. Thus guided and controlled by her love, and strengthened and supported by a father's counsel, Mr. Jones was protected and saved from evil influences.

In the home he was always obedient, having the utmost reverence for his father and strong devotion for his stepmother. There was nothing very extraordinary in his boyhood days, except that he was always very bright and full of life. He was witty and humorous, even as a child. In school he was so full of mischief and fun that he was constantly playing pranks and jokes on some one.

While Mr. Jones studied very little during his boyhood days, he never failed to recite his lessons creditably. His mind was so alert that it didn't take him long to get ready for a recitation. This left him free to play, to tease the other boys.

One of the great events of those early school days was the Friday afternoon speeches. It was the custom of the teacher to select the speeches for the boys, but Mr. Jones would never allow him to select his, but would make his own selections, and the school was greatly surprised at his speeches. The other boys would have to go to the woods, study and practice their pieces for a week or more, but Mr. Jones would select his speech on Friday and commit it to memory, and be ready for that afternoon. His style of address was not boy oratory, but he spoke in an easy, conversational style. He would create great interest when he arose to speak, and would invariably bring the house down, and the school would always cheer him.

While in school at Oak Bowery, Alabama, to W. F. Slaton, afterwards Major Slaton, superintendent of the Atlanta public schools, as a mere child, perhaps the age of five, he was even then a leader. When the night came for the older boys to hold their commencement exercises, they begged Mr. Slaton to let "Sam Jones," as he was called by them, take some part. Finally Mr. Slaton agreed and himself wrote a parody on the even then trite:

> "You would scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage."

He had committed these lines to memory, but when the time came for the delivery of this speech, he was fast asleep. By the application of a wet towel in the young orator's face, he was quickly awakened. Professor Slaton carried him in his arms and stood

him on the table on the stage, and there he made his speech. The last two lines were:

"In coming years and thundering tones
The world shall hear of Sam P. Jones."

He recited the speech in his peculiar way and was encored, and recited it again, and then several times before the audience became satisfied. The other speeches were made by young men who were as old as their teacher. The contrast was so great that it added special delight to the audience.

How true the prophesy. If there was ever a man who literally shook the world with his preaching, it was he. For months after the delivery of that little speech, he kept his little companions and himself in candy, for everywhere he went, he was asked to repeat it, and name his price in candy. The faithful tutorship of Professor Slaton was worth much to him, as it laid the groundwork of education before he was seven years of age. Like many wonderful preachers, and great lawyers and professional men, he built upon the foundation laid, which is, after all, the safest and best education to be had.

Mr. Charlie Jones, a brother, in speaking of those early school days, says: "Sam was a most lovable boy. He was the most attractive personality to me in my youth, and he remains the most attractive person to me in all the world, of all the men I have known or read of, and he was my brother true and tried for nearly fifty-three years.

"In my youth, I loved to follow him wherever he went, whether on hunting or fishing expeditions, as on such occasions he was always joined by other genial spirits of our home town. He was always the 'wit and the clown' of our party. Those were the brightest and best days of my life. At school he would often dispel the tedium of study, and have both pupils and teachers in an uproar by doing the unexpected and funny thing. When the teacher would catch him in some of his pranks and begin to reprimand him, with great dignity and serenity of manner for his misconduct, Sam would look at him with a twinkle in his eye, and a smile that would bring

an answering smile from the teacher, which dispelled all of his dignity to the extent that he could but order him back to his seat amid the laughter of the school, and thus it was at home and in school, he could always dispel a frown of disapproval from our father's or the teacher's faces with some droll word or act, which never failed to put them in good humor, and make them love him all the more.

"When we would have our boyhood disagreements, and sometimes come to blows, it always ended by Sam putting a nice pocket-knife or a piece of money in the latch of the gate as he left the lot or yard, before me, and then he would hide near by and watch me find it, when he would look at me with moistened eyes and merry laughter as we made up and became better friends than ever."

When the war broke out between the States in 1861, Captain John Jones hurried to Virginia to join Lee, joining the ranks of the Southern Confederacy, leaving his second son, Sam, to remain with his stepmother and the younger children to assist her in caring for the home, but when it was known that Sherman was making his way towards Atlanta and would soon be in this part of the State, acting upon the advice of her husband, his stepmother decided to refugee to South Georgia, feeling that they would be safer there. At this time Captain Jones had a livery stable in Cartersville and his son Sam was sent out to take the horses to a place of safety, and he was expected to come back and go with his mother. But Mrs. Jones had to go earlier than she expected, hearing of the approach of Sherman, and expecting to meet Sam, she started on her trip south, but he had decided to come home another way and in doing this he missed her. He came on to Cartersville, where he found the old black woman, Mammy Viney, whom he, as well as all the family, loved very much, in the home. After spending a few days at home with her he decided to go north, as Sherman had already taken possession of the town and surrounding country. Here he lost sight of his mother and did not know where to communicate with her for several months.

He made his way to Nashville, and while there he realized that he had no means and no employment, and was at a loss to know

just what course to pursue. At this time the Sixth Kentucky regiment was at this place, en route to Louisville, Kentucky, to be mustered out of service, as they had served four years in the Federal service. Most of this regiment was made up of boys from Henry county, Kentucky, and among them were two young men, neighbors of my father's, Captain Webb Owens and Lieutenant Dupuy. They were much attracted to this young man and he opened his heart and told them his story, and of his separation from his family. They very cordially invited him to go home with them and remain until he could get in communication with his family. He decided to go with these new friends and remain until he could hear from his father and be able to return to his Georgia home.

At the close of the war, he got into communication with his father, and returned to Cartersville. He then took up his studies which had been laid aside on account of the war.

In his eighteenth or nineteenth year, he entered the excellent school of ex-Congressman W. H. Felton and his intelligent wife. Under the tutorship of Dr. and Mrs. Felton he made excellent progress.

In speaking of him, Mrs. Felton says: "I first knew Sam when a boy. I recall his fine physique. He never had an ounce of surplus flesh in his life, and always had a springy step; and those beautiful, bright eyes, with a merry twinkle—that were so fascinating in those early days. He was the life of any gathering, and had an independence of spirit and disregard for conventionalities that was apparent the first time I saw him.

"Later on, when he entered our school, he was full of life and spirit, and his original way of illustrating things or talking about events, even then was a force in the town. He never copied after anybody. Whether he took a pride in his originality, or otherwise, the fact was discovered then that Sam Jones was a unique personality. Although he was mischievous, he could be relied upon to do what he said he would do, and in that early period of his life no one who was closely associated with him failed to understand and appreciate the tenderness of his nature. The nearer you got to him, the better you understood that peculiar trait of his nature,

which grew and expanded, and developed until he passed from earth."

After leaving this school he went to Euharlee, Ga., and continued his studies under the leadership of the late Professor Ronald Johnson. He was in line for a collegiate education, which his father intended giving him, but it was at this place his health completely broke down, and on account of this he was forced to relinquish his hope of obtaining a college education. He suffered from the worst form of nervous dyspepsia; and, in his sufferings, with his health wrecked, with sleepless nights and restless days, he became discouraged and despondent and sought relief in drink. Here is where he began his dissipation. At times his suffering was so intense that he would take a drink, believing that it was the only thing that would save his life. Soon the habit was firmly fixed; with his health gone, and disappointed because his education could not be finished, he went deeper and deeper in intoxication.

Having reached the point in a young man's life where it is so much easier to drift on with the tide than to heed the warnings of loved ones, he soon became a slave to liquor.

It was in this great nervous state, with his health almost gone that he began to study law. After one year's study, he was admitted to the Bar and began to practice law. Judge Milner, of our town, said to Captain Jones, in speaking of his son: "You have raised the brightest boy ever admitted to the Georgia Bar." Soon the speeches that he made at the Bar became the talk of the town. They were bright, spicy, thoughtful and powerful. His words were simply irresistible. Had he continued the practice of law, his name might have gone down in history by the side of Robert Toombs and Alexander Stephens, Georgia's most able and noted lawyers. But, thank God, in following the path of his lowly Master, he has the honor of being so like his Lord, which is far greater than ranking as a statesman.

The new associations growing out of his legal profession made it easy for him to continue his dissipation. The success that he met with also helped to ruin him. The suppers, banquets and social gatherings caused him to plunge deeper into dissipation. until finally he lost grip upon his practice and abandoned it altogether.

While many people are under the impression that Mr. Jones was an habitual and constant drunkard, this, however, is not true. He never reached such a point in his dissipation. Others have also believed that his dissipation covered a period of many years, when in fact this sad period of his life was of but five or six years' duration. People have thought that the sins that accompany drink had a strong hold upon him. He was remarkably free from such sins.

Rev. Parks Jones, his uncle, says: "I was with him more or less from our school days until his conversion. He was at our home, and I was at his. I never heard him swear an oath or use a profane expression in my life. I don't say that he didn't, but I never heard him. I never saw him drunk or in a drunken crowd. The nearest I ever came to seeing him drunk was the year that he was converted. He was down on the corner of a street in Cartersville and walked off towards a barroom. His father noticing him, called in pitiful tones: 'Sam! Sam!' That attracted my attention, but he did not hear him, or if he did, he paid no attention to his father's trembling voice." To him in after-years the sin of drunkenness was so hateful and enormous that he never forgave himself for his dissipation. With such conception of the heinousness of drink he was compelled to speak out in fearful denunciation of it, in his own life, as well as the lives of others.

The world while hearing him failed to see, as he did, the hideousness of drinking, and got the impression that he was a constant, habitual and wicked drunkard. He was never anything but good at heart, and it was physical weakness that made him dissipate.

As to my sympathy, prayers and devotion to him in those sad years I shall let him speak:

"In November, 1868, at the age of twenty-one, only one month after my admission to the Bar, I was married to Miss Laura McElwain, of Henry county, Kentucky. I brought her to my Cartersville home, and continued in the practice of law with rich promise of success; but notwithstanding the remonstrances of my good wife, notwithstanding her tears and pleadings, I continued my social drinking, often returning home intoxicated. The habit of drink was gradually established, and all the ambitions and vital forces

of my life were being undermined by the fearful appetite, which was stronger than the tears of my wife, the advice of my friends and the dictates of my own better judgment.

"My faithful wife, with a courage born of despair, with a strong faith in God and with a bright hope for better days, clung to me in the darkest hours of our married life, and never ceased her efforts or surrendered her faith in the promises of God until the day had dawned, and she realized that God is not slack concerning His promises. Though her tears and prayers often moved me, and though I promised time and again to give up drink, yet in spite of myself and every effort to stop me, I continued in my dissipated life until the month of August, 1872."

CHAPTER IV.

His Conversion and First Sermon.

This was the period of Mr. Jones's life when he temporarily reformed and lived sober for eighteen months. Then he went with some of the citizens of our town on the first excursion that was run over the new railroad to Rockmart, and they persuaded him to drink wine with them. This caused him to return to his former habits, and for about six weeks he continued to drink, until he was brought face to face with his dying father.

His father was sick for several weeks, and it was the custom of the ministers to call and have prayers with him. Mr. Jones would attend these prayer services around his father's bedside. As the end came nearer, Captain Jones would tell of the presence of the Lord, and speak in such a way as to make every one feel that God was really present. He would take his friends by the hand and in a cool, calm, delightful way say, "This little home that God has given me for my wife and children is filled with the glory of the Lord. I am physically very weak, but spiritually I am strong. When every other prop fails me, then Jesus Christ stands firm."

Just before the end came, he turned to each member of his family and spoke a parting word. Mr. Jones was standing at the foot of the bed, looking down into his father's face. When his father came to him for a moment he was speechless, while looking into his son's face. Finally he said: "My poor, wicked, wayward, reckless boy. You have broken the heart of your sweet wife and brought me down in sorrow to my grave; promise me, my boy, to meet me in heaven." Standing there, convulsed with emotion from head to foot, he stepped around to the side of the bed and took his father's bony hand in his and said: "Father, I'll make you the promise, I'll

quit! I'll quit! I'll quit!" He said it in such a way that his dying father had every assurance that he meant it. A change was seen in his father's countenance, and the pledge from his boy, he believed, meant the reformation of his life.

Then and there Mr. Jones burned the bridges behind him, and walked away from the dying couch determined to live for the right. In after years, including some of his last utterances in Oklahoma City, Mr. Jones said: "Thank God, I can say every wilful step of my life since that moment has been towards the redemption of that promise."

When Mr. Jones turned from the bedside of his dying father he was groping in darkness and in search of Jesus Christ the Savior of sinners. While the promise he made his father was a step toward salvation, and helped to bring about a speedy reformation, he was not entirely assured of his acceptance with God. After his father's death he went down to the home of his grandfather, Rev. Samuel G. Jones, on Saturday, and spent the Sabbath. That morning his grandfather preached at Moore's Chapel. Mr. Jones was under deepest conviction, and at the close of the sermon he walked forward and gave his grandfather his hand, asking for the prayers of God's people.

His conviction became deeper each day, and he saw his sins as never before. While under the influence of the Holy Spirit, he had a glimpse of the cross. As Paul said, "The cross was a stumbling block to the Jew, and foolishness to the Greek"; so it was with him until the light of the Holy Spirit flooded his soul. Mr. Jones has described his own experience in this illustration:

"I have walked out in the mountainous regions of my own State an hour before daybreak: I have stood on the porch of some country home and looked at the hills and valleys around me; they presented but the dim outline of something that I could not appreciate, I could not fully see. I go back into that dwelling, and in three hours more I walk out again on the front porch. The sun has risen on the scene and bathed the mountains and valleys in a sea of light, and now I look and beauties and splendors that never met my eye before face me on every side. The light of the sun shows me the beauties

of the world and helps me to understand largely its mysteries. Brethren, I saw the cross erected, God's only begotten Son, the victim, suspended; he suffered; he died; and yet I saw but the dim outlines of something—I could not catch it in its fullness; I could not take it in in all its beauty; and then the Divine Spirit rose on the scene and bathed the cross in a sea of light.

'I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

'Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

'My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

'A second look he gave, which said:
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live.' "

The revival in which Mr. Jones was converted was held at Felton's Chapel. This was one of the regular appointments on his grandfather's circuit. Sunday morning we went out to the service, and at the close of the sermon grandfather Jones opened the doors of the church, and to my astonishment, Mr. Jones arose and walked up and joined the church. In speaking of that gracious hour, Mr. Jones says:

"I never shall forget the day when I walked up in the little old church in Bartow county, with the only fear in my heart that I

would not be received into the church. That day the man of God, my grandfather, stood up and preached, and when he opened the doors of the church I sat back in the audience and listened, and fear again came to me that I would not be received, my condition was so apparently hopeless, my life and habits had been so dissolute and so well known. Again I soon had the impulse to go forward, and then an overpowering something said, 'No, you are too weak and afraid;' and so it was until they had sung one, two and three verses of the good old hymn, and it looked like I would fail, but directly I got a new strength, and I said to myself:

'I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die.'

"And in that little country church, with my dear old grandfather preaching the sermon, I went and gave myself to God. I went forward and took his hand and looked up into his face and said: 'Grandfather, I take this step to-day; I give myself, my heart and life, what is left of it, all to God and to His cause.' He took me and pulled me up and laid my head on his bosom, and wept like a child, and said brokenly: 'God bless you, my boy, and may you be faithful unto death.' And they received me into the church. And I want to tell you, my neighbor, whatever else may be said, living or dying, I was a reformed and changed man from that hour."

For a week or more he had been very sad and depressed. I did not understand his condition. However, on our way home he said: "I can't tell you just how I've felt the past week; I have been seeking forgiveness for my sins. God has pardoned me. I shall not drink any more. I am done with it. I have told you many times that I have reformed my life, but you have a sober husband now. It is now true."

As soon as the great change took place, he felt impressed that he should preach. He did not know whence this impression came. He sought the advice and counsel of several preachers, with this reply

in substance from each: "You are called to preach; you can come willingly into it, or you can be whipped into it, or you will lose your religion, if you refuse." The last point was always the most powerful argument to him. He said he felt as did Gideon Ousnley, when the voice said, "Gideon, go and preach the gospel." "How can I preach, O Lord; I can not speak, for I am a child." But when his mind was fully satisfied that he should enter the ministry, he began immediately to tell how the Lord had saved him. He spoke as only a man can who knew the full saving power of his Lord and Savior.

But, like Gideon Ousnley, again, he had discovered the disease and found the remedy, and this gives the physician complete control over the patient, so he took his Bible and went from his knees to the pulpit with the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon him, and with an earnest desire for the salvation of lost souls. While he had no theological training, he was prepared to preach to sinners, because of the anointing that God had given him. In after-years, in speaking of theological seminaries, he said "that he wouldn't give a Georgia circuit, a pony and a Bible for all the *'theological cemeteries'* in the world."

He preached his first sermon one week after his conversion at the old New Hope church, two miles from Cartersville, his home. In the afternoon grandfather Jones told him that he would have to preach that night. We rode out to the church in a wagon, the party consisting of Mr. Jones, myself and our little child. Mr. Jones had not been licensed to preach.

Grandfather said: "I will go your security until conference meets." So Mr. Jones agreed to preach for him. He was encouraged further by his grandfather saying: "If God has called you to preach, you can preach; come into the pulpit." The church was crowded with earnest Christians, who were in deepest sympathy with him and supported him with their prayers, while there were many of his old companions and others who were there through mere curiosity.

With much anxiety and fear, he took his place in the pulpit. After the singing and prayer he arose and announced his text from

the first chapter of Romans and the sixteenth verse: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

As he looked over the congregation, he realized that every one present knew him. They knew his past; they had seen him only as a wild, dissipated young man. He didn't assume any pulpit manner or attitude, nor did he attempt any analysis of his text, or give any attention to its unfolding, but began to tell his experience of the salvation that had come to him. God had saved him, and he was not ashamed to proclaim it to the world. His deep earnestness and evident sincerity, and the power of the Holy Spirit upon him immediately got hold of the hearts and minds of the audience. As Mr. Jones said, before he proceeded far into the text, he adopted the plan of the good old Methodist preacher who got into the bushes and closed his Bible, saying: "Brethren, I can not preach the text, but I can tell my experience in spite of the devil." Out of his heart full of love to God and to men, he told of the great things that God had done for him.

Mr. Jones said he remembered only two things of this his first sermon. One was "God is good," and the other, "I am happy."

The Holy Spirit was present to bear testimony and many were melted to tears and deeply moved to a better life.

At the close of his earnest exhortation, he extended an invitation to penitents, and many rushed to the altar and were happily converted to God.

At the close of the service his friends took him by the hand and assured him of their prayers and bade him God-speed in the great work that he had undertaken. His grandfather threw his arms around him, saying, "My boy, you are called to preach, God will be with you."

Mr. Jones occasionally went with his grandfather as he preached at the churches on his circuit. He had fully made up his mind to join the North Georgia Conference, which was to meet in Atlanta in about three months. At the quarterly conference at Moore's Chapel he was licensed to preach, and was recommended to the an-

nual conference. His grandfather in presenting him as a candidate for local preacher's license and recommendation to the conference, said: "You have heard my grandson preach; you have seen the results that have followed his preaching; he wants to devote his life to the ministry, if you believe that he is called of God to this work, give him the authority of the church to preach." The conference unanimously voted to license and recommend him to the next annual conference.

WHERE MR. JONES LIVED AT VAN WERT, ON FIRST CIRCUIT.

VAN WERT CHURCH, WHERE HE PREACHED ON FIRST CIRCUIT.

CHAPTER V.

His First Work in the Conference.

The time between his conversion and the meeting of the annual conference was spent in earnest prayer, deep meditation and constant Bible study. Here he laid the foundation for his great ministry. He learned the secret and art of prayer. He learned the blessedness and strength of meditation. He stored his mind with God's Holy Word, and became charged with its peculiar power. His wonderful memory retained the Scriptures that he learned in those early days, which served him to his last hours. He had a wonderful knowledge of the Bible, and Scripture was ever fresh in his mind. Some of the most beautiful and striking illustrations that Mr. Jones used in his preaching were taken from the Bible. His delineations of Bible characters were the most effective of any illustrations he used.

His consecration was deepened day by day, and he was so happy at the thought of preaching that he lost sight of everything else. While I was happy because of his conversion, and his friends were delighted at the stand that he had taken, it was not clear in my mind that it was the best thing for him to join the conference and take up the regular work of the ministry. I was anxious for him to be a local preacher, but was slow in giving my consent for him to enter the itinerancy. However, God saw differently, and following the leadings of the Holy Spirit, Mr. Jones arranged to go to Atlanta in the fall of 1872 and join the North Georgia Annual Conference.

He frequently related a little experience we had when I opposed his joining the conference. He said:

"I was called to preach the week I was converted. I made up my mind at once, and I went to my wife and told her I was going to

join the North Georgia Conference; and she said: 'Look here, Mr. Jones, when I married you I married a lawyer, and I'll never be an itinerant Methodist preacher's wife in this world, never! So, if you join the North Georgia Conference, you'll go without me.' 'But, wife,' I said, 'the Lord has called me to preach the gospel, and he'll remove obstacles from my way.' 'Well,' said she, 'He'll have to remove me, then.'

"That looked pretty hard, now didn't it? But I had my mind made up; I did not have any trouble about that. I just said, I'll join the North Georgia Conference, and preach in it, if my wife never speaks to me again. I thought maybe she'd change her mind; but, bless your life, she grew firmer; and the time for the conference approached, and she didn't relent. At last, the night before I was to leave home came, my wife and I talked long and earnestly; and finally she said, 'Husband, as sure as you take the train for Atlanta in the morning, I'll take the northbound train for my father's.' And I said, 'Wife, my mind is made up, and I'll join the conference and preach the gospel if I have to go traveling about all over the country a grass widower.'

"Well, I was a good while getting to sleep that night, but I went to sleep after awhile; and sometime in the night my wife called me, and she was suffering. I don't know what was the matter with her. I got up and gave her something and she got better. In the morning at six wife waked me, standing by the bed with the lamp. and said: 'Husband, get up and get ready; train will soon be here.' And I looked in her face and said: 'Wife, what's come over the spirit of your dreams? What does this mean?' She said, 'Never mind, you get up and get ready, and I'll tell you after awhile.' At breakfast she said: 'You know when I called you in the night? You remember I said that if the Lord made you an itinerant preacher, He'd have to remove me; well, just then when I called you , I was in the very agonies of death, and I just cried out, 'Lord, save my life and I'll make the very best itinerant preacher's wife I can.' And she's done it, too; every bit of it, for thirteen years now."

In making preparation for the examination of applicants for membership in the conference, Mr. Jones pursued the course of

study prescribed by the bishops of the M. E. Church, South. Rev. Geo. R. Cramer was his pastor and spiritual instructor at that time. He assisted him very much in preparing for the examination.

When the North Georgia Conference convened in Atlanta November 27, 1872, he was received as a traveling preacher. He gave himself with all his redeemed powers to the life and work of an itinerant Methodist preacher. In making the appointments he was put down for the Van Wert circuit. This was the poorest circuit in the Conference. While there were wealthy and influential churches assigned to many of the distinguished preachers, who went away happy because of their appointments, no man left the Conference happier than Mr. Jones, and he never paused long enough to inquire about his appointment. He was one of the happiest men that ever received a circuit at the hand of a bishop. His heart fairly leaped for joy, and he shouted, "Thank God, I now have a place to work for Christ."

Leaving conference for his home in Cartersville, in the most exuberant spirits, a good old brother came up and shook hands with him, saying: "Brother Jones, do you know what that circuit paid its pastor last year?" He replied, "No, I had not thought of that." "Well," said he, "it paid the preacher for his entire year's work sixty-five dollars." Mr. Jones laughed and said: "I don't care what they paid or didn't pay, I have a place to preach now, and I am going to it happy."

The circuit was located twenty-two miles from our home in Cartersville. He went down and looked over the field before taking his family. The brethren were kind in a way, and yet, as he said, "Burns was right when he wrote:

> 'A man may take a neighbor's part
> Yet have no cash to spare him.' "

But he was not discouraged. He had been reared in a Methodist home, and an itinerant preacher's life had been pictured to him as one of hardships and privations. There was no parsonage, and the stewards were not enthusiastic over renting and furnishing a house for him and his wife and child; and finally they suggested to

him a house that might be rented, but said nothing about paying the rent, or becoming responsible for it. Instead of following the Methodist rule to arrange for the preacher's home, they would not be responsible for it in any way. Many a minister with less courage than he possessed would have become disheartened and gone back to his profession, but instead of that he rented a house and gave his individual notes, twelve in number, each one amounting to ten dollars, to be paid monthly for the rent of the house for the coming year. The rent amounted to fifty-five dollars more than the entire salary received by the preacher the previous year. Two weeks later he moved his family to this house, in the town of old Van Wert.

While Mr. Jones had a good law library, his ministerial library was very small. He had just three books as he entered upon his first appointment. One of them was the Bible—this was the dearest of them all. No man ever loved the Old Book more than he. In one of the last sermons that he preached he placed the Bible to his heart and said:

" 'This precious book I'd rather own
Than all the golden gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Or on their diadems.
And were the seas one chrysolite,
This earth a golden ball;
And gems were all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

" 'Ah, no, the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gold can not purchase health.
But here a blessed balm appears,
For every human woe;
And they that seek this book in tears
Their tears shall cease to flow.'

BIBLES OF REV SAM JONES

PARSONAGE BUILT BY MR. JONES AT ROCKMART.

"Some men do not love God's Holy Book, and all that they care for is to criticise and ridicule its precious teachings; but, oh, I love it, and I want you all to love it. Yes, I do love it, and it makes my heart fairly shout with gladness to think that my darling mother loved it, too, and pressed it to her bosom, saying:

" 'Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.'

"This old book that has lain on your table all your lives; that has been in your pathway; that is a part of your household, is filled with the wisdom of God. Oh, this blessed Book and its blessed consolation."

Another was the fifth volume of Spurgeon's sermons. This he read and reread until his soul was stirred with the spirit of the great English preacher. He always claimed that he owed much to that volume. He would frequently read one of Spurgeon's texts and see how he treated it, and then would ask how he should treat his.

The other book was a volume of Skeletons of Sermons. Some one is always ready to hand such a volume to young preachers. Some young preachers have been able to use the skeletons, but these did not appeal to Mr. Jones. No one while listening to him preach would believe that such a volume had made much impression upon his mind. Not for a moment did he ever follow such plans in his sermonizing. His sermons were built and constructed very much like his mind. He spoke out of the fullness of his intellect and heart, and his style of sermon making was always peculiar to himself.

Mr. Jones began his ministry as an exhorter in his grandfather's meetings, and some of his sermons for the first few years of his ministry were nothing more than earnest exhortations, but whether he preached or exhorted, he was always in earnest, and the people were profoundly impressed with what he said. He firmly believed that poor sermons and earnest exhortations, with the spirit of sympathy and zeal behind them, were more healthful and fruitful than the most powerful logic and finished rhetoric without the spirit of earnestness. He said, "Earnestness can not be feigned. It is just

like the natural and healthful glow on a maiden's cheek compared to the artificial coloring. Earnestness can always be distinguished from emotional gush or bellowing hurrahism. Earnestness is a thing of the eye and face more than of the voice or the words."

Among the greatest compliments ever paid him, and one of those that pleased him the most, was that when people would say, "Let us go and hear him; he is in earnest; he is an earnest preacher."

The greatest compliment, and the one that he appreciated the most, was that of a little boy on his first circuit. He was just finishing up the year's work, and was getting ready to go to conference. The little boy said to his father: "I want Brother Jones to come back to our church. I can understand everything that he preaches." To him simplicity and earnestness were two of the most commendable elements in a minister of the gospel. With Mr. Jones a multitude of other faults would be overlooked if he saw the minister was plain and simple in his preaching, and had his heart in what he was saying.

With him the earnestness of the pulpit was born of his experience of conscious pardon and complete deliverance from sin. The gospel had done so much for him that he saw what it could do for others, and led him to press the gospel claims with pleading tones upon the consciences of those who heard him. There are many men who preach the truth, but they lack the earnestness which helped to give his messages such efficiency.

At the time of his entering the ministry the devil had not only bankrupted him morally, but financially. The money he had made in the practice of law had been squandered through dissipation. Everything that he had in Cartersville that would bring any money he sold and paid his debts as far as possible.

In speaking of those trying days he said: "When I first started to preaching I had a wife and one child, a bobtail pony and eight dollars in cash. [In after-years, when urging the ministers to tell the people the whole truth, regardless of who it hurt, he said: "Why, what can they do to you Methodist ministers, anyway? Nothing but move you, and it's no trouble for a Methodist preacher to move. All he has to do is to pack his blacking-brush and call his

dog."] Besides this, I was several hundred dollars in debt. I worked on as hard as a man could, my good wife ever at my side helping me. I would work on the farm when I was not preaching and make a few bales of cotton, carry them to town, sell them, and apply the money on my debts. I could hear people say: 'Well, I like Jones, but somehow he don't pay his debts,' and they kept at me in this way until I was nearly crazy. During all this time, I was working myself to death almost, and paying a few dollars at a time on what I owed, until at last I paid it dollar for dollar. How the unkind and uncharitable remarks did sting me to the quick. Whatever people do, they ought never to say anything bad about a man when he is trying his level best to do right. My wife's health was completely broken down by the hard work of those years, when I was struggling to get a foothold in the world. However, I paid the last dollar, and I lived to see the day when I endorsed notes for those who used to 'cuss' me for not paying my debts, and when they fell down on me, I walked up and paid their debts like a little man. The meanest men in this world are those old money-sharks who get a man in their power, push him to the wall, and then squeeze him to death."

He entered upon his work with a strong faith in God and in his people, believing that if he would do his duty he should not want any good thing. He made his first round of the circuit; returning home he was very much pleased with the prospect and the progress of his work. The people opened their eyes when they heard their new preacher, and immediately fell in love with him. After they thoroughly understood Mr. Jones, and his work began to prosper, they were unusually kind to me, and those first years were very blessed ones in many respects.

The congregations increased wherever he preached. New life and zeal entered into the services, and the old circuit took on new life. The churches were greatly revived; the backsliders were reclaimed and sinners converted at the regular services. Finally, great revivals broke out all over the charge, and each church was visited by a gracious awakening. His compensation for his first year amounted to seven hundred dollars; six hundred and thirty-five dollars

more than they paid the previous year. They requested that he be returned to them, and he spent three very profitable years on that circuit, the salary for the three years' work being two thousand one hundred dollars. This was not all in money, but a great deal of it was in corn, wheat, hay, and fodder. Some of it was paid in meat, chickens, eggs, and butter.

In his early ministry he was thrown with his people a great deal, and his keen insight into human nature and his close observation of every-day life revealed a great many shams and frauds to him. He always had an inborn, constitutional hatred for shams, and especially religious shams. Life and truth were absolutely real to him. Heaven and hell were realities, and he didn't see how a man could be a fraud or a hypocrite without first getting out of line with God and truth, and if they didn't repent, they would go to hell, and that the devil would make real fiends of religious frauds before he would receive them. He had such a high sense of honor he could not help from having intense hatred for shams and pretense. He was compelled to strike a terrific blow which would reduce them to atoms.

He never feared higher criticism and infidelity in a theoretical sense, but was afraid of practical infidelity, as he saw it lived and practiced by his church members. He used to say he would rather be Bob Ingersoll and disbelieve the Bible than to be a professing Christian believing everything, and living just like Ingersoll. After he thoroughly understood his people, he was seized with the conviction that there was either two kinds of Christianity, or else the majority of his people had religion, and that he did not have it, or, he had it and they didn't. In his own heart since God saved him, there had been no room for prayerlessness and indifference towards God's work, yet he found his people indifferent, careless, and prayerless. These were perplexing problems to him, and he spent hours in prayer and meditation, trying to decide his duty towards his people. The struggle that was going on in his heart was whether he should preach to his people just as he thought about them. Finally, he decided to do that, and with a matchless courage he talked to them about their inconsistencies. His courage and earnestness gave him

wonderful power over the situation. Mr. Jones not only had the courage of his convictions, but he had the courage to *have* convictions. So many men fail to have the courage to have convictions. This he settled once for all while studying his people. It was no wonder that such apostolic results followed his preaching on his first circuit.

Mr. Jones's style of preaching on his first circuit was characteristic of his preaching until the day of his death. Some of his greatest sermons were made the first few years he preached. Perhaps, his greatest sermon was from the text, "What I have written, I have written." John 19:22. His subject being, "Conscience, Record, and God." While he gathered a great many new illustrations from his travels and picked up incidents in his meetings that took the place of some illustrations of those earliest sermons, still, the outline of the sermon was changed very little. He always had results from his preaching. Usually, people were converted and joined the church in great numbers, but if he went to his appointment and no one was converted and came into the church in the usual way, he decided that his members were not living right, as he believed conversions would follow when the church was living up to its privilege. Therefore, at times, instead of opening the "front doors" of the church, as he expressed it, he would open the "back doors," and ask those who were unwilling to live up to the rules and regulations of the church to come forward, and have their names erased from the roll, and retire through the "back doors" of the church. This unique way of dealing with his members frequently brought them to themselves, and resulted in their consecration and future activity. He was always equal to the emergency from the very beginning of his work as a minister.

His support at times was irregular on his first circuit. When the stewards failed to bring around the quarterage, and the provisions gave out, and feed for his horse was exhausted, he would hitch up his horse, and take me and the children and go to the home of some of our members and spend a day with them. On one occasion he went to the home of a leading member, and sent us in with the lady of the house, while hitching his horse. When asked if the head of

the family was at home, he was told that he had gone away for the day, and perhaps would not return before night. "Well," replied Mr. Jones, "that's all right, as we shall spend a day or two with you; he will return before we leave, and we will get to see him. We have decided as we can not get our grub raw, that we will take it cooked, and will spend some time at your home."

At another time when the provisions had been exhausted, and I was in the kitchen wondering where our next meal would come from, he was at the woodpile chopping the stovewood, and whistling, and when I went out on the back porch and said, "Husband, what's the use of cutting the wood when there is nothing to cook?" he replied, "Well, wife, the Lord will provide." It wasn't long then until a wagon stopped in front of the parsonage loaded down with provisions, and when they were brought in, we had as much, if not more, than our home had ever had before. His faith in God to supply our physical necessaries never wavered in our direst poverty.

On his first circuit, there was a very amusing incident happened. One of our wealthiest members was taken seriously ill, and thought that he was going to die. He sent for his pastor to come around and pray with him. Mr. Jones called upon him, and when entering the sick-chamber, the member said, "I have sent for you to pray for me." "Well," said Mr. Jones, "I don't see any good reason for asking the Lord to heal you. If you can tell me any reason why you should live, I'll pray for you; so far as I know, you have never done anything for the Lord that I can stand upon, while praying. You have paid absolutely nothing to the assessments of the church; none of the missionary money for home or foreign cause has been paid by you; the stewards can't get anything out of you towards my salary; wife, children and myself have needed the necessaries of life, and my horse has had nothing much to eat, and you have an abundance of everything here in your home, and feed in your barn, and could have helped us; therefore, I don't see anything to stand upon. There is no use in my asking God to restore you; I can ask Him to forgive and save you, and take you to heaven; but, there is no reason why I should ask Him to preserve your life: as you are absolutely worthless to the cause." "Well," he replied, "you are

right. There is no reason why I should live, but I will make you a promise if you can stand upon that." "Very well," replied Mr. Jones, "what is the promise?" He said, "I will see that my assessment is paid in full, and that you have the things that you need for your table and horse." Mr. Jones knelt down and told the Lord about the man's promise, saying in his prayer: "Lord, you know all about him; he may deceive me, but he can't deceive you, and if he is going to change his way, stand by your work, forgive him, heal him, and save him." It wasn't long until the man fully recovered, and one day a wagon turned into the street just in sight of the parsonage. A crowd of men sitting on the front porch of the store, in the town, said: "Whose team is that?" Some one answered, "That's Mr. ———; he is sending a load of corn to the parsonage." Another one remarked: "Mr. ——— will have to get nearer the other world than he was, before he would turn loose a load of corn to the preacher." A colored man was hailed by one of them, who asked: "Whose team is that?" The old negro said: "That's Mr. ———." "Where is that load of corn going?" The old darkey replied, "To preacher Jones." "How much does Mr. ——— get for that corn?" The old colored man said, "Why, God bless you, boss, Mr. ——— has done give that corn to that preacher."

The brother had paid his vow, and was one of Mr. Jones's warmest friends and supporters during his stay on that circuit.

Perhaps as a summary of the results of those years on his first circuit, and the general impression made upon every one has been told as fully by a minister who was on the adjoining circuit and who followed Mr. Jones on the Van Wert circuit. Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D., now pastor of Trinity church, Atlanta, Ga., says:

"The first circuit to which I was sent after joining the conference in the fall of 1874 was the Floyd, adjoining the Van Wert. During the year 1875 I saw a great deal of Sam Jones. In 1876 I succeeded him on the Van Wert circuit, and there I heard more of him than of any preacher I have ever followed since. Every one had something wonderful to relate either about his sermons or about himself. The Van Wert circuit was made up of five churches, and these were in parts of four counties, Polk, Bartow, Paulding and Floyd. From

all I could hear this entire territory was in a state of constant excitement throughout the three years Sam Jones served. He was just as bright and as full of life then as he was afterward known by the whole country to be. Think of Sam Jones confined to sections of four counties with fire and force and overflowing humor enough to fill the whole United States. People will not be surprised, when they think of this, that his ministry was the theme of conversation in every home in my circuit. He had magnetized everybody. Baptists, Presbyterians, as well as Methodists, grew eloquent when they began to talk about Sam Jones. If I could put down in black and white all I heard of him on the Van Wert circuit in 1876, the record would make several books. He touched the people not only from the pulpit, from the home, and on the street, but wherever he met them. Every man, woman, and child was made the subject of his humor. He saw something ridiculous in every situation. From the time he entered a home until he left it, the whole house was kept in an uproar. No one could escape the lightning-flashes of his kindly wit. Even the old grandmother in the corner, too feeble to get about, found herself laughing at herself, as Sam Jones pointed out something absurd or droll in the connection with her attempt to look younger than she really was or something else about herself she had never heard of or dreamed of before. The head of the house was represented before his wife and children in a way to make the whole family shake with laughter. Then, after he had paid his respects to the father, he would take the mother as a subject, and then one child after another clear down to the baby in arms. All this running fire of fun was continued in the midst of cross-turns about duty to God, and religion, that made every member of the household cry when he was not almost splitting his sides with laughter."

It is very evident from the words of Dr. Lee that Mr. Jones possessed in the beginning of his ministry the peculiarities and qualities that were developed, in the highest sense, the longer he lived, making him the most unique and marvelous evangelist that the world has ever known. He began to be the talk of the ministry, and there was no little jealousy aroused in the hearts of some of his brother ministers.

However, he went about his own business and was always too magnanimous to entertain an envious or jealous thought of a brother minister, but the good and faithful preachers detected this in others, and one of them under the title of "A Glaring Fault of Good Men" wrote the following letter to the *Advocate* regarding Methodist preachers. Mr. Jones is referred to in the letter as "Brother A.," "who gave us a fine sermon, but borrowed it from Spurgeon":

"Four years of intimate association with itinerant Methodist preachers have convinced me that for sociability, brotherly kindness, and true manhood, to say nothing of the deep piety, earnest lives and faithful work, which make many of them moral heroes—indeed, they have no superiors on earth; yet some of us are possessed of an unhappy disposition, the moral aspect of which is bad enough. A disposition to criticise each other unjustly.

"At a camp-meeting where many preachers were present and did faithful work for the Master, Mr. Jones was complimented more highly than the others. At the close of the meeting the brethren went to the railroad station, and there discussed the success of the meeting and the merits of the sermons preached. One said: "We had some good preaching. Brother A." (referring to Mr. Jones) "gave us a fine sermon, but he borrowed from Spurgeon."

From his earliest ministry he always, to a certain extent, aroused the jealousies of some of his brother ministers, and encountered opposition wherever he went. I never saw him, a single moment, when he was jealous of another man's success; but it always rejoiced his heart to see a brother minister succeed. He believed that it was a sure test of a man's sincerity and religion to be able to rejoice at the prosperity of the Lord's work in the hands of another. He so frequently said: "If the Presbyterians have a good meeting, the Baptists will attend, take a back seat, look on, and reply, 'The thing is too stiff, formal, and cold. The people are not being converted —merely joining the church.' The Presbyterians attend a meeting conducted by the Methodists, and you ask them if the Methodists haven't a big meeting going on; they answer, 'Well, they are making a great deal of fuss around there—it's all excitement, however, and soon will blow over—very little in it; however, they've got

quite a stir among them.' Then the Methodists would attend a revival at the Baptist church, go late and take no part, and, when the people were converted, you ask a Methodist if the Baptists weren't having a big meeting, and he would reply, 'Well, it's mostly water —just talking water, water.' So you see," he would say, "it takes a lot of religion for a fellow to shout at another preacher's meeting." His soul was so free from such petty jealousy that he couldn't understand it in other people. However, he never bore any ill will towards those that were envious and jealous of him, but was always willing to befriend them and help them in any way.

Mr. Jones completed the course of study and was admitted into full connection, and elected a deacon in December, 1874, at the annual conference, which met at our town, Cartersville. Bishop M. Wightman ordained him to this office.

The first three years in the ministry spent on the Van Wert circuit were among the most successful years of his life. While they did not afford the larger opportunities of later years, nevertheless, the work accomplished there was marvelous in its scope. They were, indeed, strenuous years, as he preached almost constantly, and must have delivered on an average of four hundred sermons a year. They were gracious years, in that he saw wonderful revivals, great increase in church membership, and the family altar erected in the homes of many of his leading members. Perhaps, the aggregate increase of membership on the circuit was not less than two hundred accessions each year, making in all five or six hundred people who joined the churches on his first circuit. The friendship formed and the mutual love of the pastor and people became stronger as the years went by, and some of his warmest and staunchest friends are those who survive him on that circuit. The devotion of the people to their pastor was something remarkable, and Mr. Jones's great interest and love for them increased year by year. He was of such a genial and social nature that he made friends wherever he went, and it seemed to me that this people loved him with a devotion as I have never known other men to be loved. These were three years of work and happiness and blessings in our own lives. He not only blessed others, but in turn we received great personal

blessings ourselves. It was during the first year on the Van Wert circuit, that I, without even a solicitation from my husband, made up my mind to go into his church with him, I having been a member of the Baptist church. This was a glad surprise for him, but I have always felt that it was a source of strength. Some of the happiest days of my life were spent with those noble people, and the memory of them will ever be sweet.

CHAPTER VI.

Other Pastorates and Revivals.

From the Van Wert circuit Mr. Jones was moved to the DeSoto circuit in Floyd county. There were nine churches on this work. While Mr. Jones had preached in a straightforward way on his previous circuit, it was on the DeSoto mission that he began to preach his convictions with all the strength of his mind and heart. In speaking of the change, he said: "There is difference between preaching the truth and applying it to the hearers. A dissertation on mustard, where it grows, how it grows, and how it is prepared for market is one thing, but that one thing does not help the colic. It is when you spread the mustard on a thin cloth and apply it to the stomach that the aches and pains of the agonizing patient are relieved. Abstract truth has influenced the mind to some extent, but it's the consecrated truth vigorously applied to the conscience that arouses the mind and produces the conviction which brings results." On this circuit by the aid of the Holy Spirit he sought as never before to get the truths applied to the consciences of his hearers. As he said, "The more conscience that I awake, the more people will be converted; as you know it is the shoemaker who gives the best fit that has the most customers." He believed then that the people knew better than they did. He did not try to point out new paths of truth, but sought to inspire them to walk in the old ones. From that day his preaching was directed at the conscience. Soon his official board and church members were greatly agitated as to what the final outcome would be, but he continued his sermons at their sins, saying: "The consciences of men form a vast plane without an undulation from shore to shore, and he who preaches on a level like this will move, not only the common people, but the educated and intellectual alike. The conscience of Daniel Webster is

on the same plane with the conscience of a farmer." This direct, pointed preaching soon resulted in the conversions of hundreds of people, and the quickening of every church on his circuit. While the official boards cried out against the change, however, admitting that he was right, still they argued that he had a wife and children that must be supported, and that the people would not pay their assessments if he did not change his way of preaching. He replied that he could not, and would not stifle his conviction for any financial consideration, or prospect for future promotion, but that he would preach the truth as he believed it, if the whole world turned against him. I remonstrated with him, telling him that he could be successful to a marked degree without such pointed preaching, and furthermore, I said, "Husband, we have to live by the ministry, and the people will not support you if you continue to preach as you do." He turned to me with a loving smile, and said: "Well, wife, if they do not pay us, and we starve to death, we will never tell them what killed us, but will just say that we died with typhoid fever."

A year afterward at a district conference, Mr. Jones referred to the experiences of this time. It was while going through this great change that he was in the crucible in which he was tested. The refining fire had burned away all the self and had left the "vessels meet for the Master's use." Standing up before the conference, when his circuit was called, in its order, for reports from the pastor, he told how he had gone to this charge where drinking, gambling and profanity were holding high carnival, and how indifferent, cold and sinful his members were, and that there was no interest manifested in religion, and that they wanted "women and children's religion," and the male members would support him if he would just let them alone, but he saw that his conviction of duty would not permit him to yield to them, he said: "I preached against the sins of those people as I knew them to exist. I warned them of the dangers as I saw the dangers; I called many sins by their right names, and told them they were guilty of those sins. With all my ransomed powers I denounced their unholy living. But it seemed, brethren, that the combined powers of darkness had conspired to overthrow me. For weeks I preached, talked and exhorted, without a sign of hope. At

last, they began to desert me and refuse to support me. Finally, it came to the point of almost hunger in my home. One man, alone, stood by me. He was poor, but he was, and is, a hero. Going home one evening from my work, my wife said: 'Well, Sam, it seems like these people want to starve us out.' Brethren, it was surrender or starve, it semed to me. I walked out into the darkness. I went to the stable. My faithful old horse whinnied a welcome, and I went in, and, in that stable, I fell on my face before God and prayed for for light, for help, for direction. The answer came, 'Go forward!' I did. I went to my next appointment and announced protracted services. Single-handed, and alone, I went into my work, led by the Spirit, I assailed the strongholds of sin among my people; I told them of their lost estate, and begged them to return. From the first service, the congregation grew larger. The unconverted and the backslider came together, and soon they were seeking pardon together at the altar. The Holy Spirit was at work. One by one the last were redeemed, and, finally, as with a great awakening light, God's power came down. Old DeSoto circuit was ablaze of glory throughout its bounds, and one hundred family altars were burning, where not one burned before." Mr. Jones sat down. Some brother started the grand old song, "How firm a foundation, Ye saints of the Lord," which was taken up by the conference and sung amid the shouts and hallelujahs of God's people. The business of the conference was entirely side-tracked and a glorious wave of blessing swept over the people.

After the great work on this circuit the people were willing to attend upon all the services of the church, so he made a request of them regarding the prayer-meeting. Said he: "I want you to promise me to attend the Wednesday evening prayer services, and if you don't come, to send me an excuse explaining why you were not there, and I will visit you and bring a doctor and look after the patient." A great many of his most reliable members made the promise. Then it was that they had a pretty good joke on the pastor.

One night there was a fearful rain, and the wind was blowing hard. Mr. Jones said: "I won't go to prayer-meeting to-night; no one will be at church this evening." We got comfortably seated

around the fireside, and were reading and talking, when there was a knock at the door. Mr. Jones opened the door, and the porch was crowded with people. "What in the world does this mean?" inquired Mr. Jones. They answered: "We have come to see what's the matter with our pastor. We have been to prayer-meeting, and as he didn't come, we brought a doctor to look after the patient." Mr. Jones took the reproof good-naturedly, and the prayer-meeting was conducted that night.

A letter that Mr. Jones wrote to the *Southern Christian Advocate* from this circuit shows how deeply interested he was in all of the work of the church:

"MR. EDITOR: The Rome circuit has nine appointments, including DeSoto mission. We began this year with three hundred members, the circuit very much 'run down,' as the brethren expressed it, and its history for the past ten years fully justifies the expression.

"In the early part of the year I tried to persuade every member of the church to be punctual upon the attendance of worship, and every head of a family to subscribe for the *Southern Christian Advocate.* I succeeded well in my first proposition, but received only about twenty-five subscribers to the *Advocate* (several were taking it). I wish more of the Rome district would subscribe for the *Advocate;* if so, the itinerant's pay would not be so slim. I never knew a Methodist to take and *read* the *Advocate* who did not *pay his quarterage liberally.*

"I encourage my brethren to work, labor in the church, at home, in the vineyard of the Lord everywhere. The more I can get them to do, the lighter my labors are. Moody never told a 'bigger' truth than when he said, 'The successful preacher is he who can get the most work out of his members.'

"We have had good Sunday-schools all the year, prayer-meetings, class-meetings, etc. The first of August we began our protracted meetings, and for ten weeks we have had glorious old-fashioned revivals. Every church has been blessed, and our membership has been increased to near five hundred. The work was genuine, and manifests itself in every father praying in his family (not ten heads of families excepted on the whole work), reading the Scriptures,

secret prayer, building new churches, ceiling, painting and putting stoves in old ones, etc.

"Our missionary assessments, foreign and domestic, were paid by the first of May, in full. Our conference collection will exceed the assessment. The pastor and presiding elder will go to conference *without any claims* against DeSoto circuit. All seem to be hopeful, buoyant and happy.

"In conclusion, I will say that much more good might have been accomplished if we had fewer appointments. Nine churches for one preacher, like forty acres for one mule and man, will necessarily give the grass some chance to grow.

"May I live and die among a people who love Jesus, then will it be well with me here. And may God give us all a home in heaven, where 'no ox is ever muzzled' and where the weary are at rest."

At the close of the conference year of 1876, he was elected an elder, and Bishop George F. Pierce ordained him.

It was on this circuit that he came in contact with that unique preacher, Rev. Simon Peter Richardson, who was his presiding elder. He was, at that time, the most powerful preacher, and at all times the most entertaining man that Mr. Jones ever met. He would throw out great nuggets of truth in pulpit and parlor that were food to Mr. Jones. He saw the great truths of the Bible more to Mr. Jones's idea than any man he ever heard preach. He was a father, brother and teacher to him. He received more help from him than all other preachers he ever came in contact with. It was from him that Mr. Jones learned that the pulpit was not a prison, but a throne; that instead of bars and walls for the boundary lines he might have wings and space as an inheritance. Mr. Jones said that he remembered as well when his involuntary confinement ended, and liberty began, as any fact in his history, and, afterwards, he enjoyed the liberty, and never consulted the theological landmarks or visited the orthodox prisons again. The two years on the DeSoto circuit strengthened his conviction as to preaching, and he followed his convictions from that day, and never deviated from them a hair's breadth in after-years. We had some friends at that difficult time of our lives who were a tower of strength to him, and I may say, a

REV. SIMON PETER RICHARDSON,
His unique and faithful Presiding Elder.

FIRST BUILDING OF DECATUR ORPHANAGE—ERECTED BY MR. JONES.

wall of defense in a time of need. Mr. Jones never forgot them. The preacher stationed at the First church in Rome, Rev. W. H. LaPrade, and our presiding elder, Rev. Simon Peter Richardson, just the man, through God, to lead and guide Mr. Jones, helping him shape his future life by constantly encouraging him.

From this work he was moved to the Newberne circuit in Newton county, Georgia. There he spent two very pleasant and successful years. He was more successful in building up his churches, and in converting the unsaved than any years of his pastoral life. This circuit had four churches, and it was possible for him to devote more time to them. One of the most striking incidents on that circuit happened at a country place where the unconverted people wanted preaching. It was somewhat of a fifth wheel to his circuit. He found only four members there; a gentleman and his daughter, and a lady and her son, constituted the church. He began to inquire who lived in that neighborhood, saying that he would have to have a quorum before he could get down to business. On Saturday before the fifth Sunday in March he went to the home of one of the best farmers, who was a graduate of Emory College. His name was Gaither. Finding that he was not a member of any church, he said to him: "I haven't enough members in my little church to work with, and I want you to join to-morrow." Mr. Gaither replied, "I can't join the church. I always said I never would until I got religion." Mr. Jones said, "Would you know religion if you were to see it coming down the road" He laughed and said, "I suppose not. I swear, and drink sometimes, and I am not going to join the church and do like others have done." Mr. Jones said, "The very fact that you swear and drink is the reason that I want you to join the church; you have sense and honor, and if you connect yourself with the church, you will quit cussing and drinking." His wife was a good, charitable woman, and read her Bible carefully and attended upon service regularly. Mr. Jones turned to her and said, "I want you to join the church with your husband." She replied, "I will never join the church until I am converted." He had a hard time with this man and his wife, and decided he had struck two of the hardest cases he had ever encountered. He went to the church and

preached, and at close of the sermon he opened the doors of the church, and they walked up and joined, with eleven others. Mr. Jones went back there on the fifth Sunday in July, to hold a three days' meeting. We spent Saturday night at his home, and his wife and I and little child drove to the church that night while Mr. Jones and he walked over the field to the church. It was a beautiful night, and the moon was shining brightly. One of the men who had joined the church with Mr. Gaither was his brother-in-law, Watt Griffin. Mr. Jones turned to his host and said, speaking of this brother, "How is old Watt?" He replied, "He is doing his whole duty." Mr. Jones realizing that such a man would have to be constant in his religious life to succeed, said, "He couldn't be religious if he didn't." Whereupon Mr. Gaither remarked, "Can any man be religious who doesn't do his whole duty?" Mr. Jones said, "Well, I suppose not." Said Gaither, "I joined the church three months ago when you were here, and I haven't got any more religion (pointing toward us) than that old horse that is pulling our wives to the church. I haven't sworn or drank any, but I haven't done my duty, and I am willing to go to work if that will bring religion to me, so if you want me as a Sunday-school superintendent, appoint me; if you want to make a class-leader or a steward out of me, I will do my best. If you want me to pray, call on me—" then suddenly he exclaimed, "Glory to God, I've got it now, I've got it now!" and out there in the open field, with his mind made up to serve God, the Lord graciously saved him. He was always one of the most godly and influential members at that little church.

It was while on this circuit that he began to get invitiations asking him to assist pastors in their revival work. He visited a great many of the small towns within the bounds of adjoining circuits, where there were many great and glorious revivals. One of them was at Thomson, Ga. His appearance in that town was so unlike the ministry of any one else that it was refreshing to both saint and sinner. The Honorable Tom Watson was a young lawyer in the town, and in after years he wrote his impressions of Mr. Jones and the revival.

"In the good year 1877, Sam Jones lit down in this veritable town

of Thomson, and began to go for the devil and his angels in a manner which was entirely new to said devil; also new to said angels.

"Some one happened to remark in my hearing that there was a little preacher up at the Methodist church who was knocking the crockery around in a lively style, and who was dusting the jackets of the amen corner brethren, in a way which brought the double grunts out of those fuzzy fossils.

"I was not ravenously fond of sermons. When I have heard the same commonplaces droned out in the same lifeless manner, it requires politeness to keep down yawns and nods. I did not yawn the day I went to hear Sam Jones.

"There he was, clad in a little black jump-tail coat, and looking very little like the regulation preacher. He was not in the pulpit. He was right next to his crowd, standing within the railings, and almost in touch of the victims. His head was down, as if he was holding on to his chain of thought by the teeth, but his right hand was going energetically up and down, with all the grace of a pump-handle. And, how he did hammer the brethren. How he did peel the amen corner. How he did smash their solemn self-conceit, their profound self-satisfaction, their peaceful compartnership with the Almighty, their placid conviction that they were the trustees of the New Jerusalem! After awhile, with solemn, irresistible force he called on these brethren to rise in public, confess their shortcomings, and kneel for Divine grace.

"And they knelt. With groans, and sobs, and tears, these old bellwethers of the flock fell on their knees and cried aloud in their distress? Then what? He turned his guns upon us sinners. He raked us fore and aft. He gave us grape and canister and all the rest. He abused us and ridiculed us; he stormed at us and laughed at us; he called us flop-eared hounds, beer kegs, and whisky soaks. He plainly said that we were all hypocrites and liars, and he intimated, somewhat broadly, that most of us would steal.

"Oh, we had a time of it, I assure you. For six weeks the farms and the stores were neglected, and Jones! Jones! Jones! was the whole thing.

"And the pleasantest feature of the entire display of human nature

was the marked manner in which the 'amen-corner brethren' enjoyed his flaying of us sinners.

"Well, the meeting wound up, the community settled back into its old ways—but it has never been the same community since. Gambling disappeared, loud profanity on the streets was heard no more, and the barrooms were run out of the county."

CHAPTER VII.

Early Evangelistic Work and Last Pastorate.

There were quite a number of towns with a population from one thousand to twenty-five hundred where Mr. Jones held meetings while on this circuit. He was at Madison, Crooked Creek, Central and other points. Perhaps the greatest one was at Eatonton. The pastor had been preaching faithfully against the saloons of the town, which had almost resulted in a division of the church. Mr. Jones took up the fight, and one of the most marvelous results of the meeting was the closing up of the barrooms of Eatonton without an election. It was done with a petition to the county commissioners, largely signed by the citizens of Putnam county, requesting that the license for saloons be raised to three thousand dollars. This the commissioners did and closed all the saloons, except one. At the end of seven months the owner of this saloon proposed to close at the end of the eighth month if the people would pay him the one thousand dollars back that he had paid license for four months. The subscription list was opened at once and the one thousand dollars would have been raised in a half day, but the word that the saloon would close if the money was restored reached the county commissioners, who promptly notified the owner of the saloon that if he would surrender his license they would pay the one thousand dollars he had paid. He surrendered his license, and the commissioners paid him the money. The commissioners then announced that the license would be raised to five thousand dollars, and if any one offered to take out a license it would be raised to ten thousand dollars. In other words, there was to be no more legal sales of liquor in Putnam county. On the last day of the eighth month the saloon was closed. All the bells of the churches were rung and the citizens gathered in the court-house yard in a thanksgiving service, which, after song

and prayer, addresses were made by Judge W. F. Jenkins, Rev. M. J. Cofer, and several others. It was a memorable meeting, and "All hail the power of Jesus' name" was never more heartily sung. Putnam county was thoroughly revolutionized. Since that day the question of saloons has never been discussed, and without ever voting on the question, the county has been dry, and is without saloons to-day.

From the Newberne circuit Mr. Jones was sent to the Monticello circuit in Jasper county. Here he spent the most successful year of his life as a pastor. The people of Monticello were among the noblest in Georgia. Mr. Jones spent his time in faithful pastoral work, going from home to home, visiting and praying with his people. Wherever he went, he carried sunshine and joy, and was a great comfort in times of grief and sorrow. In the presence of sickness and death there never was a more gentle, tender and affectionate pastor. The way he would lift his heart to God in prayer for the sorrowing and bereaved always brought a blessing and a benediction to those in distress. He had gone through the deep waters himself, and always suffered with those who had lost a dear one of the home. After he had entered the evangelistic field, and had preached to the thousands throughout the United States, he would return to his home, and would take pleasure and delight in visiting the poor, sick, and sorrowing of our town. There was scarcely a home where sorrow had come but what he went, not as the world's great evangelist, but as an humble, prayerful minister of God, to spend a few hours with those whose sorrows he shared. He seemed to be hungry for the blessings and benedictions he would derive from these visits. There was something in them that he didn't find in addressing the great multitudes in his meetings.

In connection with his pastoral visits, he always thought of the Saviour's words: "I was an hungered, and ye fed me; I was naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and then he would say to me, "That's enough."

Mr. Jones said that when he began to preach that he was brought to see that to succeed as a preacher, he must either be a great think-

er, or a great worker. Not appreciating his real ability as a thinker, he decided to give some time to earnest work. He had his doubts whether he could think above the plane where the masses stood, but he knew that under God he could mix and mingle with them, and by persistent work, influence them for good.

During the years of his pastorate, for weeks and weeks he would preach three and four times a day, averaging about four hundred sermons a year. His good friends would tell him that he was working himself to death, but he would laugh them off by saying that Whitfield said that when a physician told him he must stop working so much, that he must not preach more than four hours every day, and six hours on Sunday, that he said, "Doctor, do you want me to rust to death?" No pastor ever did the same amount of preaching and visiting that he crowded into the eight years of pastoral work. He would remark to them, "Perhaps I would preach better sermons if I would preach fewer, but a square or an oblong bullet will do as much execution as a polished round one."

It is estimated that during his pastorates there were at least five thousand people converted. All of his meetings were successful, and the converts could be counted from fifty to five hundred at each place. While this looked like it might be enough to make a pastor proud of his success, Mr. Jones always felt, with the opportunities and modern appliances of the day, that a greater number of souls should have been won to Christ.

While he made a constant study of his people, and the Bible, he did not waste much time in studying the systematized treatises on theology. He so frequently said: "I despise theology and botany, but I love religion and flowers." Nor did he waste much time on creeds. He would say: "It is the skin of the truth, dried and stuffed with sand and sawdust. If I had a creed, I would sell it to a museum." Nor did he claim to be a metaphysician, but he would say, "I can see a hole through a ladder, if there is any light on the other side."

Perhaps Mr. Jones was more interested in the study of the natural sciences than any other branch of investigation. He was thoroughly familiar with those subjects, and some of his most striking

illustrations were within the realm of natural science. He was a great lover and reader of natural history, especially that part which treats of the habits of animals, and what they feed upon. The knowledge that he derived from the study of natural history frequently helped him in understanding human nature. He was also a great student of the history of our country, and many of his most notable illustrations were culled from the history of the world. Men of prominence in the educational world would listen with wonder and amazement at many of the forceful illustrations gathered from history, and would exclaim, "Wonder when he read that, and where he found it?" With the great knowledge at his command, he would go before an audience, selecting the most appropriate text for the occasion, and concentrate his mind upon it, bringing before them all available and suitable knowledge, ever keeping his eye upon his congregation. While no man ever preached with more concentration and conciseness, sometimes he would realize that there was a possibility of his crowd not following him closely, then he would leave his thread of argument, and stay with his crowd. This frequently led him to say, "I may not always stick to my text, but I'll stick to my crowd." The story told him by brother Richardson illustrated the point rather forcefully. "There is nothing like holding the gun all over the tree," he would say. "As with the old, palsied father who went out with his son squirrel hunting, the old man's part was to shake the bush, and he had but to take hold of the bush and it would shake without any effort. On one occasion when he was to shake the bush and turn the squirrel, after he had turned the squirrel for four or five different shots for his son, all of which failed of their mark, the old man said: 'Give me the gun, and you shake the bush.' The boy gave up the gun and shook the bush and turned the squirrel. The old man held up the gun in his palsied hands, and as it 'wobbled' all over the tree, 'bang' went the gun and down came the game, at which the old man remarked joyfully, 'I told you I'd git him.' The boy replied, 'Anybody could kill a squirrel up a tree who would hold a gun all over it, as you did.' "

The great truths of the Bible such as sin, repentance, faith, salvation, heaven and hell were preached by him as no sectarian, theolo-

gian or metaphysician has ever done. He preached those great truths with a clearness of mind and an unction of heart that has no parallel in history. He never tried to show his congregation the difference between evangelical and legal repentance; he never discussed before them whether depravity was partial or total. He never tried to prove to them that there is a God, or that Christ is divine, or that there is a heaven or a hell. He took those great truths as a fact, because the Bible stated them, and started his message with those things in the background. The Bible was the basis for all that he preached, and the inspiration of all his hopes. He left the proof of these things to those who wished to speculate upon them. His idea was that Christ meant just what he said, and he preached the gospel instead of defending it, proclaimed the word instead of trying to prove it. He never changed his belief about these truths, and preached them as firmly and powerfully the last meeting he conducted as in his early pastorate.

While on the Monticello work, Mr. Jones assisted more pastors in revival work than he had been able to do before. Some of the places visited were Barnesville, LaGrange, Griffin, and West Point.

At Barnesville there was something near one hundred persons that were received into the church, while the entire church seemed to have made a reconsecration and received a fresh baptism of the Spirit. From the streets that had been so noted for profanity, profaneness disappeared entirely. Two of the saloons closed their business, and their proprietors were among the converts. A deep feeling of solemnity rested upon every one, and the town was not the same.

At LaGrange another mighty work of grace followed his preaching. An intelligent observer said: "It is difficult to criticise Mr. Jones's preaching. It is different from that of any other man the writer ever heard. His methods are unprecedented, but always successful; his understanding of the human heart, and his analysis of human motives and conduct are marvelous. His faith in God unbounded, and his zeal never flags. His illustrations are without number. They are always sharply drawn, clear, and cutting. He uses satire the keenest, and brings the audience to involuntary

laughter, then startles them with a declaration of astounding truth from God's words, then makes an appeal so touching that tears rush unbidden to the eyes. He is, withal, a plain, honest preacher with but one motive—an all-consuming desire to save souls for his Master. The State of Georgia, with all its renowned ministers, does not present a more attractive preacher than he, not one that can draw a larger congregation, or interest them more after they are gathered. He and his preaching are the principal subjects of conversation in LaGrange."

At West Point there was a great revival, which resulted in many accessions to the different churches in the town. There was a moral reformation wrought that changed the aspects of the place. When Mr. Jones went there, the people were so dead, religiously, that the attendance was quite small. It was a morning service in a week-day. It seemed the most hopeless outlook for a meeting. There were but four people to hear him preach his first sermon. After his sermon he said, "Now, I want us to have an altar service." Mr. Jones and the pastor and two noble women knelt for prayer. After they had reconsecrated themselves to God, Mr. Jones said: "I want the pastor to go with me to every business house in this town, and we will say to the men as we meet them, just one thing, and that is, 'You are going to hell,' and then we will move on. I want you good women to go all over this town, ring the door bell, and when the women meet you, just look them squarely in the face and don't say but one thing, and that is, 'You are going to hell.'" They made him the promise, and that afternoon practically every woman in the town was so addressed, while Mr. Jones and the pastor met men and warned them in that startling way. Some of the women slammed the doors in the faces of the two good women, while others had their curiosity aroused. The men got very angry, and it was with much difficulty and shrewd reasoning that fights were avoided. That night the whole town was out to church, and Mr. Jones preached one of his most scathing sermons. A great revival broke out which swept over the entire place, until finally the men who were notoriously opposed to religion were in constant attendance upon the services.

At the morning hours the stores were closed, and the church was always crowded. A writer declared that he was as striking and impressive in his speaking as Talmage; that he created sensation without making sensation his end. He preaches the truth unvarnished, straight, and strong, and in such a way as to captivate the common sense of his hearers and go direct to their hearts. His denunciations of sin are withering, and yet truthful. His illustrations cut sometimes like a knife. He draws pictures as clear-cut as a fine cameo, and he has a pathos powerful at times enough to melt the hearts of his hearers. The Rev. S. P. Calloway, in speaking to me, said: "He is a phenomenal man. I never saw such a king of congregations."

In all those early meetings the lines were drawn. Mr. Jones worked on the principle that there could be no movement without friction; no battle without an issue; no issue without the drawing of lines. He believed that it was possible for a man to preach the gospel and live in peace with the devil with an armstice unbroken, but said: "Woe be to the preacher when all men speak well of him." In all those years as a pastor he was the object of a great deal of criticism. If truth furnished the people with no material with which they could assault him, there was no falsehood that the wicked could conceive that they would not take and circulate against him.

The most remarkable conversion under the ministry of Mr. Jones at Monticello was that of Maj. Jno. C. Key. Mr. Jones in speaking of him said: "I think he is the grandest hero living for God in America to-day. He is a lawyer with a splendid practice, and a thorough gentleman. I was conducting a meeting in his town, and on Sunday morning, the anniversary of his birth, and I think the anniversary of his marriage as well, he called to his wife after breakfast and had her to come and sit down by his side. She was the sweetest Christian woman, and the best housekeeper, I ever saw in my life. He called her 'Mary and Martha,' and she was both. He said to her that Sunday morning, 'Wife, I am fifty years old to-day; we have been married exactly thirty years; you have been a Christian woman ever since we were married, and before that, too. I have never cared for these things, but I wish to say I am going with you to church, and ask the preacher when he finishes

the sermon to open the doors, and then I am going up to the altar and join the church, and spend the rest of my days with you in the Christian life.' With great joy she said, 'Husband, are you?' and he answered, 'That's what I am going to do.' 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'how I rejoice!' He went to the church with his wife, and sat by her side during the service, and when the sermon had ended he arose and said: 'Will the pastor please open the doors of the church?' The doors were thrown open and that man walked up and joined. He turned to the congregation and said: 'Fellow townsmen and neighbors, you all know me; I have lived among you from childhood. I am fifty years old to-day. I have been married thirty years. I have a good Christian wife, but I have not been a Christian. I said to her this morning, "Wife, I am fifty years old to-day. We have been married these thirty years; during all that time you have been a devoted Christian woman, but I have never cared about anything of the kind. Now, wife, I am going to join the church where you have been so many years." Brethren, I do not claim to have any religion, but I promise you this, there shall not be a man in this church who shall beat me living right, or beat me serving God, unless he has more sense than I have.' His statement moved the audience to sympathetic tears, and there were many hearty handshakes and shouts of God's people. As I was away from my circuit a great deal the latter part of the year, frequently it was impossible for me to return and fill my appointment on Sunday. I would write him, 'Dear Brother Key: I can not return; will you preach for me Sunday?' and I always received this reply: 'Dear Brother Jones: I can not preach much, but I will do the best I can. You go on bringing souls to God.' He taught in the Sabbath-school, and did everything which a true Christian man could do. He was one of the finest Christian men that lived on the face of the earth, and a few years ago he died a triumphant death and went home happy."

Monticello and Jasper county were noted for their wickedness. The people were intelligent, well to do, worldly and wicked. There were seven hundred converted and joined the churches while Mr. Jones was there, and a revival was carried on by the converts which

revolutionized the county. The saloons were soon voted out. The influence extended to adjoining counties, and the work abides to-day, and there are no more religious and spiritual people to be found anywhere, after a quarter of a century.

Another convert was Mr. Webb, who was a liquor dealer. His little boy had become a Christian, and he and his wife were greatly convicted and happily converted, at the same time, in their home. He went with Mr. Jones to his different appointments, and did much to drive liquor from the town and county. He is to-day a most earnest and godly Christian.

The work on the Monticello circuit closed his labors as a pastor. The latter part of the year his presiding elder had given him permission to spend some of his time in assisting other pastors in revival work. His success while on the Monticello circuit and the great revivals that he conducted gave him prestige at the coming annual conference, and he was appointed to the agency of the North Georgia Orphanage.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Orphans' Home and Revival Work.

In the previous chapter we have seen how the calls for evangelistic work multiplied while he was serving the Newberne and Monticello circuits. At the last place his presiding elder and the quarterly conference decided that the calls from other brethren were so urgent that he might spend some of his time in assisting them. Mr. Jones had realized that he was giving almost half of his time to outside work, and at the close of the conference his presiding elder recommended that he be appointed to the agency, believing that he was the only man that could raise the money to cover the indebtedness of the Orphanage, and thereby enable him to do more revival work.

The Home was overwhelmingly in debt. It could hardly have been sold for enough money to have cancelled the indebtedness. Vincent R. Tourney, Judge Meriwether, and others, could not go further with the debt and interest. They saw the rapidly increasing popularity of Mr. Jones, and felt that as agent he should care for the orphans and raise the debt, and have a wider sphere for his talent as an evangelist.

In December of 1880, at the conference held at Rome, presided over by Bishop McTyeire, Mr. Jones was made agent of the Orphans' Home. In view of his desire to devote more time to the work of an evangelist, he received the appointment gratefully, believing that it would give him larger opportunity to do revival work. The demand for such service was so urgent, that he felt that the Spirit was leading him in that direction, so this seemed to be a providential opening. Instead of the Orphanage being in debt eight or ten thousand dollars, as many supposed, he found by the time old notes and debts were paid that the amount was nearly twice this amount. In canvassing for money he found people were not very anxious

to pay old debts, but his remarkable ability in raising funds overcame the objections, and everywhere he went money came in by basketfuls. Some of the collections were marvelous. He paid off all the debts and raised money to erect the handsome main building, now known as the "Sam Jones Building."

In writing to the *Christian Advocate,* he gave an account of where he had been, and what he had done, covering a period of several months. In the letter he says:

"The eyes of the world are upon an agent, and their ears are not open to his cries. Some respect him, some pity him, some despise him, while on the other hand, an agent respects the generous, pities the poor and despises the miser, so he strikes his balance-sheet, and moves on.

"I began Friday night, sixteenth of December, at the old, but trusty town of Lexington; a fair congregation and twenty-five dollars cheerfully given to the Orphans' Home. Thence to Winterville, a good congregation and twenty-three dollars. I wonder if that town will ever be as large as the great heart of Bro. John Winter? I spent a pleasant night with him; left him Sunday morning, thinking more of my race. Thank God for every oasis in an agent's Sahara. Thence to Athens, a city made a hundred times larger than its corporate limits by its noble men and their noble deeds. They gave me cheerfully more than *two hundred dollars, and kindly said, 'Come again.'* Thence to Thomson, Christmas Sunday. I could say much for this people—noble, kind, generous. A bad day, fair congregation and one hundred dollars for my cause. Three p.m. at Harlem; good congregation, twelve dollars contributed. The month of December gave me nearly four hundred dollars.

"First Sunday in January I was at eleven a.m. at Pain's Chapel, Atlanta. A good house, kind people. 'A man may take a neighbor's part, yet have no cash to spare him.' Collection, thirty-three dollars and sixty-five cents. Sixth church three p.m.; the youngest of the Atlanta churches, but grand in Christliness; they gave me fifty-one dollars and twenty-six cents. St. Paul church at night; this church is noted for its heroic struggles against wind and tide, and its *patient continence in well doing.* They gave me thirty-seven

dollars. If, wherever there was a will there was a way, I would have gotten one thousand there. At Oothcaloga, Calhoun circuit, second Sunday, eleven a.m.; they came through cold and mud and gave me twenty-three dollars. I said, 'Thank you,' and left, feeling good. At Adairsville, three p.m., I got one hundred dollars, minus ninety-four dollars and forty-five cents. Thence to Calhoun at night; I had a fine congregation, got twenty-two dollars and came away wondering that I did not get more. Third Sunday I was rained out. Fourth Sunday, Rome, Dr. Potter—how I love him, how I prize his counsel, how his words impress me. (How that turkey dinner depressed me.) His church loves, reverences and admires (and I trust will obey) him. I have been nowhere and found the people and preacher so universally pleased with each other. I got over one hundred dollars there, mud or no mud. January gave me about three hundred dollars.

"February, still in the mud; can't say of my own knowledge that the sun has risen but one time since Christmas, but through the mud I will go until I am up to my chin. First Sunday, eleven a. m., at Jackson's Chapel, Cave Spring circuit, seventeen dollars for the Orphan's Home; night at Cave Spring, good congregation, thirty-nine dollars. Edgewood next, second Sunday, was pleased with that congregation; they listened scripturally, and gave tolerably—twenty-seven dollars there. At night I was with Brother Christian at Evans' Chapel; they are a religious people—kind, hospitable; they gave me sixty-three dollars. Third Sunday, Dalton, a fine membership, a strong church; they have a fine pastor, a good preacher; he is self-poised, successful. I got seventy dollars there. I would have trebled that amount there but some of the good brethren were prejudiced; they did not know that our institution had repented, been converted, and was now a child of God, and on its way to heaven. We will outlive their prejudices. Fourth Sunday at Marietta; it was a benediction to be with those people; Brother Seals has his church in full sympathy with him in his labors of love, and works of faith. You may soon chronicle one of the greatest revivals, Marietta the place, Brother Seals the instrument. They gave me one hundred and twenty dollars. Add to the above

amounts private donations and I have more than one thousand dollars as the result of my first three months this year, in spite of rain and mud, gloom and despondency.

"Now, Mr. Editor, we are taking all orphan children we can find or hear of, placing them in good homes. We are paying for our home, because we must have a place to which they must come, and a place from which they go. We are now a success, and nothing succeeds like success.

"Yours,

"S. P. JONES, Agent."

"P. S.—Please let me return thanks to the generous public and the pastors who have universally been a help to me in my labors. God bless them all, preachers and people. S. P. J."

In the year 1882, while engaged in raising money for the Orphanage, he conducted a great many meetings throughout Georgia. Some of the greatest revivals ever held in the State were conducted by him at this time. He preached in most of the leading pulpits of Georgia. His fame soon covered the entire State. All of these meetings were eminently successful, and hundreds of converts were made wherever he labored.

At Newnan, Ga., he held a meeting and raised a good sum for the Orphanage. The Newnan court was in session, and adjourned to hear him preach. The result was the conversion of two members of the grand jury, who had been unbelievers, and the meeting closed with members of the grand jury shouting.

At Athens, Ga., he preached in the First Methodist church to an audience that filled the first floor and the gallery. At the close of this meeting he raised a collection of nearly four hundred dollars for his Orphans' Home.

At Eatonton, in May, he visited the town again in the interest of the Orphanage. The *Messenger* says: "He is of the people; they like him, and he knows how to reach and touch their hearts. When he visits the community he never fails to leave the religious atmosphere in a healthier condition. He is an honor to his State and church, and thousands live to bless the day when they met and

listened to his searching appeals in the great meeting he held here." He received in money and first-class subscriptions for the Orphans' Home about three hundred dollars.

He spoke in Atlanta in the interest of the Home to a crowded house in the First Methodist church. A paper said: "Mr. Jones rose and made a most pathetic appeal; spoke of the good the home had done, and was doing; of the debt that had been carried, but was gradually being paid; of the success he had met with in different parts of the State, and the scenes of sadness and desolation he had visited—mothers that had worked and labored for their little ones and were ready to faint by the way, because bread could not be put into their mouths, and how one had said to him that surely God had sent him to her, in her sore distress, and had given her little ones up—torn her heartstrings to part with those little ones—rather than to see them starve, and blessed God that there was an Orphans' Home. He said that last year his wife said to him: "Mr. Jones, I don't want you to take that appointment again," but after the good she saw had been done in the past year, her parting word to him had been: "You run the Orphan Home in Decatur, and I will run your orphan home here in Cartersville." Furthermore, he said: "Friends, when I came from home, wife said to me: 'Come back to-night so you may see our children when they open their stockings in the morning.' When I am awakened before day on Christmas morning and see the expressions of delight on my little children's faces, hear them blowing their horns and beating their drums, I shall look at them and think: 'Will we all be here next Christmas, or will they be orphans?' How many in my presence can tell whether one or more may be missed before Christmas comes around; or, sadder still, how many may during this year lay to rest some dear little one whose prattle made their hearts glad last year?" There was not a dry eye in the house, and strong men bowed their heads and were not ashamed of the tears that did honor to their manhood.

When Mr. Jones had concluded his remarks, the treasurer arose and stated that a few years ago the debt of the Home far exceeded the value of the place, and its influence had been crippled much by

this embarrassment, but to say that our property, which was valued at ten thousand dollars, has only a debt of three thousand eight hundred due on it shows a brighter day coming for us. The people are helping us, and God's blessing is with us. If you could see those children as I have seen them, join with them in their little games, eat at the table with them, be with the boys while they work in the field; if you could see them thus, you would all contribute liberally to their support. Mr. Jones then proceeded to take a collection, and the congregation responded very liberally. A stranger gave a check on the New York Exchange National Bank for one hundred dollars. As a result of the collection one thousand dollars was raised.

The *Atlanta Constitution* says: "We have never commended a more admirable charity than the Orphans' Home. The care of helpless little children, the providing of a home for homeless babies—the reclaiming of waifs from the streets, from wretchedness and want, or worse—appeals strongly to the sympathy of all fathers and mothers. When this work is done without endowment, by heroic appeals to the public, and faith in human nature, and economy and efficiency, we fail to see how any man or woman can refuse it their aid. The Orphans' Home stands on its record. It has provided shelter, a home, food, clothing and schooling to thirty-six orphan children at a total cost of less than twelve hundred dollars, or less than thirty dollars per annum to the child. This is marvelous in its cheapness, and yet the happy faces of the children, their plump figures and rosy cheeks, show that they have had abundance. The secret of the thing is in the fine management of the farm on which the Home is located—of the poultry-yard, garden, dairy and barnyard, and in putting the children at work on the farm and in the house.

"Mr. Jones, the agent of the Home, appeals to the public for five thousand dollars with which to build an additional house in which to put other children who are now applying for admission. The managers are able to feed all the children who apply, but they have no room for them. With five thousand dollars he agreed to build a new house that will accommodate from fifty to eighty more

children, and to begin the work when two thousand five hundred dollars is subscribed. This amount ought to be subscribed without a day's delay, and we believe our people will subscribe it when they are called upon."

In this chapter it is impossible to give detailed accounts of the great revivals that Mr. Jones held during the first four years as agent. Most of the meetings were held in Georgia, while some of his great revivals were in adjoining States. He visited Louisville, Ky., and assisted Dr. J. C. Morris in a wonderful meeting at the Walnut Street Methodist church. Dr. Morris, in speaking of the meeting, said: "From his first appearance he became identified with the religious life of that rare congregation, and was enshrined in their truest, tenderest Christian affection. My own heart knitted to him, and to the sad day of his departure from among us I recognized him to be the friend of God, and of his fellow men."

He held great meetings in Atlanta at the First church, with General Evans as pastor. The second was with Rev. Howell H. Parks. Trinity church, that city, was also a field where he worked repeatedly during the pastorate of Dr. T. R. Kendall. Many prominent members of those two great churches were either converted or led to a deeper consecration during his ministry at that time. With Rev. J. O. A. Cook as pastor of the St. Luke's church, Columbus, Ga., he had a glorious meeting. For nearly a month great crowds gathered at this church, and many were brought to the Saviour. In Augusta, Ga., at the St. John's church, during the pastorates of Rev. W. H. LaPrade and Rev. Warren A. Candler, now bishop, the work was greatly honored of the Lord. In Savannah, Ga., there were also great meetings held in the Trinity and the Monumental Methodist churches. He visited Macon, Ga., and assisted Dr. Jos. S. Key, now bishop, in a great work. His preaching made a profound impression upon the people and the pastor, and in after-years Bishop Key said: "He staid with me near a month in my home. I came to know him thoroughly, and my opinion of him and my estimate never changed, except that he grew greater and broader and sweeter in his spirit and manner. His first sermon in that meeting arrested attention and drew a crowd to hear him. I have told him

many years later that, like a mockingbird, his first song was as good as his last."

Dr. A. J. Lamar tells how Mr. Jones's meeting broke up the one that he was holding in the Baptist church. His meeting had started off remarkably well, but for some unaccountable reason to Dr. Lamar, the audience fell off Monday night to half; on Tuesday to one-fourth, and on Wednesday he had only a few of his deacons, and the great congregation was gone. He was dumbfounded. He turned to the deacons and said: "What has happened to this meeting?" They looked at him with a quizzical look and said: "Did you not know Sam Jones was conducting a meeting at the Mulberry Street Methodist church?" "Who is Sam Jones?" replied Dr. Lamar. The deacons were greatly surprised, and said: "You don't know who Sam Jones is?" Dr. Lamar replied: "In South Carolina, where I have just come from, I never heard of him." "Well," said they, "Sam Jones is the greatest sensation Georgia ever produced. When he is in town there is no use to try to run against him. All our people are around to hear him to-night." "Well," said Dr. Lamar, "let's adjourn this meeting and go over and see what manner of man he is." He was introduced to Mr. Jones, and said: "Brother Jones, you have taken my crowd from me, but I don't see that you are getting many of them converted to-night." "Well," replied Mr. Jones, "Brother Lamar, a fellow has got to catch his fish before he strings them. I am just drumming up my crowd, and will string them after awhile." Dr. Lamar replied: "Well, I am coming to see you string them, and to help, if I can." Mr. Jones replied: "That's the talk, we need the help of all good men."

During that meeting Dr. Lamar and his people were as enthusiastic as the members and pastor of the church in which it was held. In many other places he preached and won souls to Christ, and the friendship and love begotten in the hearts of the preachers whom he met in those early days clung to him through all the years of his life.

The pastors of Georgia have been among the best and closest friends he has had. For several years he took a nominal appointment, and continued to raise money for the Orphanage wherever he was called to preach, and his work began to extend in all directions, and he started out in the great work of world-wide evangelism.

For eleven years Mr. Jones was the agent and bore all the expenses of the Home. The treasurer drew upon him for whatever was needed. Being out of the State in his evangelistic work, he believed that some one ought to keep the Home close to the pockets of Georgians, and he joined with the trustees in asking that Rev. Howard L. Crumley should be his associate. He held a nominal appointment for two years.

At the end of two years Bishop Haygood decided that he had no right under the laws of the church to appoint Mr. Jones to the agency, as his time was not spent with the work of the Home, so Mr. Jones located in December, 1893, in order to devote all of his time to the evangelistic work.

There had arisen some technicality regarding his taking a regular appointment, and devoting his time to revival work. A few heated discussions before and after the action resulted. The brethren of the conference were anxious for him to remain one of them, but Mr. Jones didn't see how he could give up his large evangelistic field and confine himself to a single pastorate.

His thousands of friends regretted very much that he severed his official connection with the Orphanage, but until the time of his death he was one of the most liberal contributors to the great work. The institution was always very dear to his heart, and he looked upon his services there among the greatest that he rendered to suffering humanity.

Mr. Jones, at the Augusta Conference, in 1885, decided that with a large board of trustees, the business could be more easily handled, and had the conference to change the charter, and Messrs. W. A. Gregg, Robert A. Hemphill and George Muse became the sole trustees, the agent being *ex-officio* trustee. The plan has worked admirably. The home has grown; from two to three hundred destitute children are helped each year; the babies, helpless cripples, and every grade of moral destitution finds a welcome in the Home, which was rescued and supported by Mr. Jones for eleven years.

When Mr. Jones gave up the work of the Orphanage, the committee made the following report:

"Mr. Jones has severed all official relation with the Orphans'

Home. He has been the truest friend we ever had. For about thirteen years he has been its father. Never did the cry of the orphan go unresponded to. For many years he met the drafts from his own pocket. He built the main building and chapel and stocked the farm and met every claim. The orphans look with admiration upon his life-sized picture that adorns the sitting-room. They love him and with sincere sadness suffer the separation. This throws upon the Home the additional expense of one thousand dollars which Brother Jones has been accustomed to meet. The whole burden of the Home, amounting to about five thousand dollars a year, rests on the conference. They are your children, and you will furnish the five thousand dollars needed. Brother Jones has so long raised part of this outside the conference that it will seem heavy to you. But we can raise it."

CHAPTER IX.

His Fame Spreading.

Mr. Jones had preached throughout Georgia, and had already come into prominence as an evangelist. While he had not preached beyond the boundaries of his State, yet his reputation had gone before him, and he was becoming known in adjoining States.

In the great meeting held in Macon, Ga., 1881, in the Methodist church, with Rev. Jos. S. Key, D.D., as pastor, Mr. Jones became intimately acquainted with Rev. A. J. Lamar, pastor of one of the Baptist churches of that city. After this Dr. Lamar accepted a call to the Central Baptist church at Memphis, Tenn., and when he had gone there to his pastorate there was a meeting of the general pastors' conference of that city to consider the question of holding a great union revival, and after deciding to have the union revival there came the more important question of who would be a suitable leader. In former years they had had Earle, Hammond, Moody and other celebrities. There was no man at this time with a great reputation who was available, and the ministers were at their wits' end.

Finally Dr. Lamar arose and said: "Why not get Sam Jones?" And immediately the question came up: "Who is Sam Jones?" Dr. Lamar said: "I refer you to Dr. S. A. Steele, or Dr. R. H. Mahon. Probably they can tell you about him, as he is a Methodist, and a member of the North Georgia Conference." Both of these ministers immediately spoke and said that they had never heard of Sam Jones. "Well," said Dr. Lamar, "he is the most unique man I ever saw. He is a sensation within himself. He can come nearer turning the city upside down than any other man upon this continent. If you will get him and give him the middle of the road he will stir up things. The only trouble will be to get a place big enough to hold the audience."

After much discussion it was finally agreed by Drs. Steele and Mahon to correspond with Dr. A. G. Haygood and find out something more about the Georgia revivalist. Whereupon Dr. S. A. Steele, pastor of the First Methodist church of Memphis, wrote to Dr. Haygood (afterward Bishop Haygood), stating the circumstances, and asking if the preachers of Memphis could afford to "carry" Sam Jones. Dr. Haygood replied in this laconic manner:

"Sam Jones is a Methodist preacher
Good and true.
Give him a chance and he'll
Carry you."

The reply of Dr. Haygood was so satisfactory that the conference unanimously instructed Dr. Lamar to write and extend to Mr. Jones an invitation to visit Memphis.

Mr. Jones accepted the invitation; reported in Memphis on January 6, 1884. Dr. Lamar met him at the Peabody Hotel, and found Mr. Jones "joking" with some commercial travellers. He took him home with him, and after being greeted by Mrs. Lamar, Mr. Jones said: "Sister Lamar, I never felt so far from home in all my life; and aside from you and Brother Lamar, I don't know a soul in this great city."

Sunday morning he preached in the Central Baptist church on "Prayer," and captured the hearts of Dr. Lamar's people, which made the pastor very happy.

The place selected for the union meeting was the Court Street Cumberland Presbyterian church, that being the largest building in the city. The first union service was held Sunday afternoon, and the meetings continued for five weeks.

The first two weeks of the meeting was up-hill work, in spite of the immense crowds and growing interest. The lack of co-operation upon the part of the preachers discouraged Mr. Jones, and he felt that the meeting was not growing in power as it should have done. Dr. Lamar, his faithful friend and helper, went to his room on Saturday night and found him—to use Mr. Jones's own expression—"under the juniper tree." Dr. Lamar was surprised and grieved to

find Mr. Jones so discouraged, and after discussing the situation, they resolved to take Christ at his own word when he said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." And they went to prayer.

After that night Mr. Jones began preaching with renewed vigor and force; and on the next Sunday afternoon (the third Sunday of his stay in Memphis) his preaching produced a great awakening. His manner, style and use of the language of the common people began to make impression upon them. He gave full play to wit, humor and pathos; sometimes his audience was convulsed with laughter, at other times angry, then by his pathos he moved them all to tears. The people went away talking, wondering and criticising, for they had never heard the like. The preachers were shocked by his plainness of speech and chagrined at his arraignment of them for their lack of power. While they winced under his reference to them they took it as good-naturedly as they could, and they, too, were becoming more and more convinced of his way of thinking.

The crowds had grown daily until the building ceased to be large enough to accommodate the audiences that gathered. Then Dr. Lamar and Mr. Jones discussed the propriety and advisability of a men's meeting, in order that they might have greater results. Such meetings were not known in the South at that time. Perhaps in the Western States and in some of the Northern States such meetings had been held. A great many prophesied that it would be a failure in attendance and results; but when the hour for services came the streets were crowded with men going to the Cumberland Presbyterian church. Soon the auditorium was filled and standing-room was at a premium. When Mr. Jones entered the building and saw the immense audience, he was inspired with the scene, and ready for the services. The flash of his wonderful eyes and the great spirit that imbued him with power made his words almost irresistible. He preached that powerful sermon, "Escape for Thy Life," his text being taken from the nineteenth chapter of Genesis and the seventeenth verse.

It is a strange coincidence that in his last great men's meeting in

Oklahoma City, when there were from six to seven thousand men powerfully and tremendously moved, when thousands of men came forward and shook hands with him, pledging God a better life, that he should have used the same text that he used in his first great men's meeting in Memphis.

Mr. Jones spoke but a few words before he had the undivided attention and sympathy of all his hearers, and the interest grew deeper as he proceeded; and at times reached an intense degree of enthusiasm. We shall, perhaps, not exaggerate when we say that none present had ever heard the truth so fearlessly, so earnestly, so tenderly, so faithfully preached. The common sins of men were held up in all their wickedness and deformity, and strong men trembled as they listened to the fullest exposure of their wickedness. At times the audience roared with laughter. At times they burst out in applause, and when the speaker closed, under the power of his wonderful pathos, nine-tenths of all the men present were in tears. We doubt if any one present ever saw so many men brought to tears As he concluded this wonderful sermon Mr. Jones said: "Every one here who feels that he needs God's mercy and desires a better life let him fall down and engage with us in this closing prayer."

Instantly the vast audience fell down upon their knees, and there were not twenty men out of the multitude who did not respond to this appeal. It was an inspiring scene.

This men's meeting was the turning point in the revival. The backbone of opposition had been broken. The whole town had been won by the evangelist, and the throngs that came to hear him hung upon his words.

The newspapers took up the meetings and gave much time and space to them. The services became the talk of the town. On the streets, in the stores, at the shops, in the homes, "Sam Jones" and the revival were the subjects of almost all conversations.

The churches in Memphis previous to this revival show that religion was at a rather low ebb. The *Commerical-Appeal* says: "The various churches in Memphis of late years seem too much disposed to act upon the supposition that their respective denominations were close corporations, intended for the worship of those already saved,

instead of making new converts and adding new members to the churches.

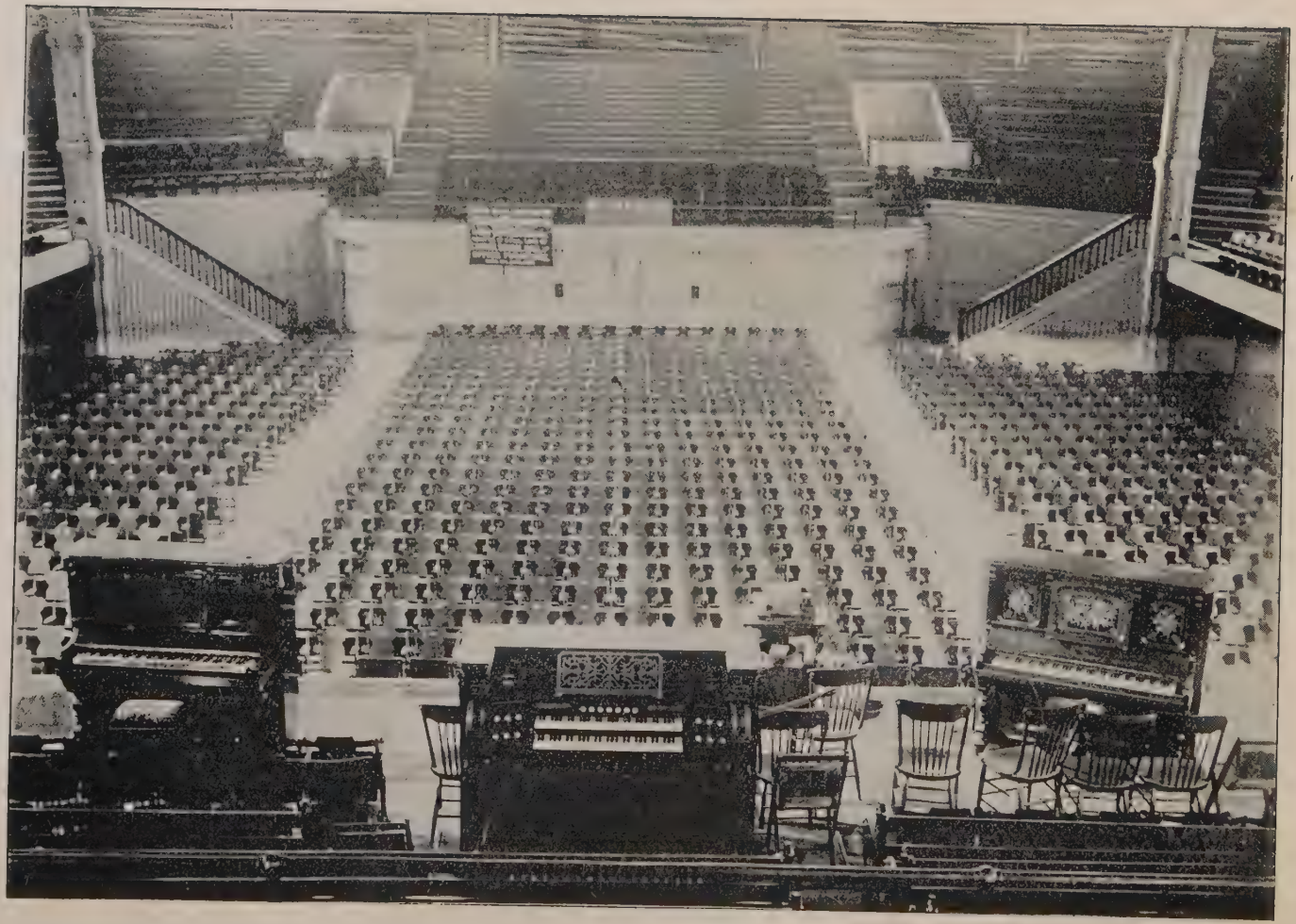
"Recently a Memphis minister, zealous in his work, deplored that the ministers and the churches had not accomplished more in the past, and expressed the startling opinion that one hundred thousand dollars had been spent in Memphis by the various religious denominations, and that notwithstanding this vast expenditure of money all of the churches had not gained more than one hundred converts. But the minister of four weeks ago, who regretted that so little had been accomplished by the expenditure of so much money for church purposes, will find much consolation in the result of the union meetings in progress in this city. It showed that in union there is strength; for so soon as the various denominations forgot their creeds and united their forces they accomplished what they failed to do when divided. These meetings were a tribute to Christianity from the different denominations engaged in the work. Much good has been accomplished by their harmonious action."

While the weather was, perhaps, the most inclement ever known in that latitude, with the rain, hail, sleet and snow constantly falling, it did not prevent the people from coming out in great numbers. There was a constant stream of wet and shivering humanity pouring into the great auditorium day and night, until there wasn't standing-room. This unique preacher, "the Georgia evangelist," attracted and interested the people.

The *Commercial-Appeal* says: "The crowd increased as his reputation spread over the city, and if he should continue his labors, it would require the exposition building to hold the people anxious to hear him. His power over the people is a mystery. Peculiarity is said to be the primary quality of greatness, that the property a man has in common with other men will never attract the world, and to be distinguished one must exhibit some rare peculiarity. Mr. Jones certainly has remarkable characteristics, but it would be difficult to define them. He is no sky-scraper, but wholly devoid of fustin and rant; never stands on tip-toe with hands stretched aloft as if he would pull down the stars.

"His language is transparent in its simplicity, but all his intel-

THE AUDITORIUM, MEMPHIS.



INTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM, MEMPHIS.

lectual powers so admirably mixed and blended are brought into requisition in every sermon, and their action is delightfully harmonious. There is neither too much nor too little of any given quality. The judgment and the imagination are in perfect equipoise. As he speaks his soul seems to be a fountain of living water. Much of his success and popularity consists in understanding human nature, and the emotions of the heart, and in saying what his hearers have often thought but never before heard defined. It is this gift which enables him to reach and move the multitude.

"Mr. Jones has a vivid imagination, but his illustrations and metaphors are simple, pointed and applied with a directness and pungency which the most obtuse can understand. The imagination which this eminent minister developed in his discourses shows that if he were ambitious for fame as a popular orator he could go flaming through the land, distributing meteors and rainbows while striding from cloud to cloud, mountain to mountain, and star to star. His eloquence, however, is simple and pathetic, reaches every avenue of feeling and sympathy. The eloquent bubbles that float and dazzle have no longer life than the cadence of the singer, but the chords that Mr. Jones strikes continue to vibrate upon the soul."

Mr. Jones also held a service especially for the women. The great auditorium was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the women of all walks of life were seen participating in the service. The *Commercial-Appeal* in speaking of this service, said: "Yesterday morning Court Street Church was literally packed with Memphis ladies—even the gallery was full, and there was not a vacant seat. many were heard to remark that 'it was never so seen in Memphis,' and there was probably no one present who had ever seen such a vast audience of women. Except the pastors and Mr. Jones, there were no men present. Although Mr. Jones was not feeling well, he spoke three-quarters of an hour, and held the undivided attention of the audience until the last word fell from his lips. He was listened to amid smiles and tears, and it could be easily seen that his simple, earnest, tender, original way of presenting things was taking deep hold on hundreds of hearts. He showed the auditors why they were not better wives, mothers and daughters; why they were not better

Christians; and then showed how in all these things they could grow and expand till they should sweeten their homes, save their husbands and raise up children to call them blessed. Any child of ten summers could understand all he said. His illustrations were fresh, clear-cut, very impressive and long-to-be-remembered. There is no question that hundreds of mothers, wives and daughters went away from the meeting with a resolution deep down in their hearts to be and do better in all the relations of life."

When the revival finally closed, it was the concensus of opinion that it was the greatest ever held in Memphis. Mr. Jones had established himself as an evangelist with marvelous gifts, and had won for himself almost national prominence in the religious world. The conversions and reclamations ran up into a thousand or more, while those who joined the different churches numbered more than six hundred. The city received a great moral uplifting, and was greatly stirred religiously. The people began to take more interest in the work of the church and religion seemed to be on the increase.

Dr. S. A. Steele, pastor of the First Methodist church, wrote an article to the *Texas Christian Advocate* giving some characterization of Mr. Jones's preaching. Dr. R. H. Mahon, pastor of the Central church, wrote to the *Nashville Christian Advocate,* calling attention to his gifts and graces. His fame began to spread in every direction, and before he had left Memphis he had received a great many letters from various sources, asking him to conduct revival meetings. He completely won the city before his five weeks had expired, and it was with great sorrow that the people bade him good-by. The *Memphis Avalanche* says: "It is not often that a strange minister can ingratiate himself at once into the good graces of a community; especially is this true of the class called evangelists. As a general thing the evangelist is a compound of piety and egotism; offensive in his mannerism, conceited with his prominence and affected in his preaching. Those who have been looking for any of these points in Mr. Jones are disappointed. His preaching is plain, earnest and true. He is every inch a preacher; he has a message to deliver and he does so in words that reach the understanding and consciences of his hearers."

Cartersville had heard of his success away from home, and was proud of the reputation that he had made. The *Cartersville American* had the following tribute to pay Mr. Jones upon his arrival from Memphis:

"Sam Jones is the greatest revivalist the South has ever produced. I never saw his equal. There is something very wonderful about the man. He can jump on a dry goods box on the public square and commence preaching, and in five minutes every barkeeper and street loafer in town will be listening. He can go to the darkest corner of Pickens county and the most ignorant man in the congregation will understand and appreciate his sermon. He can stand up before the finest city church, before the most intelligent audience and hold them spellbound by his eloquence. He can appear before a mixed audience in a theater and silence the hissing tongues and the loud laugh by the simple story of the cross. 'I have known him since he was a wild, rude, dissipated boy on the streets of Cartersville. Before he professed religion and commenced to preach, he was as common as any boy I know. He has loomed into importance as an evangelist and revivalist until he stands now second only to Talmage and Moody. He is a pale-faced, spare-built, dark-skinned man, and would not attract the second glance from a casual observer. But when he speaks he catches the ear of everybody, and touches the heart of every listener. He is strikingly original, and his imagination is rich and fertile, his illustrations are forcible and pointed, his language is terse and strong, his appeals are touching and pathetic, and his powers of endurance beyond anything I ever saw.' So talked a gentleman in the presence of the editor the other day. Mr. Jones is a wonderful preacher. His recent visit to Memphis was attended with the most gracious results. Everywhere he met with a perfect religious ovation. We have read with much pleasure the press accounts of his preaching. We are proud of Sam Jones, not only because he is a Cartersville man, but because he is a true man, an earnest preacher and a friend to humanity. His mission on earth is a grand one, and grandly does he fill it."

Mr. Jones visited Memphis a great many times during his life. In all he conducted four or five great meetings in that city, and

never lost his prestige nor power. He held another great meeting in 1893 at the First Methodist church. This is one of the largest and handsomest auditoriums in the South. It proved entirely too small to accommodate the great crowds that went to hear him daily. The doors had to be locked at an early hour, and there was always more people on the outside of the building than could be accommodated on the inside. They kicked down the doors once or twice trying to gain admittance. A great many of the prominent men who are now members of that church were converted or reclaimed during Mr. Jones's meetings. The *Appeal-Avalanche* published this editorial in reference to his second visit:

"The Rev. Sam Jones during his sojourn in Memphis entertained large audiences, and has stimulated the religious sentiment of the community in Memphis. It is understood that he has made more than two thousand converts. He came among us and scolded the people of Memphis for their derelictions. He spared none. He told us of our sins of omission and commission. He spoke in plain terms, and there was no mistaking his meaning. Let us hope that Memphis will be all the better for his coming. Our faults have been revealed to us and the vices to which we are given have been proclaimed. This is Sam Jones's way. Memphis has been handled without gloves, but the preacher has found a host of repentants to kneel at the altar. Mr. Jones has won great favor, as the crowd which flocked to the First Methodist church attested. His sermons have been as lightning purifying the atmosphere, though it may have been violent in its manifestations. Mr. Jones will go hence to spread the gospel. He will visit other cities. His language may be rude at times, but it will penetrate the hearts of men, and while the fastidious may complain as they have always complained, the fact that he brings the sinful to confess their sins is sufficient to justify his methods. Who shall dispute, then, when souls are saved. He reached men who care nothing for creeds. He does not indulge in doctrinal exposition. He does seek to persuade by argument so much that he actually moved the erring to acknowledgment of their moral obliquities, and forced them to their knees by revealing their moral deformities. Who shall say that he does not fill a legitimate sphere

as a preacher? Other preachers may find success in other means for the form of humanity, but Mr. Jones attacks the citadel of sin in his own way. It is simply a question of results. If the two thousand converts or even a small proportion cling to the good resolves made by them under the spell of his eloquence the world is so much the better. Mr. Jones has had many hard things to say of Memphis. He has indulged in denunciation. He has attacked evil in the abstract and in the concrete. He has been general and he has been specific. He has wounded our spirit of local pride. He has pictured in vivid colors our wickedness. But he has done us good, and we may have the consolation that he assails other cities in similar fashion. We may not be quite so black as he has painted us, but no matter . He has caused the people to look to higher and better things, and though he shall depart, his visit will be remembered as having promoted and advanced the well-being of the community. He is in some respects the most extraordinary preacher the world has ever known. He has spoken three times a day almost for a decade and a half. He rarely repeats himself to the same audience. Therefore, as an orator he is without parallel, so far as sustained effort is concerned. It is to be hoped that Mr. Jones will keep his eye on Memphis, and that he may return whenever he finds that the city has begun to backslide. Memphis seems to need Mr. Jones's preaching. This is come to be a general opinion both at home and abroad. The reformation that he has inaugurated should be permanent."

He held meetings in the great Memphis auditorium which were truly marvelous in stirring up the consciences of the people and in bringing about a much-needed reformation. The immense gatherings could not be taken care of at any time during his ministry in Memphis. No building with seating capacity ever so large would hold the great crowds that assembled to hear him. His last meeting was held in the First Methodist church, just a few years ago, and perhaps for religious fervor and deep conviction and bringing people into the church that was as successful a meeting as any held by him in Memphis. Several hundred joined the First church on Sunday after the meeting closed, while the other churches were strengthened by many accessions from the meeting.

In closing the chapter on the work in Memphis, we insert the testimony of the old sexton who commended Brother Jones's style of preaching, as it impressed him during his first meeting in the city. We will give the account as Mr. Jones told it:

"A very laughable, yet forcible incident occurred during the revival at Memphis, Tenn., in Court Street Cumberland Presbyterian church one morning. The services had been going on for about three weeks with great power; hundreds had been converted and the churches awakened. The meeting was a union meeting, thirteen pastors and congregations, representing five different denominations were united in the fight; and on this occasion we had what we called a talking meeting. The pastor of the First Methodist church made a short, pointed talk, in which he told how the meeting had been a blessing to him. Other pastors followed, and when the pastor of the First Baptist told how he and all his church had been blessed, he continued by saying that he had learned something about how to preach also. He said that in three weeks' preaching of Mr. Jones in that city he had not heard a single attempt on the part of the preacher to prove that there was a God, or that Christ was divine. There had been no hair-splitting on theology, or an effort to prove that heaven was real and hell existing, and so on.

"After he sat down, old Uncle Ben, the faithful old colored sexton of the First Methodist church, stood up in the rear of the church and said: 'Brethren, you all know me. I have been trying to serve God from my childhood, and I have been greatly exercised in the last few years for the salvation of the perishing souls of Memphis. On my knees I have begged God to send just such a preacher as this to Memphis, though I didn't know who he was or cared who he was. Now, he has come, thank God for him! He preaches the gospel so that every one can hear it; he feeds me, he feeds the young and the old; the learned and the unlearned. Our pastors have been putting the fodder too high. I remember when Brother Mahon was our pastor last year, I looked into his study one morning and he had five books lying open around him on the table, and I said: "Brother Mahon, if you get one sermon out of five different books, you are going to put your fodder up Sunday morning where I can't reach it; for,

I said 'I've gone to church hungry on Sunday morning and come away hungry; fodder too high for me.' But this man of God scatters the fodder on the ground and we all can reach it, and we also relish it." And so Uncle Ben went on in his rambling talk until he had made as fine an argument for homiletics, many said, as they had ever listened to."

CHAPTER X.

Revivals in Southern Towns.

It was not possible for Mr. Jones to give his entire time to the work of an evangelist during the years 1884-5. At that time he was the agent for the Orphanage of the North Georgia Conference, and had to devote much of his labors to that institution. He held revival meetings as often as his work at the Orphanage would permit.

In Georgia he held meetings at LaGrange, Newnan and Atlanta. These were the second visits to these places. In Tennessee he held a remarkable meeting in 1884 at Jackson. After the first few days, the building was so small that it would not accommodate a fourth of the people who wished to attend the services. He was also at Charleston, S. C., during this period, and held a meeting that stirred the entire city. He visited Waco, Texas, and preached eight days, when he was taken seriously ill with malarial fever. The meeting had grown in interest until there was no place large enough to accommodate the audience, and a great arbor had been hurriedly erected on the church lot, the money for the temporary building was soon subscribed, and in a short while it was ready for use. The city which had been so dead, religiously, was filled with religious enthusiasm within one week from the first service. The conversions were many at every service, and sometimes there were more than one hundred penitents forward for prayer.

Mr. Jones had been preaching constantly for weeks and the heavy work in the open air was too much for his strength, and he was suddenly attacked with fever and the meeting was postponed, but he finally recovered his health and returned to Waco and completed his work. There was an experience in his life, while in this first meeting, which is worthy of note. He had been battling with the

disease, and the devil was harrassing him day and night, as he did Job of old. He seemed to say to him "You will die right here; you have not enough vital force to live." He seemed to be present in bodily form. Mr. Jones replied, "Get out of this room; if I had to go over it all again I would not work any less, but would spend more time and strength in my Master's service. I don't know but that my work is ended, but I am happy, and if I die I shall be happy forevermore." The devil left the room, and Mr. Jones in his suffering was happy at the thought that he had worked hard and faithful to win souls to Christ.

He held several meetings between Memphis and Chattanooga which were remarkable in their results. At Corinth, Miss., there was a great work. The town was known for its wickedness, and the meeting completely changed the tone of the place. Among the converts were some of the most abandoned drunkards in the city. The meeting took a strong hold upon the leading citizens, and many of them were converted and became useful members of the church. Two-thirds of the population had been won to Christ during the meeting. The Honorable Mr. Inge, the Speaker of the Mississippi House of Representatives, resided at Corinth, and was one of the converts of the meeting.

Mrs. Inge had a son in Texas who was dissipated and wicked. She prayed God to save him, and before the meeting closed he came home and was happily converted. He soon entered the ministry, and all over Mississippi the name of Rev. George Inge became a household word. He died a few years ago after a very fruitful ministry.

One of the most thrilling experiences of his life occurred there. He had become so wearied and tired from constant preaching that one night going to church he said: "I am so tired I can not stand up and preach this evening. I shall ask the people if they will allow me to sit down and talk to them." Upon announcing his text the baptism of the Holy Spirit came upon him, and when he had finished the sermon, and had concluded a long altar service, he went away from the church, saying: "I feel as if I were the best rested man on earth." That night in his room the Holy Spirit con-

tinued to bless him, until he cried out: "This is glorious, the breezes of heaven are sweeping in upon my soul." For ten minutes or more these waves of blessing passed over his spirit, and for three months or more he didn't know the sense of fatigue as he labored day and night for the salvation of the lost.

At Iuka, Miss., another marvelous meeting was held. A large bush arbor was erected in the grove. Seats were arranged for two thousand or more, and yet there was not room. The people came in on the trains from every direction, and the power of the Spirit was evident at each service.

One of the most striking incidents of the Iuka meetings was the conversion of Dr. Hodges. Mr. Jones met him at the Springs the morning after he arrived. Dr. Hodges was a retired, wealthy physician, about fifty years of age, and a perfect Chesterfield in his bearing. His wife was intelligent and beautiful. They attracted Mr. Jones's attention, and as they left the Springs the pastor said, "Brother Jones, that man is an atheist and his wife is an infidel." They were regular attendants at the meetings. After three days Mr. Jones asked him to come to the altar and give his heart to God. Dr. Hodges replied, "You go back to the pulpit and read Hebrews 11:8-9-10." Mr. Jones returned to the pulpit and opened the Bible, and read as requested, "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place, which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the promise. For he looked for a city, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Dr. Hodges arose and went forward, giving Mr. Jones his hand, and turning around faced the audience and said, "I, too, like Abraham of old, will take God at His word, and start out for a strange country, not knowing whither I go, looking for a city, whose maker is God." The great audience was powerfully moved, and Mrs. Hodges arose and went to the front, throwing her arms around her husband's neck, and said, "My husband's God shall be my God; his people shall be my people, and his burying-place my burying-place." They were both happily converted.

In after-years, while Mr. Jones was preaching in California, he received a letter from Dr. Hodges saying, "My precious wife has gone on to 'the city whose builder is God,' and I am sojourning alone in 'the tabernacle.'" It was only a few years afterwards that Mr. Jones had a letter from a friend in Mississippi saying, "Dr. Hodges died triumphantly, and has gone home."

At Tuscumbia, Ala., he held a large bush-arbor meeting. Three and four services were held daily, and people came in from all parts of the country. Some of the most remarkable manifestations of the presence of God were seen in that arbor meeting. The people marveled at the results, and perhaps the secret was not known to them; however, it can be attributed to the earnest prayers of Mr. Jones. The great audiences that he preached to did not know how many times he wrestled with God in prayer before preaching. Just before the greatest manifestation of the Spirit's work, Mr. Jones had been very earnest in prayer. He was always a man who went to the throne of mercy for the anointing of service. His child-like faith enabled him to take God at His word, and it was his custom to pray briefly, unless he failed to get the assurance of victory. A friend of his said: "Mr. Jones, how is it that you do not spend more time in secret prayer, for I know you are sincere and honest, and a man of deep piety, but you do not stay on your knees as much as some other men claim to do." His reply was: "I go to the Lord in the morning for my orders of the day, and, having received them, I go about my Master's business. I don't run to the Lord with every little thing, but the good Lord understands me, and when He sees me drop down on my knees He knows that I want and need help, and always supplies it."

There was a great crisis in the meeting, and he met it by a long season of prayer.

The people had made all kinds of threats against him, so after the night service he walked out on the second-story of the porch and knelt down in a corner, the thick vines almost hiding him. He remained there until midnight, and yet no assurance of victory. The morning hours came, and he was still on his knees. He had not undressed or been asleep that night. The great audience as-

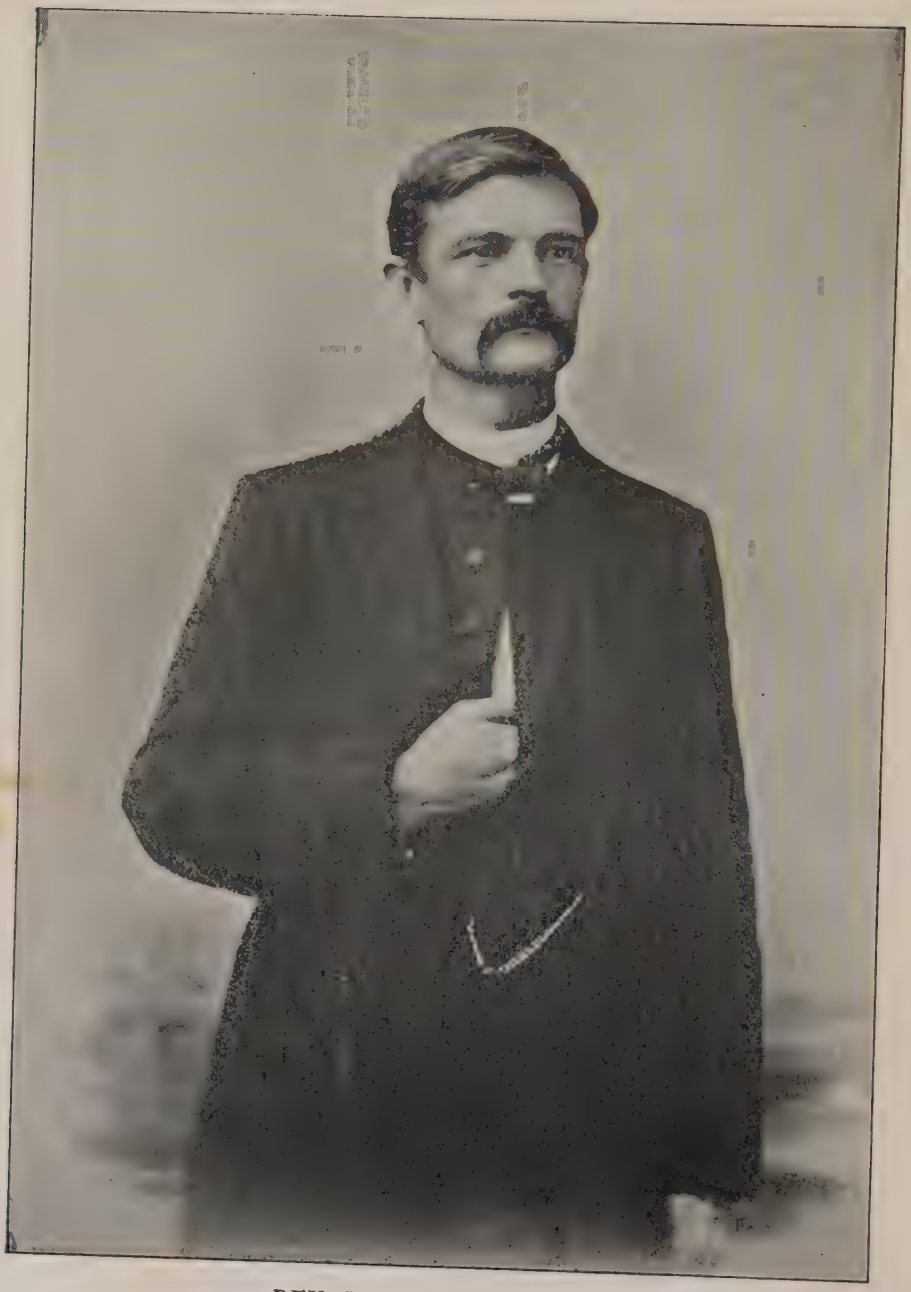
sembled for the six o'clock service; perhaps there were twenty-five hundred present. He arose to preach, and such power came upon the people that the town was won to God.

Another meeting was at Huntsville. A marvelous work of grace resulted. All the churches cooperated very earnestly in the work, and were greatly built up by the direct accessions from the meeting. Here Mr. Jones had much to say about the liquor traffic. He went personally to a leading barkeeper in the town and said: "I will steal before I will sell whisky." The barkeeper got angry. Mr. Jones said: "Over there on that hill lives a poor woman. You sold her husband the liquor that made him a drunkard. He died in a drunken condition, and went to a drunkard's hell. One of her boys is now in prison, and the other one has left home because of his waywardness. I want to ask you, sir, which is the worst, to damn that husband and ruin that family, and break that mother's heart as you have done, or to steal money?" The saloon-keeper could not resist such logic, and turned away, saying: "I don't want to discuss the subject with you."

The conversions multiplied from day to day, and the meeting reached a climax in a great service for the men. After Mr. Jones preached to them he extended an invitation, and one who was present said: "There were from one thousand to twelve hundred men bending their knees before the altar of God. It was the most remarkable event that ever occurred in the history of Huntsville. It was a grand sight, and its solemnity impressed the most wayward that there was a God, and that He is ever ready to save and bless the unredeemed."

One of the most remarkable conversions was that of a leading citizen, who took Mr. Jones aside and said: "I want to be a Christian, I want to love God and do right, but I can't believe in the divinity of Christ to save my life." "Shut your mouth," said Mr. Jones, "don't come to me with talk like that; do just as Christ told you to do, and if you don't make the landing I'll swim out to you and drown with you." "Well," said the man, "what would you have me to do?" Mr. Jones replied: "Come to the meeting to-night, and when I call for sinners you be the first one to come

WHERE THE JONES MEETINGS WERE HELD AT DANVILLE, VA.



REV. SAM P. JONES AT 38.

forward. When the doors of the church are opened you join." The gentleman replied: "What, join the church when I can't believe!" "Now," said Mr. Jones, "I told you to keep your mouth shut, I am prescribing for you, and you take the remedy, and I'll warrant the cure." That night he walked up and joined the church. Mr. Jones said to him: "Go home now and have family prayer, and come back to the service to-morrow, and I'll ask you to pray in public; I'll get you straightened out if you will just keep your mouth shut." That night he had family prayer, and started right; then Mr. Jones called upon him to pray in public, and he offered a very earnest prayer. He had started right, and a few months afterwards, when Mr. Jones went back to Huntsville for a special service, he said: "How is Brother Ford getting on?" The pastor replied: "He is one of the best members we have." "How is he on the divinity of Christ?" "Oh, he has quit all that long ago." Mr. Jones always believed that if a man would put himself in the right attitude for salvation that God would lead him into the light. It was true in this man's life, as in many others under his ministry.

One of the ministers wrote a letter to the editor of the *Christian Observer,* of Louisville, whereupon the editor answered in a very uncharitable manner. This called forth another letter from Rev. Flake White. It is such an unusual letter that we use a portion of it. Addressing the letter to the editor of the *Christian Observer,* he said: "Yes, I got your letter telling me not to write you any more rhapsodies of Rev. Sam Jones, revivalist, that when you wanted theology you preferred taking it out of deep old wells with a Greek bucket and Hebrew windlass. Of course I know that, and how scholarly your defense of a learned clergy has always been, but when you hear that almost every friend you have in Huntsville has come to Christ through this man, I know you will want to learn more of his ways. When Mr. Jones (I wish his name had been Thomas Aquinas, for your sake), came to us last night there was silence in the air, then there was a keynote from no uncertain trumpet, and we were all at his feet. There was such simplicity and unhesitating straightforwardness in his manner, as if the act itself was the law of God. It seems 'foreordained.' Suddenly the man, who has

quietly thrilled you, is making you laugh, and some roughs over there in the corner are applauding, and a moment later they are weeping. You can't help either the laughter or the tears. He makes Heaven so sweet and apostasy so sad, and tells the story so simply that our humanness bubbles over without measure. Suddenly he lifts his arm like a cleaving wing and Heaven opens, and he shades our eyes from the light as he tells us in panting words of its glories. You remember 'Old Martin' of the coal-mines. He says, as the tears run down his dark face, 'Mr. Jones has got sympathy for folks.' This is about the truth of the matter. He loves, pities and pleads with sinners, on his knees, and on his feet, while speaking to them, he is like a warm gulf-stream which melts them from their anchors and floats them past the tide of mortal to the sea of heavenly love."

At Knoxville, Tenn., he conducted a marvelous meeting. While he was not in the city very long, the work was far-reaching. In order to make room for the people, he would preach to the women in the morning and to the men in the evening. Some of the papers said foolish things in the beginning of the meeting, but finally gave faithful reports of his sermons, which helped the work much. The ballrooms and liquor traffic received dangerous wounds; while they were not killed, they were considerably crippled. All pastors, except the Catholic and Episcopal, rallied around him to a man. Before the meeting closed the conversions numbered over five hundred, and more than four hundred had joined the different churches. There were great numbers who joined churches after the meeting closed; however, the figures do not indicate a tithe of the good done. Knoxville had been converted, and the leaven of the Divine influences had permeated the entire community.

At Chattanooga he held one of the strangest and most peculiar, yet powerful, meetings in his life. Dr. G. C. Rankin, who was pastor of the old Market Street church, tried to get the ministers of the other denominations to join him in an invitation to Mr. Jones for a union revival. Not one of them was willing to enter into such an arrangement; then Dr. Rankin invited him to hold the meeting in his church. The newspapers were soon full of the proposed meet-

ing, and no little excitement was created by some of the stories circulated. One of the reporters said: "If Sam Jones cuts and slashes into society people, as we understand he does, during his meeting, we are going after him without mercy." Dr. Rankin said: "All right, I will have tables inside the altar railings for the reporters, and they can have a fine chance at him." The day arrived for the meeting, and Mr. Jones and the pastor started to the church and found the streets packed for one hundred feet with people trying to crowd into the building. Finally they reached the pulpit, and after a song and prayer, Mr. Jones was introduced. He referred to the singing, saying: "You can stop that singing, I could take two or three negroes down in Georgia and beat all such music as that." (Laughter.) Then leaning on his hand and resting with his elbow on the stand in his inimitable style, he stared at the reporters for two or three minutes without a word. The congregation began to laugh, and for five minutes there was an uproar. Then, without changing his position, he said: "My! my! I would not mind being swallowed by a whale, but to be nibbled to death by such a lot of tadpoles as you reporters is enough to give a man the jimjams." The congregation was convulsed. Then he said: "Boys, I know the threats of some of you, and if you bother me you will hit the ground running. I will have four shots a day at you, while you will only get one nibble a day at me, and if you can stand it I can." He preached, and at the night service the audience was still greater, and he said: "Now, the next service will be at six o'clock in the morning." The people went away feeling that no one would be present, but next morning before good daylight people were seen flocking towards the building and the church was full, and you could scarcely find a vacant seat. He preached four times a day, and the people were being converted at every service. The newspapers, instead of carrying out their threats filled the papers with his sermons, and editorials rang with his praises. The Associated Press took up his sermons and sent them broadcast over the land.

It wasn't long until the saloon-keepers and the worldlings, and other sinners, were fighting the movement. The preachers, with the exception of Dr. Rankin, became scared, and Mr. Jones was asked to

meet with the Ministerial Alliance. When the ministers got together, one after another arose and said in substance, the churches are all going to pieces. After each one had presented his complaint, Dr. Rankin arose and said: "Brethren, I haven't a word to offer, I haven't a word to say, further than I have put you all on notice before Brother Jones came that this meeting would reach a crisis, and all I have to say is, I'll die in my tracks before I'll forsake him." During the entire meeting Mr. Jones didn't open his mouth, and finally the conference ended and each minister went his own way, and Mr. Jones went back to his room at the parsonage. Upon reaching his room, he knelt down by his bed in prayer. He remained on his knees for several hours. His assistant sat there and looked through a great stack of letters until the room became so awful and the picture so heartrending that he got up and walked out of the room. Finally he went back and looked in again, and Mr. Jones was still on his knees. He walked off, and just about the time the sun was setting he walked back to the door, and still Mr. Jones was on his knees. He hadn't moved since he first dropped down by his bedside. Later some one slipped in, lighted the gas in the center of the room, and the last time he entered the room Mr. Jones had risen and was standing under the gas jet with a countenance of utter despair, when, finally, he threw his hands over his face, and as with victory in sight, he walked down to the auditorium. The news had gone all over town that the preachers and citizens had asked Mr. Jones to change his manner of preaching. The streets were literally filled with people, and finally Mr. Jones got through the crowd and entered the building through a window. A great many of the society people, saloon-keepers, and friends of the liquor traffic, came out to see if he would retract his utterances. He began to preach, and such a power that followed that sermon; gradually he led them along, until he saw his opportunity to let the people hear what he had to say. Finally, he exclaimed: "I know I have been preaching the truth here, and that I have stirred up the devil and his crowd. I have this to say about the liquor traffic: the man who will drink it is a fool, and the man who will sell it is an infamous scoundrel, and church-members who will rent their stores for

saloons and will give their sympathy to the saloon-keepers, are bigger scoundrels than the red-nosed devil that drinks it, or the bull-neck scoundrel that sells it." Under these withering words those guilty in the great audience writhed in agony, and, finally, seeing a saloon-keeper drop his head, he said: "I don't blame you, old red-nosed devil, I'd drop my head, too." Then, standing erect, he said: "Physically, you are stronger than I, and you might take me over here to the river and tie my body to a rock and sink me to the bottom, or you might act a coward and shoot me down, but I put you on notice right here that you will have to do that before you will ever still my tongue. If you want to shoot now is your time—shoot—shoot." His dauntless courage and the anointing of the Holy spirit that had come upon him while spending an afternoon in prayer made his words absolutely irresistible, and from that night he had won Chattanooga.

After that night the preachers joined forces with him, and the meeting was no longer confined to the old Market Street church, but adjacent churches were thrown open to overflow meetings. Mr. Jones would speak at one, calling penitents, then leave these with the workers and go to another church and preach to that crowd and call for penitents. Other times he would send those interested in their soul to a church several blocks away, and when the workers arrived they would find the building crowded with those who were seeking Christ.

The meeting continued to grow in power until many of the most prominent men of the city had been converted, and when his time had expired the citizens besought him to postpone other engagements that he might remain with them for a few days longer. The friendship and love of the citizens of Chattanooga for Mr. Jones increased as time went by, and some of the warmest friends he has in the world are the converts of that meeting.

At the close of the meeting all the churches received many members, and Dr. Rankin received one hundred and forty-eight, most of them men and grown young men. They are the bone and sinew, many of them, in what is now called the Centenary church.

As Mr. Jones went down to the depot he passed the present

Centenary church, then nearing completion, and turning to the pastor said: "Rankin, who is going to dedicate that church for you?" Dr. Rankin replied: "I guess one of the bishops." Then, said Mr. Jones: "Yes, that's the way you do; when you have a dirty job you want done, Sam Jones is good enough for that, but when you have a fine church to dedicate you want a bishop."

A few weeks after that the official board decided to invite Mr. Jones to dedicate the church, and as half of them were converts of the recent meeting, Dr. Rankin reluctantly yielded to their wishes, with the understanding that Dr. J. B. McFerran would be on hand to assist. Mr. Jones preached for several minutes a beautiful and touching sermon, when all at once he did the unexpected thing. Looking around at the inside of the edifice, he said: "You fellows think you have done something great to build this new church. You think I am here to say nice things to you, but you have got the wrong sow by the ear." Dr. Rankin's heart sank within him; then, said Mr. Jones: "How much do you pay your preacher?" Nobody uttered a word. "I know you are ashamed to tell, but spit it out"; not a word. Finally he said: "Tom Snow, what do you pay your preacher?" No response. "I know you don't want to tell, but I am going to know." At last a rather subdued voice said twelve hundred dollars. Mr. Jones groaned until you could hear him in every nook and corner of the building. The audience went to pieces; the pastor was covered with confusion. After the uproar subsided he said: "Well, I know that's all Rankin is worth, but you ought to give the poor fellow something; I stayed at his house about a week when I was here in that meeting, and the Lord knows that I would have been glad if somebody had sent something around there." He then picked up the thread of his discourse and finished the mose helpful sermon.

The next day there were two dray-loads of things driven up to the parsonage with jocular notes, and Monday night the stewards met and raised the pastor's salary to eighteen hundred dollars.

So, often when Mr. Jones would go off on a tangent like that, people would imagine that he had spoiled the service, but the results

that followed always gave evidence of the wisdom of such digression.

In after-years he held other great meetings there, which were always attended by the thousands, and resulted in great good.

In his last meeting there at the close of his sermon to men nearly a thousand, by actual count, came forward and gave him their hands, promising to lead the Christian life. He lectured in the city frequently, and also took part in a campaign against the saloons in recent years, which resulted in closing the saloons of the city at ten o'clock at night.

The results of his preaching against the liquor traffic can not be estimated in this world.

CHAPTER XI.

In Brooklyn with Dr. Talmage.

It was in January of 1885 when Mr. Jones held a month's meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y., with Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, in the famous Brooklyn Tabernacle. Soon after Mr. Jones's meeting in Memphis, Tenn., in 1884, Dr. Talmage was visiting in that city and heard of the remarkable work there. The people were talking the Sam Jones meeting to him, and he became specially interested in Mr. Jones and his work, and the unique and manly way in which he had preached in Memphis appealed to the noted divine.

It wasn't long until Mr. Jones received an invitation from Dr. Talmage to conduct a meeting in his city. Owing to previous engagements, he was unable to go until the first of the following year. Mr. Jones was somewhat apprehensive of his visit to Brooklyn, as it wasn't clear in his mind how the aristocratic and fashionable audience would receive him and his style of preaching. While they were used to the sensational preaching of Dr. Talmage, it did not augur that they would receive his plain, homely and blunt way of saying some things. The newspapers in the South and in Brooklyn and New York had right much to say about the proposed visit. The New York and Brooklyn papers had printed and circulated some very ridiculous and ludicrous reports about him and his work. He left home in time to meet his Brooklyn appointment, arriving in New York City early Sunday morning. After he had had breakfast, he went over to Brooklyn, reaching there about nine-thirty o'clock on a dreary, rainy day, to find the great crowds making for the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage preached Sunday morning, and the meeting proper began Sunday evening. Before the morning sermon Mr. Jones met Dr. Talmage, and after a brief conversation and consultation they entered the pulpit together.

The great sea of upturned faces and the magnificent sermon that Dr. Talmage preached greatly impressed Mr. Jones. He said it was one of the most powerful and spiritual of any he had ever listened to; that Dr. Talmage was on fire with zeal and enthusiasm while delivering the message of the morning hour.

At the close of the sermon he announced that the revival would begin that evening at the usual time for service. He introduced Mr. Jones to his audience, and spoke of him in the very highest and most complimentary way.

In the evening when Mr. Jones accompanied Dr. Talmage into the pulpit he was greeted by an audience that taxed the seating capacity of the building.

When Dr. Talmage presented him to the audience he arose and began his work in his characteristic way. In his preliminary remarks he said: "Dr. Talmage has introduced me as the Rev. Samuel Porter Jones, of Georgia. Well, I am just plain Sam Jones. I am no great evangelist in the sense of Munhall, Moody and others, but I am a plain Georgia circuit-rider. I am a member of the North Georgia Conference, and received my appointment just like any other Methodist preacher. At present I am the agent for the North Georgia Conference Orphanage, and am permitted to conduct revival meetings wherever my services are wished. I am a Methodist, but I won't find any fault with you Presbyterians and others if you will just co-operate with me in this meeting. Remember, I don't want your endorsement; in fact, I don't think it would be worth much to me, but just co-operate with me, and let's try to run the devil out of Brooklyn. I am afraid there is too much pride in this church for the Lord to do much for us. If you people and Dr. Talmage had as much of the grace of the Lord in your hearts as you have pride you wouldn't need a little sallow-faced Georgia preacher come and preach to you. I am not going to preach like Dr. Talmage; I am going to preach like Sam Jones. There is no use in my preaching just like he does. If his preaching would convert you, there wouldn't be any room for mine."

These words being received with considerable merriment, he then turned from himself and Dr. Talmage, and the crowd in general, to

the deacons of the church and asked how many of them really had any acquaintance with the congregation. He reminded the deacons that they couldn't have a revival until they became personally acquainted with the sinners and showed them that they had their soul's salvation at heart. After having preached for them, he pronounced the benediction, and the audience went away discussing his uniqueness, and expressing themselves as delighted with his first sermon.

A sun-rise prayer-meeting was held next morning, in which quite a number participated. He preached again at eleven o'clock to a larger audience. Monday night there was something over two thousand in attendance. Mr. Jones in a letter says: "Our meeting last night was glorious; some conversions. Dr. Talmage and his church are very hopeful and full of faith. The rain has ceased, and I think we will have better services to-day. Dr. Talmage and I spent the afternoon of yesterday together; he takes to the meeting with all of his heart." On Monday after the first service Dr. Talmage and Mr. Jones walked over to New York. Soon Mr. Jones found himself in the office of Dr. Talmage's tailor. Dr. Talmage turning to the tailor ordered a handsome overcoat, paid thirty-five dollars for it, and handed it to Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones accepted it with thanks, and they walked off together without another word about it. This gave room for the story that has been widely circulated through the press of the country to the effect that Dr. Talmage was not pleased with Mr. Jones's pulpit appearance, and before his first sermon presented him with a suit of clothes and a silk hat, and Mr. Jones going before the audience and saying upon his presentation to them, "This is not Sam Jones, but the Rev. Samuel Porter Jones. This is not the suit that he wore here, but one that your pastor bought for me. This is not the hat I wore, but the silk one that your pastor presented to me. Now, if Dr. Talmage had as much grace in his heart as he has pride he wouldn't have needed me to preach to you." This incident never occurred, but the gift of the overcoat mixed up with some utterances in his preliminary remarks was taken up by the press and much exaggerated and, like many other stories which were almost without foundation, went over the country. These exaggerated episodes never bothered Mr. Jones as a rule, and it was only occasionally that

he ever contradicted them, unless they had a decidedly bad moral influence.

While the Brooklyn meeting was not one in which the great dailies took undue interest, he received very liberal and generous press comments. The *Brooklyn Eagle* had its reporters there, and sometimes gave verbatim reports of his sermon, and always had a good, lengthy account of the work. Their estimates of him and descriptions of his style and manner were very sane and creditable. They said in substance what the great papers of Memphis, Atlanta, Nashville, Charleston and other cities throughout the country had said concerning him and his work.

The crowd continued to increase. Writing January 9th, Mr. Jones said:

"Our meeting is growing in interest and power at each service. I look for great things. A score or more have already joined Dr. Talmage's church. There was no service on the first Saturday night and Dr. Talmage again preached on Sunday morning."

Mr. Jones, in writing January 12th, said:

"Dr. Talmage preached one of the most powerful sermons yesterday morning I ever heard. His soul was full, and he moved the vast congregation as you scarcely ever saw people moved. I preached with liberty last night to the house packed. This morning, Monday, at the sunup meeting, we had a good number; still the weather was awful—a rain and wind storm, the only kind that hurts a meeting here. We hold service again at eleven o'clock, as you will see by the card."

Dr. Talmage, at Mr. Jones's suggestion, telegraphed to Professor McIntosh, of Emory College, to come and take charge of the singing. Mr. Jones was glad to have him, as he was great company and good help in the meeting. Plans were made for a great men's meeting to be held the following Sunday. The second week the interest increased, and the audiences grew larger and the papers gave more space to the meetings. In another letter, written January 14th, Mr. Jones said:

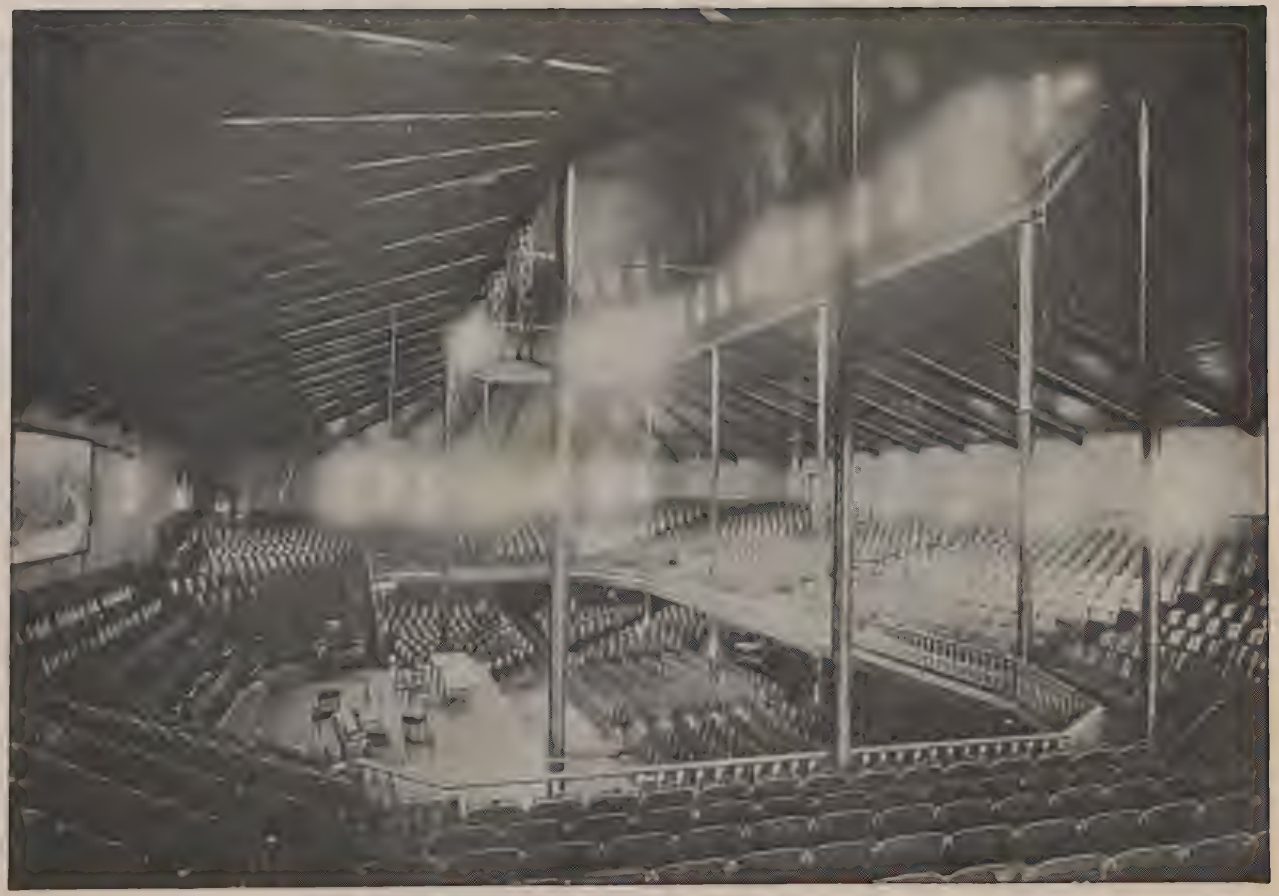
"Our meeting is glorious. There were about fifty conversions last night. I look for great things from now on. I have the most

and the best helpers here I ever had anywhere. Dr. Talmage's church is full of consecrated workers. Dr. Talmage is greatly encouraged, and said last night's meeting was the best he ever saw. He says the revival is better attended than any one he ever saw held in the tabernacle."

It was not convenient for me to go to Brooklyn with Mr. Jones, but the letters I received daily were full of urgent requests that I join him. Finally, the conditions at home were such that I went to Brooklyn during the latter part of his meeting. At most every service some of the number who were converted united with the church. Mr. Jones was constantly receiving letters from many places where he labored in the South assuring him of sympathy and prayer. This greatly encouraged him and he preached with unusual power the closing week of the revival. The largest audiences that he had addressed up to that time were attending his ministry. The people had become accustomed to his preaching, and were working earnestly for the salvation of the erring and lost. Dr. Talmage's church was greatly strengthened by the direct accessions from the meeting, and the last Sunday night service was one of tremendous power and force.

Standing there before the building packed and jammed, he related in closing his sermon the story furnished him by his old presiding elder, Rev. Simon Peter Richardson, of the old ship going out to sea. Said Brother Richardson, "I was brought up near the beach of the ocean. We lived up on the hillside in sight of the beach. One morning I saw a grand old ship that had been swept up on the beach by the storm in the night. After breakfast I went and looked all through and over that old ship. I have been on that ship often. I have sat and watched the high tide—the spring tide—go in and surround the ship and rise higher and higher. 'Oh do, poor old ship, go out to sea!' I have said, and I would look out again and see that the tide had gone out and left the old ship high and dry. I have seen the tide flow out and come in and in until the old ship would quiver and tremble as if about to float away. 'Do go to sea,' said I, to the old ship, 'or you will crumble to pieces'; but the tide would go out and leave the ship still aground. Finally, one morn-

AUDITORIUM AT CHATTANOOGA.



INTERIOR, CHATTANOOGA AUDITORIUM.

ing, sure enough, that old ship had crumbled into ten thousand pieces, and was swept off forever."

After relating the story he said: "My brother, your good wife has stood by and seen this high tide come in often, and perhaps to-night is the highest tide you will ever see. Old ship of humanity, do go out to sea to-night. The tide is up and around you, and you quiver and tremble under the pressure of this tide of grace that sweeps over you. If you do not go out, you will be stranded forever on the beach of eternal despair. God help you to turn loose and go out with this tide, and enter the haven of eternal rest. Will you, my brother, my sister, consent to give your heart to God and start?" When he extended the invitation, hundreds responded to his appeal, and the great and glorious meeting was closed.

The Brooklyn meeting was like every other meeting that he held; one of power and force, and was instrumental in bringing hundreds to the Lord, and in adding great numbers to the church.

Upon his arrival at home, Mr. Jones received a picture painted by an artist who was present that night. The picture is one of a ship stranded on the beach, and the last tide gone out, and it is left to crumble to pieces. A letter followed in which the artist said that he was present that night and realized that if he didn't go out on that tide that he would be stranded for all eternity, assuring Mr. Jones that he gave his heart to God that hour, and expressed desire that he would accept the gift as a token of his appreciation for the illustration that had been such a blessing to him. The picture now hangs in our sitting-room, and Mr. Jones valued it as much as any one in our home, not because of its intrinsic value, but its association.

Dr. Talmage and Mr. Jones formed friendship that deepened and broadened during the years to follow. Mr. Jones was an ardent admirer of Dr. Talmage, while Dr. Talmage loved him and always spoke in the highest terms of the work done in Brooklyn. When Dr. Talmage made his last visit to Atlanta, he spoke of the meeting, in which he said that it was the greatest and best meeting he ever saw in Brooklyn, and that his people remembered, loved and cherished Mr. Jones for the great and lasting good he accomplished during his mission there.

BOOK TWO

His Activity

CHAPTER XII.

That Memorable Meeting.

In speaking of the Nashville meeting, Mr. Jones always referred to it as "that memorable meeting." To him, it was the greatest meeting he ever conducted. It seemed to take a stronger grip upon the consciences of men and to extend further in its practical results than any other meeting he held. The conversions reached into the thousands, and the accessions to the churches in and around Nashville exceeded several thousands.

In speaking of the meeting six months afterwards, the presiding elder of the Nashville district said he believed ten thousand accessions were made to the churches in Nashville, and within a radius of one hundred miles of the city. The great indifference that had settled down upon the church life and the great worldliness which had eaten the heart out of the religious life was practically broken up. The liquor traffic and all of the sins and vices which accompany it received such heavy blows that the result was a great victory for temperance, sobriety and right living.

It is doubtful if there was ever a meeting held under such conditions and for the same length of time that the results were so extensive and abiding. It will go down in history as one of the most marvelous works of grace of any age.

Perhaps he was never so bitterly opposed in any work as that in Nashville. An invitation had been extended him by the Protestant Ministers' Association and he had accepted the call. This was early in the year 1885. However, there was just a little apprehension in the minds of the ministers as to the propriety of holding the meetings in an auditorium. Mr. Jones had asked that they arrange for a building or tent that would seat not less than three thousand people, and if possible would accommodate five thousand. Having

failed to convince the ministers of the necessity of such a building, he compromised with them by making a date to spend one Sunday in Nashville in April. This would give the ministers an opportunity to hear the Georgia evangelist, and see whether he could draw a crowd too large for the churches. He preached three times on Sunday, occupying the pulpits of the First Presbyterian church, the Cumberland Presbyterian church, and the McKendree Methodist church. The immense crowds that attended filled the churches to overflowing, and hundreds went away without getting a sight of the preacher.

In the "Athens of the South," Mr. Jones fired some of his biggest and hottest shots. The stiff and solemn church-members laughed in spite of themselves, while some of the fastidious were unmercifully shocked. The backsliders and sinners were held up to such ridicule and their backsliding and sins were so pictured to them, that they stood condemned as they saw themselves. Then his pathetic appeals softened and stirred every heart and the large audiences were completely broken up. The preachers hardly knew what to think or say. While they were friendly to the evangelist and desired to see a great work done in Nashville, they were really shocked, and some of them went away very angry, while others defended the bravery of the minister. Mr. Jones was the subject of the conversations of the majority of the people of Nashville.

He went on to Knoxville, where he was booked for an evangelistic meeting. Great power attended his ministry there, and no building could accommodate the crowds that went to hear him. The conversions were many, and the churches greatly revived. It was a marvelous work of grace.

During this time, the newspapers of Nashville had been discussing the sermons of Mr. Jones. The editors had given their opinions and the reporters had given their views to the public. The columns were open to the friends and the foes of the evangelist. Probably the warmest month that daily papers ever had discussing a minister was the one that intervened between Mr. Jones's first appearance in Nashville and his return to conduct the great union meeting. One of the daily papers said:

"Nashville is still buzzing over the visit of this unique evangelist. In the daily newspapers he has been assailed bitterly and defended warmly, and almost everywhere Sam Jones has been the principal topic of conversation, and still the stir continues. We have not escaped condemnation for what we said in recognition of the good work done by him in many places, but the responses which have reached us are mostly approving. One good result, at least, has been attained. There is an unusual interest in religious questions in Nashville."

The *Union* had the following editorial the morning that Mr. Jones finished his first visit to Nashville:

"After listening to him attentively, we set him down as a 'crank,' his expressions in the pulpit surpassing anything we have ever heard. While not rushing to the defense of the pulpit, we have ever held it in reverence, regarding it as an educator in modesty, dignity, gentility, and morality. We must deprecate the lowering of its dignity so that the coarseness, vulgarity, slang, and positive misrepresentations shall not emanate from it. 'Like priest, like people.' If Mr. Jones's style and language suit the good people of our city, then we can no longer rightfully maintain our boast that Nashville is the 'Athens of the South.' It is said that Mr. Jones has cancelled an engagement in Texas to visit here. It were better for him to reconsider his action. We are quite sure that he could exhibit to better advantage in Texas than here. Our people are past the age of being ridiculed or abused into religion. Moreover, he defends his execrable grammar, his coarseness and his slang with: 'I am trying to get down on a level with my audience,' which is hardly the highest compliment that could be paid our people. We have as much culture, refinement and esthetic taste in Nashville as any city of its size in the Union, and that this so-called reverend gentleman should be permitted to say such things in our leading pulpits, and then be invited to come again, amazes us beyond expression."

The next morning the preachers held a meeting in the Methodist Publishing House to perfect the arrangements for the proposed meeting. After hearing his sermons on Sunday, some who had been friendly to his coming now openly and bitterly opposed his return.

However, better counsel prevailed, and the committee determined to make preparation for the meeting. We give here an account of the ministerial meeting as reported in the *Nashville Banner*. This will give our readers an idea of the condition of affairs at that time:

"The committee appointed to arrange for a suitable place for holding the union services to be conducted by Rev. Sam P. Jones met in conference with the city ministers this morning at nine o'clock at the Publishing House. Dr. Leftwich was called to the chair, and Dr. McNeilly led in prayer. Dr. McNeilly afterward took the chair. Dr. Elliott said he didn't think that all of the preachers should step out of their shoes and step into those of Mr. Jones. Dr. Leftwich moved that a sub-committee be appointed to correspond with a tent-furnishing house, and ascertain at what price a sufficiently large tent could be had. This motion was not acted upon.

"Dr. McFerrin said he thought they should have a tent, and, by all means, let Rev. Sam Jones come. He would do good, provided he could have the cooperation of the ministers. He had heard Mr. Jones twice, and he thought he said some things which would be better unsaid, and some things which could be said differently, but, on the other hand, said some wonderful things which went direct to the heart. He was in favor of his coming and would do all he could to help the meeting.

"Dr. Leftwich said it was not the time to discuss whether Mr. Jones was to come or not. He was already invited. This question was settled and he would, therefore, move that a tent be purchased and a committee be appointed to negotiate for its purchase.

"Dr. Barbee said he could not see the necessity of a tent. The crowds he saw at Mr. Jones's meetings were nearly all church-goers who attended various churches regularly. He did not agree with Mr. Jones, for he believed that the majority of the church-members in Nashville were Christians and making every effort in their power to live Christian lives.

"Dr. W. H. Strickland thought the discussions regarding Mr. Jones were wise, and it was well for him to know of these things and the objections made to his teachings. He mentioned several of the 'vulgarisms' which he, as a pastor and knowing his people as well as he did, could not endorse.

"Dr. McNeillly said he was tempted to endorse Mr. Jones out and out. He heard him twice, and it did him good. There were some particular things said by Mr. Jones which he didn't endorse; but, as an evangelist, he thought Mr. Jones a success and he favored a union service and wanted Mr. Jones to come.

"The previous question was called, but amended so as to appoint a committee of five, who should procure a tent to hold not more than five thousand and not less than three thousand."

The friends of Mr. Jones had access to the columns of the daily papers, and some of the most earnest and ardent Christians defended the evangelist in a manly way. A contribution of an "amused spectator" is as follows:

"The writer has been an 'amused spectator' and a listener to the attacks made upon the Rev. Sam Jones. Now, while we did not hear the reverend gentleman, we have been at some pains to notice the reports both verbal and written. While we do not think his language savors of the first schools of our land, he certainly follows the example of his Master, Jesus; and I must say he hits 'square from the shoulder.' If he misses the mark in attacking our Christian churches or their members, no harm can result to them. If not, and they deserve it, let them flinch and squirm. Our churches are too indifferent on many questions of vital interest to them. The liquor question, for instance. We see by one of the morning papers, since Sam Jones's accusation, it is found that out of eighty-one wholesale liquor-dealers, sixty-eight are sheltered in the fold of Christian churches in our city."

During that month the papers were full of bitterest criticism and warmest appreciation of Mr. Jones. Other daily papers copied them, and in some instances exaggerated them until Mr. Jones became the most-talked-of man in the ministry. The enemies of Mr. Jones and his cause had the same access to the papers, and they were as strong and fearless in their denunciation of the man and his methods as his friends were in their commendation of him.

There had been so many evil reports circulated regarding his sermons in Nashville, that the pastors of the Protestant churches of Knoxville, Tennessee, where Mr. Jones was laboring in a meet-

ing, felt called upon to send a letter to the pastors in Nashville. We select a paragraph or two from this letter:

"Brethren, for twelve days we have had in our midst, and preaching to us and our people, the Rev. Samuel P. Jones, an accredited minister of the gospel in the North Georgia Conference of the M. E. Church, South, laboring as an evangelist, and that we have had full opportunities to learn the tendency of his teachings and character of his work. By reason of evil reports, some of us at the first were prejudiced against him, but having attended upon his ministry four times a day for eleven consecutive days, hearing his discourses, which he has handled by the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, we have found no fault in him; while, somewhat as a matter of taste, we could have wished some things could have been touched in a different style and some matters illustrated by a less humorous incident, nevertheless, we endorse the soundness of the gospel he inculcated in general. We offer a prayerful testimony to his zeal for the truth, his jealousy for the honor of our holy religion, to his effort to glorify God, and his earnest love for the souls of men; and we testify that his preaching has been evangelical and Scriptural and to the wonderful edification of saint and conviction of sinners.

"His labors here have resulted in awakening professed Christians to a greater fidelity and zeal in the service of God, in public and in private, and in the establishment of many family altars, where they had never been erected before, and in convincing sinners of their lost conditions and leading them to flee for refuge to the hope set before us in the gospel; and hundreds have given good evidence of having passed from death unto life. In his hands, the trumpet has given no uncertain sound. He has preached the word, he has been instant in season and out of season, has reproved, rebuked, exhorted with all long-suffering, he has shown God's people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins."

When he had finished his remarkable meetings in Knoxville and Chattanooga, he returned to Nashville to begin the much-discussed revival. A large tent that would seat about eight thousand was located on Broad street. The first service was held at three-thirty p.m., Sunday, May 2, 1885. Long before that hour, however, every

seat under the canvas was filled and the aisles were crowded, and there was fully two thousand persons standing on the outside of the tent. The board-pile and rafters of the foundation of a new building being erected near by furnished additional standing room, and the crowd extended from the main entrance of the tent over the entire lot and down the street for over a half block. At three-thirty Mr. Jones pushed his way through the crowd, and finally succeeded in reaching the platform.

Among the ministers seated on the rostrum were Bishop Hargrove, Rev. W. E. Cunningham, Rev. B. F. Harris, Rev. J. W. Lewis, of St. Louis; Rev. W. B. Crawford, of Mobile, Ala.; Rev. Dr. J. Witherspoon, of the First Presbyterian church; Rev. Dr. Sprowles, of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, and the following ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church of this city: Rev. Dr. McFerrin, Rev. Dr. Leftwich, and Rev. Dr. R. K. Brown. The choir was composed of the members of the choirs of the city churches. Professor McIntosh, of Oxford, Georgia, led the choir. Dr. McFerrin made the opening prayer, in which he asked God's help for the preacher, congregation, and the people of Nashville. He asked that the Lord would make the congregation feel the responsibility that rested upon them in this hour, when so many thousands had assembled together and that everything that happened in the tent would be done in fear of Him who created us. His prayer was earnest, sympathetic and touching. The congregation then sang, "Take the name of Jesus with you." Afterwards, Mr. Jones was introduced to the audience and took for his text the first verse of the sixth chapter of Galatians: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, lest thou also be tempted." It was a most appropriate text for the occasion, and Mr. Jones preached with all his earnestness, zeal and power. In closing his sermon he made use of the following remarkable illustration of the battle of Franklin, and the capture of the fort called "Locust Grove":

"Now this incident, and I am through: We all love bravery. Ah, there is not a man living who does not admire a brave man, though he is his enemy. I want to refer to an incident of this last war. I

am sorry about that war—sorry we ever fired on the old Union flag. I was too young, but if I had been old enough I would have gone with my father and brother and my six uncles and fought with all my might. But I will tell you this much—there is not a man who walks the American soil to-day that would fight for the old Stars and Stripes any quicker than I would this minute. (Applause.) God knows my heart. I am loyal to the flag that floats over America, as I am loyal to the banner of Jesus Christ. (Applause.) But during this last war, you know when Sherman pushed his forces through Georgia, and when Johnston surrendered his forces in Atlanta into the hands of General Hood, that brave Southern general, who died since the war—a braver man never drew sword in battle—General Hood brought Johnston's army, you recollect, back through North Georgia and into Tennessee, after Sherman drove Johnston to Atlanta. There Hood took charge of the Southern forces and came back into Tennessee. You recollect that memorable battle of Franklin, Tennessee. This instance, not historical, but in many respects true, illustrates just what I want to say to you. At the battle of Franklin, General Hood had his tent pitched upon a prominence, and he could overlook the whole battle to his right. As you remember, he had already lost one of his legs. While the battle was waging hot and thick, General Hood was limping up and down in front of the tent, and whenever he would turn and face the battle, he saw that there was a fort in a locust grove the Union forces held, and that fort was sending forth shot and shell and death into his own ranks. As he walked up and down in front of his tent, and every time he turned around he would see this volley of shell and death as it hewed down his ranks, and he watched the volley from that fort, and directly he called his adjutant-general. 'Adjutant-general, come here.' The adjutant-general loped up on his horse, and General Hood said: 'Adjutant-general, go and present my compliments to General Cleburne, and tell him, I ask at his hands the fort in the locust grove.' The adjutant-general loped off down to where General Cleburne's division of corps was, and asked for General Cleburne. They said, 'He is missing; he has not been seen in two hours. We think he is killed.' The adjutant-general loped

back to General Hood and said: 'General Cleburne is missing. They think he is killed. They don't know where he is.' General Hood dropped his head and walked up and down in front of his tent, and every time he would turn he would see the volley of shell and death play into his ranks. Again calling his adjutant-general to him, he said, 'Adjutant-general, go and present my compliments to General Cheatham, and tell him, I ask at his hands the fort in the locust grove.' The adjutant-general loped off down to General Cheatham's quarters, and they said: 'General Cheatham is not here; he is missing. He may have been killed.' The adjutant-general hurried back and said: 'They think General Cheatham is killed also.' General Hood commenced marching up and down, and every time he turned he saw that fort as it threw out its shell and death. He stopped again, and said: 'Adjutant-general.' His adjutant-general came up to him, then he said: 'Adjutant-general, go and present my love (no compliments about this—go and present my love) to General Cockrell, and tell him I ask at his hands that fort in the locust grove.' The adjutant-general went down to General Cockrell's division, and he said: 'General Cockrell, General Hood presents his love, and asks at your hands that fort in the locust grove.' General Cockrell straightened himself on the saddle, cast his bright eye down the line, and said: 'First Missouri Brigade, Attention!' and dropped his finger on the fort. And they charged with a fearful loss on that fort, and captured it and silenced the guns. And Cockrell called his adjutant-general and said: 'Adjutant-general, go and present my love to General Hood, and tell him I also present him the fort in the locust grove.'

"Brethren of Nashville, at this hour, as adjutant-general of the Lord Jesus Christ, I point my finger at the citadel of sin in Nashville, and tell you that my Lord and Saviour presents you all His love, and He asks at your hands this fort that is desolating so many hearts. And I hope that in less than one month from to-day I can say, 'Blessed Christ, Nashville presents her love to you, and also presents you the whole city saved by thy precious blood. (Cries of "Amen.") O Lord, grant it. And I want every man and woman here to-day that wants to join in the warfare against sin, whether

you are in the church or not, if you would be on the right side and try to win the city to Christ, I want every one that would see the city presented to God to stand up. Let every one stand up that says, 'I am in for bringing the whole city to Christ.' (Nearly the whole congregation arose.) Well, thank God, we have thousands. Very few sitting, and thousands standing up and saying, 'We will take the fort for Christ.' "

At the close of the sermon the great audience was wild with enthusiasm. It is doubtful whether a sermon ever produced such a profound impression. The people rose to their feet en masse, with tears streaming down their faces, declaring their willingness to help in the great work. It was one of the most thrilling scenes that mortal eyes ever looked upon. The picture is vivid in the minds and hearts of the older residents of Nashville even to this day.

In the evening before the hour appointed for service, the people were seen going in droves toward the tent. By the time appointed for the service it was difficult to get anywhere near the tent. Mr. Jones came upon the platform rather early, and before preaching made some prefatory remarks regarding the discussions that had been going on in the papers during his absence from the city. "Now," said he, "all that I ask of the papers and their contributors is that they give me a fair deal. You have acted cowardly in publishing denunciations of me, without backing them with your name. I never pay any attention to an article with a nom de plume, for a nom de plume is nothing more or less than a turkey-buzzard with his feathers stamped off. Now, if you have anything to say about me, bud, just put your name to it, and I will take care of you. If you can say anything worse about me than I can about you, just 'lam in.' "

CHAPTER XIII.

That Memorable Meeting (Continued).

This manly and fearless way of addressing them made a deep impression upon the audience. They admired his courage and manliness. He completely silenced those who opposed him, and there was very little condemnation in the papers during the entire meeting. Mr. Jones announced four services daily during his entire stay in the city. At sunrise he would begin the work of the day. He would preach at ten o'clock and in the afternoon would conduct a service and preach again at night. He then announced his text and preached a sermon in which "he swept the deck and burned the broom." All sorts of shams, hypocrisies, worldliness, covetousness, drunkenness, gambling and impurity came in for their share of the most terrific denunciation. What he had to say about these prevailing sins was unlike anything Nashville had ever heard before. He had his audience passing through all sorts of experiences, laughing, weeping, approving and disapproving. He showed his mastery of the situation by bringing them around to his way of thinking and sending them home agreeing with him in what he had said.

The next morning a large audience was out at the sunrise meeting, a still larger one at the ten o'clock service, and a still larger in the afternoon, and at night the tent was too small for the great crowd, and standing-room was at a premium, while the curtains were lifted and the people stood in rows, eager to hear what was coming next. Such was the interest from day to day that before the meeting closed he was addressing as many as six thousand people at the early morning service at six o'clock.

The marvelous victory that he had won in these first days com-

pletely captured the press of the city. We give an editorial estimate from some of the daily papers. The *American* says:

"Such is Sam Jones as he now appears to us, bold, honest, earnest, matchless in his command of an audience, fearing God but not man; loving religion and law, but despising the defeated wisdom of man and the conventionalities of fashionable society; rough, but magnanimous, aggressive but unselfish, devout but not Pharisaical—a bubbling fount fresh from the bosom of earth; nature's own, without the artificial gloss of a high cultivation—a sort of moral diamond in the rough."

The *Union* says: "This strange preacher walked into our city and attacked the vices and immoralities of social life and the evil practices of church-members like a frontiersman would fight a fire that threatens his fences and his barns. He spares nobody; he palliates nothing because respectable people do it. Social amenities and a growing friendship between the church and people with doubtful practices are held up and exposed as the devil's handiwork. * * * Looking at him alone from a temporal standpoint it is well for the people of Nashville to hold up his hands. As a teacher of life's virtues, as an example of moral courage, he will long be remembered by the young men of our city and surrounding country. To speak, or not to speak the whole truth is often a question of policy. Under the teachings of public and political life the young man debates the policy of telling the truth. Mr. Jones is proving to young men of the country that policy goes to pieces before truth, and that with a good motive and a friendly feeling the severest condemnation of a wrong gives no offense. To be a coward before an audience and pander to a vicious public sentiment is weakness, and when it becomes common it is a calamity. There can be no hope for a people whose public men are cowardly. We do not wish to be understood as sitting in judgment on the courage of the pulpit. We mean simply to say that Mr. Jones is displaying sound judgment and great courage, and at the same time a truly Christian spirit, in telling people plainly and bluntly of their shortcomings."

The *Banner* says: "Rev. Sam Jones is a remarkable man, and

yet he is a very plain, practical man. It is, in fact, his practical views that give him his power and influence. As Mr. Jones says, many sermons place sinners way out in some dismal swamp and to get to the way to heaven they must wade through mud and water, climb over logs, scramble through briers, and tramp weary miles before they come to the straight and narrow way, and then when they find it, in nine cases out of ten they lose the little path at some careless moment or during some dark night. Mr. Jones puts the route to heaven in a new and original light. He says there is but one broad road in the moral universe, and at one end is heaven, at the other hell. 'Everybody in Nashville,' says the preacher, 'is already in this road, and the way to heaven is simply in the opposite direction to hell.' 'If you want to go to heaven, sinner,' said the preacher, 'just stop short, face about and move off in the opposite direction from your present course, and you are on your way to heaven. If the Christian wants to go to hell, let him stop, turn his back on God and heaven and move off, and he will get there.' This is the way he simplifies repentance."

The great work continued day by day, not only moving the lower strata of society but touching the most refined, cultured and intelligent people of the city, and the visitors from near-by towns. No preacher ever succeeded in getting hold of the thinking people of Nashville as did Mr. Jones. At some of the services he would throw the meetings over for testimonials. The most prominent people in Nashville had received good from these services, and were anxious to give their testimony. General W. H. Jackson related his religious experience and thrilled every one who heard him. The great soldier showed that he had fought a greater battle in his religious life than those he had taken part in during the war, in which he gained such a reputation for clear-headedness and courage. He said in substance: "My friends and brethren and sisters of the city of Nashville: I have never been more impressed with any service in my life than this, and I am here to-day to add my testimony, which is feeble and imperfect. I may have served my Lord and Master, but I want to say that no other life will do for any man or woman but his own. I am trying to do my best with

all the temptations that surround me. Oftentimes during the war when I was unconverted, the fear of being cut off without any hope was to me a startling one, but I did not embrace Christianity then because I knew that the motive was fear, and I resolved if ever I got through that war, that I would change my course of life, not from fear, but from love and gratitude to God for the many mercies He had shown me, and for taking me through the danger which I had passed safely.

"When I returned from the war I had never given a single thought to Christianity. I was reared in a life, that of a soldier, which removes men further from Christ than any other; but after the war closed I determined to investigate the subject for myself and satisfy myself as to the authenticity of the Scriptures. The strongest work I have read on that subject was 'Greenleaf on Evidence,' from which Mr. Jones has quoted: 'Then I hesitated yet awhile longer,' and I remember the closing exercises at Jackson, Tennessee, and Bishop Andrews, one of the most noble of men, while I was still hesitating used this strong figure: 'There is a man,' said he, 'who is revolving these questions in his mind, who is yet undecided. He reminds me of a man who has fallen overboard from a vessel, and his friends who have solicitations for his safety have cast him a line and beseeched him to take it, and they would yet pull him up on deck and save him if he would catch the line. Just at that critical junction he stops to parley with himself, and discuss the question whether that rope will save him.' The moment that he said that, I went forward and gave him my hand, and I have faith. I, like my Brother Jones here, have tried life in all its phases and I have seen men in all their stages, and though I don't pretend to be perfect, I am often jostled from the paths of duty and rectitude, but I can say before God and man that my heart is in that direction and I hope to meet the duties of citizenship, and as a husband and father lead a life that shall bring us all to heaven if possible."

As the meeting progressed the opposition passed away, the people, admiring the courage, earnestness and ability of Mr. Jones more and more each day. One of the papers, speaking from the people's

viewpoint, had the following article, entitled, "What the people think of the new preacher": "Another day of the new preacher's work has greatly increased the interest in him. The greatest interest is among the more thoughtful people. Men who year in and year out attend to their private affairs, and talk only business, men who read books, and themselves dispense information, scientific men, professional men, on streets and at their places of business talk Sam Jones, and they go and hear him. Going once they go back, and each succeeding time they go away more and more impressed. Among themselves they discuss his merits and his powers. These discussions embrace any peculiar features of the extraordinary work. One of these is the fact that no police are needed at the immense meetings. At night, the tent being rolled up, they may be called outdoor meetings. Fully ten thousand people surround the stand, and yet there is perfect order. Nobody is watched; nobody is reproved. All prejudice on account of the severity of his language, the bluntness of the way of his illustrations, and the lack of clerical reserve in his anecdotes has given way. A strong prejudice created by some of the first sermons preached by him, has taken refuge in tears and prayers.

"It has occurred to us that if Mr. Jones, in his first sermons, resorted to and used illustrations which were offensive to good taste, though pointed and pithy, for the purpose of arresting attention and bringing out the people, he underrates his own powers. These illustrations to be startling—it is probably supposed—may be dashed with extravagant expressions, but they, it seems to us, weaken rather than strengthen his character. In this, we say, he underrates his own power. This is not necessary. In what we say, we have no reference to his humor, nor to the ever-recurring use of illustrations, which, under the power of his earnest eloquence, become not only chaste anecdotes, but gems set in the thread of thought. Without these he would not be the wonderful character he is, but a comparison may be made so strong that it becomes offensive, and then it is remembered as a mistake.

"One of the most pleasing sights in the work which Mr. Jones is doing, is the outspoken sympathy and friendship of the entire min-

istry. Of course preachers differed about his work, and about his methods. Preachers are in some respects like other people. Some of them have in them a god deal of human nature, and rivalry sometimes gets the better of their Christianity. But in this case there was a real question whether the new preacher might not tell too many anecdotes, and whether his coming was not a confession that the church organization was inadequate for the work.

"But the new preacher has removed the last doubt; he has melted up their creeds and moulded them into bullets with which to fight the devil. And when he turns around and tells them to say 'Amen,' they speak like they were all orderly-sergeants. They have manifestly left off their several church uniforms and are marching under the banners of church union, with Captain Jones for commander.

"With the community at large, this unity of action is disarming criticism. The question among thinking men has been, when will Jones run out? Are his happy hits an endless chain? But three times a day he appears before a vast audience, pale and sallow, rather light of build, with an intensely thoughtful face, but with no signs of giving down; indeed, his physical energy seems to have increased with his work; and every sermon is on a new line, with a brand new set of anecdotes and illustrations, and with new thoughts; all as bright and sparkling as if they had been gathered from a lifetime work.

"It will be well for the cause in which this extraordinary man is engaged, when the public comes to understand him better than they do.

"His humor in the pulpit and his flights of imagination in illustrating and painting the vices of men, as well as his own transit, as he tells it himself, from a bad to a good life a few years ago creates a doubt in the minds of some as to whether he is not meteoric, and to pass away into the darkness, though his life and works now penetrate like a headlight.'

"What we would like to impress on the public mind is that his anecdotes and illustrations are parts of his fixed character; that they are neither idle jests nor impulsive action. They are used for a

great purpose; and further, that twelve years of faithful work without a break is a good guarantee of stability. These suggestions are prompted by a lively sense of the fact that the whole people as well as the church have a deep interest in a man of such wonderful powers and such rare courage. His influence may widen until his exalted courage may be a standard for men to measure by.

"But, nevertheless, there are many thinking men who feel a deep interest in him, that believe the high pinnacles which he has reached is the edge of a precipice over which he may fall when the praises and the flattery of men undermine his humility. To guard against this is his own work."

The newspapers were devoting much time and space in reporting these wonderful meetings. While he was preaching to great audiences in the tent, there were also thousands being reached by the press. Here is where it first appeared that the press could not report Mr. Jones adequately. In spite of the best reports, they failed to do him justice. This was true down to the close of his life. One of the papers, in speaking of this very fact, used the following:

"People who hear the great Georgia evangelist from day to day, and then read the newspaper reports of his sermons, complain that the reports do not do him justice, and this is true. No report of his sermons, even if we had the space to give every word, would do him justice. Besides his words, there is a magnetism about him which becomes a part of the sermon, but this is not the main trouble about the reports. Many of his expressions are harsh. They are strong and harsh. These the reporter catches and utilizes because they are so striking that they could not be overlooked. The soft and mollifying words which accompany them, and the true Christian spirit in which these utterances are made do not and can not acompany the report. Mr. Jones is now being thoroughly discussed in the cities. Every class of people seem to be busy in asking and answering questions about him, but it is not gossip in bad sense. The expressions are nearly all kindness. The voice of the community, however, is well-nigh universal in its praise for the courage with which he condemns evil practices and the boldness with which he declares the law, regardless of the station in life where the prac-

tices are found. People love a courageous man, and this refined community first settling that he is a good man, are enthusiastic over his boldness in speaking the truth."

This great revival continued for three weeks. Mr. Jones held a number of special meetings for men and women which were largely attended, and resulted in great good, and in the salvation of hundreds of souls. He also preached before the State Legislature.

The *Banner* says: "The Forty-fourth General Assembly may heartily appreciate the compliment bestowed by Rev. Sam Jones upon their distinguished body. He not only carried the gospel up Capitol Hill in his person, but dispensed the bread of life in language chaste and eloquent. There was not a word of slang, nor even an illusion by its uglier name to that place which Bob Ingersoll says 'has no local habitation.' There is a marked resemblance, not alone in facial organs and expressions, but in size and build, between General Basil Duke and Mr. Jones. One might by more than a casual acquaintance be taken for the other.

"The General Assembly should seriously consider one of his suggestions at least. It was his denunciation of the policy of incarcerating boys in the State prison with confirmed criminals. It is a policy by which the State helps along to perdition her first offenders whom an orphan asylum or house of refuge might save as worthy members of society.

"There are business men now in Louisville, who, if they had been sent to the State Prison (as Tennessee consigns her infant criminals), at tender age for the first offense, would be in the Kentucky penitentiary to-day. A great deal of his talk was on 'Intemperance,' and his views were very sane and sound. He created quite a favorable impression upon that august body."

One of the most remarkable converts of this great meeting was Captain Tom Ryman. As Mr. Jones often said, there has been no more wonderful convert to God in the nineteenth century than Tom Ryman, of Nashville. He went to the meeting as others did, came to the altar, knelt down like a child and gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. He was an old steamboat captain, who owned a number of steamboats which plied the Cumberland River, and consid-

JONES-RYMAN AUDITORIUM WHERE MEMORIAL SERVICES WERE HELD AT NASHVILLE.

REV. SAM P. JONES AT TIME OF NASHVILLE MEETING

erable property along the wharf, and in one of his large buildings he had a large saloon. He had a bar on each of his steamboats, and was known as a man of wealth. He was brought to Christ by the preaching of Mr. Jones, and became a Christian in dead earnest. He cleaned out the bars on his steamers, tossed his liquors overboard. His saloon was converted into a hall for religious and temperance meetings, and was christened "Sam Jones Hall." He also changed the name of one of his largest and finest steamers to the "Sam Jones."

In this mission hall there was held a service every night. Captain Ryman employed mission workers to preach the gospel to the fallen. The mission was located in one of the worst districts of Nashville, and drunkards, gamblers and the fallen assembled night after night to hear the simple story of redeeming love. He put forth as much effort to save the erring and fallen after his conversion as he did to drag down and debauch and damn them before he found the Savior. The good work of the mission will abide for years to come. Instead of having cards and liquor on the steamers, he made room for the Bible, and found time for prayer-meetings. The gospel was preached as effectively by example and precept on the steamers day by day as in the mission hall by night.

The great building known as "The Jones-Ryman Auditorium," which is considered the finest and handsomest auditorium in the South, was built by the inspiration of Mr. Jones, with the financial aid of Mr. Ryman. A few years since Mr. Ryman died and his funeral service was conducted by Mr. Jones at the auditorium. At the memorial service held in the auditorium in memory of Mr. Jones, a rising vote of the thousands packed into the building, changed its name to "The Jones-Ryman Auditorium," in honor of Mr. Jones, who inspired it, and the other who executed the plan.

There was such interest manifested in Mr. Jones and his welfare that an effort was made to have him make Nashville his permanent home. The citizens offered to give him a handsome home in the city. We print the letter tendering Mr. Jones this home:

"NASHVILLE, TENN., May 27, 1885.

"Rev. Sam P. Jones.

"OUR ESTEEMED FRIEND AND BROTHER: As the chosen instrument of God through the power of His grace and the Holy Spirit, you have done a great work in this city in arousing the people from their lethargy in the conversion of very many souls, and in the good seed sown, which will surely bring forth an abundant harvest hereafter and cause the lilies of peace to spring up at the feet of many and the glory of heaven to beckon us all on; as appreciative of your work, and believing as we do that this central city, the educational and religious point of the South, would be a better location for yourself and family, we, the undersigned committee, representing subscriptions from all classes, races and occupations of our community, tender you a home in our midst, and sincerely hope that no field other than the best location for the production of your glorious work will decide your answer.

Trusting it will be favorable to an acceptance of your removal here, we remain, with the best wishes of our hearts for continued happiness, peace and comfort to you and yours.

Very sincerely,

W. H. JACKSON, Chairman.
J. HORTON FALL, Secretary."

Interested gentlemen had obtained subscriptions to the amount of ten thousand dollars, which would be expended in purchasing him a home if it would be accepted as a permanent residence. The letter was handed to the evangelist at the residence of Captain T. G. Ryman, where he was invited to dine. About thirty gentlemen were present when Mr. Jones broke the envelope. Its generous contents quite unmanned him and tears gathered in his eyes when he knew the deep meaning which the offer expressed. In response, he wrote as follows:

"NASHVILLE, TENN., May 27, 1885.

"Gen. W. H. Jackson, Chairman.

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Your communication of this date was duly received. I have gratefully and prayerfully considered its con-

tents. It pains me deeply to say to such generous friends whom I love so much that to leave my home and State involves more to me than I feel authorized to assume. My wife feels the same gratitude herself, and her judgment has always controlled me as her prayers have sustained me, and she, for reasons which control a mother's heart, with six children to care for in the continued absence of husband and father, is disinclined to the move. You, sir, and the noble people of Nashville shall ever have our prayers.

"I am yours with my eyes full of tears and my heart full of gratitude.

SAM P. JONES."

Before leaving the city arrangements were made for him to return at an early date and raise money to put the Y. M. C. A. upon a safe basis. The management had anticipated that they could not erect a building of more cost than thirty thousand dollars. The donations began to pour in and the amount was so encouraging that it soon developed the fact that a much larger sum could be realized. The hundreds rolled up rapidly and interest deepened every moment. In half an hour Secretary Humes announced that fifteen thousand dollars had been promised. The statement gave an impetus to contributions, and a contract subscription book. The appeals of Mr. Jones were used to marked effect, and contributions flowed freely. When the total reached twenty-five thousand dollars the excitement grew intense. At half-past ten o'clock the subscriptions had run to a still larger sum and solicitations closed for the night. The handsome Y. M. C. A. that now means so much to the young manhood of Nashville was put upon a permanent basis through the generosity and inspiration of Mr. Jones.

Near the close of this great revival the people began to raise the question "Will it last?" One of the papers answered it in this way: "The meetings have been going on for about twenty-one days, during which time Mr. Jones has preached three or four times a day. At the time of this writing, six o'clock in the evening, the crowd at the gospel tent is a sight to look at, the whole city being in the

notion to take part in the last services. The effect upon this community has been wonderful, and the question constantly is asked, 'Will the work the evangelist has done last?' But, to determine this question, the nature and the character of this work must be considered. We are not now considering the question of conversion, whether the hundreds who have professed religion have been genuinely converted; outside of this, over and above the actual conversions, the preacher has impressed the community as it was never done before. Men and women of all grades of society have been affected. This is not emotional. Hundreds of men have quit swearing. Many men who drank publicly have quit it, and there is in the minds of all our best citizens that the city is in a better condition, so far as the morals of society and the habits of men are concerned. The best evidence that the work will be lasting is found in the fact that all our best citizens are rejoicing in the change and in the fact that a great many men hitherto on the wrong side have openly and before the world changed front. Whether this work shall last depends in some measure on the future life of him who performed it. Mr. Jones will leave Nashville with the eyes of fifty thousand people following him. As long as our good people can turn to him, to his growing fame, and say he is still humble, he is still a devout man, he still practices what he preaches, they will, with pleasure and pride acknowledge his precepts, recognize his leadership and uphold the moral structure which he has erected. Judging from his lofty bearing, great intellectual strain, and unostentatious piety, there is every reason to believe he will not fall."

In closing the account of the great work in Nashville, we wish to include an editorial that appeared in the *Christian Advocate,* May 30, 1885. As Mr. Jones was a Methodist and the *Advocate* the general organ of the M. E. Church, South, it seems fitting that this editorial estimate should be inserted at the close of this chapter. It is impossible to publish the entire account, as it covers four columns in the *Advocate.* We insert the first two paragraphs:

"Sam Jones 'has the floor.' His sayings and doings are the current subject of conversation, not only in Nashivlle, but all over the immense region of which it is the geographical and literary center.

He is the man of the hour. His preaching in Nashville during the past two weeks has been attended by unprecedented crowds, and with the most extraordinary results. Drunkards have renounced their liquor-drinking; gamblers have given up their evil occupation; church-members, convicted of complicity with sin, have broken off from wrong courses; thousands of persons of all ages, sexes, and grades of society have publicly announced their purpose to give up their sins and lead better lives. The Tennessee newspaper press has discussed the man editorially; all concede his remarkable power, but differ in their analysis of its constituent elements. With scarcely an exception they accord to him not only genius of a rare quality but evident honesty and glowing zeal for God and love to man.

"The pastors and Christian people of the various churches of Nashville have heartily co-operated with the evangelist in his labors, and while this is a season of salvation for sinners it is a love-feast for the saints. Presbyterians, Baptists, Disciples, Cumberland Presbyterians, and Methodists, are all united in the great revival, their pastors sitting together on the platform in the big tent, and working together in conducting the exercises of singing, praying, and instructing inquirers. This feature of this wonderful occasion is especially gratifying to us. Christians must come closer together and work more unitedly before they bring the world to Christ. These union services in Nashville under the leadership of 'Sam' Jones point in this direction. Greater things than these will be seen before this generation passes. But he must be seen and heard to be appreciated."

CHAPTER XIV.

In Missouri and St. Louis.

After Mr. Jones left Nashville, he conducted several brief meetings in smaller cities, and visited some camp-meetings and chautauqua assemblies. In July, 1885, he held a great tent-meeting at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The influence of his work in Nashville had extended to Murfreesboro, and he found a religious atmosphere when he began the work there. While the opportunities were not as large as those in Nashville, the work was intensely spiritual, and the whole town practically converted. Some of the most prominent men were reached, and many of the most wicked, including barkeepers, were converted. One morning just after the early prayer-service, a leading saloon-keeper hauled his liquor down to the station and sent it back to the wholesale house in Nashville, and abandoned the business altogether. The audiences were immense, people coming from Nashville and the surrounding country, and the town was completely revolutionized. He went over to Monteagle Assembly and preached a few times before the great chautauqua. From there he visited High Bridge (Kentucky) camp-meeting, and spent a few days. His ministry was attended by thousands at this famous camping-ground. Many were converted, while others refused to yield to Christ. One of the saddest incidents connected with his preaching there followed one of his earnest sermons, when a young stalwart fellow who had been standing listening for fifteen or twenty minutes, turned with an oath on his lips, and said that he had enough of that. He walked down to the station and stood but a few minutes, when a train came along. He grabbed at the ladder at the side of the car, missed his balance and fell, and the wheels crushed him, and he was in the presence of God in less than twenty minutes from the time that he turned with an oath upon his lips.

Part of August was spent in Cartersville, at his tent-meeting, which had been inaugurated the year before.

His first work in Missouri was at Plattsburg. He had spent a few days there in July, at the camp-meeting, and returned in September to hold revival services. The committee in charge of the camp-meeting asked him to come there ten years in succession, and promised to make any kind of preparation that he might wish. He agreed, if possible, to visit their annual gathering, and for several years had charge of the great camp-meeting at the famous Mineral Springs. The revival that he conducted in the fall was in many respects one of the greatest in his life. He repeatedly preached to ten thousand people, and frequently there were at least twenty thousand who were trying to hear him. Thousands of these hearers were converted, and the atmosphere of the town and surrounding country was wonderfully purified.

Before leaving Plattsburg, he preached his famous sermon on "Prisoners of Hope." There were three or four special newspaper reporters from St. Louis and other leading cities, and during the sermon they forgot to report his words, and for ten or fifteen minutes sat there with their mouths wide open. When he went back to his tent, he locked the door, and those reporters beat and banged on the door to get him to reproduce that part of the sermon which they had lost. He seemed to be inspired while covering that impressive part of his sermon, and spoke as he never did before, or since, about the immortal life of his sainted mother. He described how she died, and the impression that death made upon his youthful mind. He pictured a long, weary journey back to the graveyard where she was buried. He said, "I must see her again, must look into her eyes and see her sweet form." In his imagination he stood there, with a shovel in his hand, opening the grave, and with each shovel of dirt, he would say, "I must see my mother again." He went through all the motions. Finally, he reached down with both hands, and picked up a handful of dust, and standing there in the most dramatic way—Booth himself never saw the day he could have equaled it—and such a look of disappointment that came over his face, as he stood there speechless for a moment. He said, "Is that

my mother? Is that all that is left of my precious mother?" How awful was the suspense of that moment. Slowly he moved his position, and standing under the arc light, he looked away towards heaven, and a smile came upon his face, then he exclaimed: "Yes, I shall see my mother again." Repeating Paul's words, "This corruption shall put on incorruption; this mortal shall put on immortality," with his face radiant, he said: "In the light of this beautiful scripture, my mother is transformed into an angel of light, and she hovers over me on loving pendant wings, and beckons me up to her home on high, where I shall see my mother again."

The next great meeting was at St. Joseph. One of the largest tents that could be had was secured, and the attendance from the city and adjoining towns was as large as at Plattsburg. The most prominent men, including physicians, lawyers, judges, and millionaires were converted at this meeting. A very striking story appeared in the morning paper to this effect: "Jones is not doing much with the thirty." Next morning the papers said: "The thirty were pretty well represented at the meeting." Mr. Jones said to some friends, "What does this thirty business mean?" "Oh," they replied, "there are in this city thirty millionaires; thirty men in the world worth over one million." While some of those men were true, noble, generous Christians, the majority of them were not, and the meeting did not make much impression upon them, as the spirit of the work was in conflict with their lives. However, some of them were finally converted, and joined the church. Mr. Jones said to one of the wealthiest of them: "Well, my brother, you have disposed of your soul, you have given it to God, but you have a heap harder job left before you what to do with your money. You had better begin to unload now. Shell down the corn, for if you are ever damned, it will be by your money. Mark what I tell you. If I had one-tenth of the money some of you men have in this town, and did not do any better with it than you do, the devil would get me as certain as my name is Sam Jones, and if you have got as much sense as I have, and you don't get up from where you are, the devil will get you sure; you can put that down." This is just one of the many remarkable incidents that happened at St. Joseph. A very substantial result of

the meeting was raising the money for a handsome Y. M. C. A. building.

It was in St. Louis where Mr. Jones waged the greatest battle in Missouri. He went there on the sole invitation of Dr. W. V. Tudor, pastor of the Centenary Methodist church, sustained by the official board and congregation of that church.

The meting began in the Centenary Methodist church, on Sunday morning, in November of 1885. Dr. Tudor met Mr. Jones at the station, and about the first thing that happened after the preachers shook hands was an incident that was typical of Mr. Jones. The inevitable reporter was on hand, and playfully intimated that his paper intended to deal with Mr. Jones. The preacher's reply was: "Pitch in, brother; there is nothing I despise more than a dull time." Mr. Jones was entertained at the home of Dr. Tudor.

It wasn't long after his arrival in St. Louis until Mr. Jones had a hold upon the city, and the other churches were opened for services. The preachers were cooperating and uniting in the meetings. From first to last he had the ear of the people, as no other man rarely had. The crowds at the church were so large that one could scarcely get standing-room. The prominent preachers gave their support and endorsement to the great work of Mr. Jones.

The day services were continued in the different churches. Some of the services were held at the St. John Methodist church; others at the Compton Avenue Presbyterian church, and still others in the Centenary Methodist church, where the meeting began. Great crowds thronged these respective places of worship every day. A very amusing little incident happened at one of the day services in Centenary church. It is an example of the exquisite aptness and humor of Mr. Jones's illustrations. He was conducting an experience meeting one afternoon. Finally, a godly woman stood up and gave one of the sweetest of testimonies, which was backed by her faith and piety. But before she sat down, as was usual with her she fell into the falsetto, which she called shouting, and presently remarked, "Brother Jones, Dr. Tudor doesn't like to hear me shout. Whenever I do, he 'rings' me down." As the good old woman resumed her seat, Brother Jones said, "Well, sister, I do not ob-

ject to shouting, but some people when they shout are like a little steamer I know of on the Coosa river, in Alabama. She has a big whistle, but a very small boiler, and every time she blows her whistle she stops—she can't blow and run at the same time."

St. Louis was the largest city in the South or Southwest that Mr. Jones had visited. However, he had held meetings in larger cities, as he had been in Brooklyn with Dr. Talmage. The great "Metropolis of the Southwest," with its great national dailies, furnished him a larger scope and a greater field than any other city he had visited. The wickedness and sinfulness of the city furnished him with material he had not run across heretofore. While the opportunities were the very greatest, there were many difficulties that had to be confronted.

The newspapers of St. Louis did a great deal toward keeping Mr. Jones and his work before the public. The *Globe-Democrat* was in a position to give him greater publicity than the Memphis or Nashville papers, where he had held the two greatest meetings of his life. The editor of the *Globe-Democrat* liked Mr. Jones and published verbatim reports of his sermon. The editorial comments were very favorable. This paper brought him into greater prominence than any other one had up to that time. In later years the newspapers claimed that they had made Sam Jones. Mr. Jones replied: "Well, why don't you make another?" As far as the newspapers could contribute towards the making of Mr. Jones, the *Globe-Democrat* did its share. The interest the *Globe-Democrat* took in Mr. Jones created just a little friction between the great Catholic editor and the Catholic priest—however, the editor continued to give full accounts of the meetings. This little press notice which has reference to the priest and the *Globe-Democrat* is worthy of a place here: "Father Phelan continues his sectarian assaults upon Sam Jones, but the great religious daily paper preferring the orthodox to the sectarian continues to be the organ of Sam Jones."

While there was created a great deal of antagonism towards Mr. Jones and his methods, still the services continued to gain momentum, as will be seen from the following clipping:

"Ten days have the meetings been held; three regular services daily in Centenary church, and in the great Music Hall. Mr. Jones gathers the crowd. The Music Hall was packed with men on Sunday afternoon. So large an audience of men never listened to a preacher before in the history of this city. The object in holding a meeting 'for men only' was that they might be able to hear. The sermon was grand, strong, and very effective, and contained nothing which might not have been delivered before any audience. It was pure enough diction for any pulpit. The preacher so far has been directing his discourses to the church. The errors, follies and sins of the church have been exposed, reproved, satirized, ridiculed, denounced. The general tenor of the sermons has been an echo of the demand made by the stern preacher in the wilderness, 'Bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance.' The work, henceforward, is to have more direct reference to non-professors. The preacher has gained a good position for his work in this respect, his plain dealing with professors having given him the ear and confidence of outsiders, and we expect good work to be done in the further progress of the meeting.

"A large number of our preachers attend the meetings. Many ministers of other denominations are hearing Mr. Jones with interest. They admire his strong common sense, and feel that all the peculiarities of manner and style which the fastidious criticise are of little importance compared with the brave, true heart and practical sense that give to his sermons their general character and tone.

"No one can accuse Sam Jones of an affected style, or of relying on anything but the truth and the Spirit of God for success. And as to his rough speeches, the people have not found him as rude in speech as they expected. Either reports have been exaggerated, or the preacher has somewhat changed.

"Several persons went forward for prayers this morning (Tuesday), and there were nearly a hundred requested prayers last night at the hall.

"Many of our young preachers have come desiring, as is commendable, to take lessons from Mr. Jones's preaching. If they carry away something of the simplicity and honesty and zeal of the evan-

gelist they will be profited by hearing him. If they try to imitate his language they will sadly blunder; if they make him a model in style they will make themselves ridiculous. We do not suggest that Sam Jones makes himself ridiculous. Ragged bowlders seem in place upon the side of a mountain, but would be out of harmony on a hillock. There is the harmony of naturalness in Sam Jones."

There was very little opposition on the part of the newspapers. They were very generous in their editorial comments, and allowed much space in their reportorial department. This was greatly appreciated, not only in St. Louis, but in the surrounding country. We notice a communication to the *Globe-Democrat* of December 2, 1885, saying: "I beg to assure you that your wonderful interest in publishing the sermons of Sam Jones is duly appreciated by your country friends. They are a great benediction to thousands of the great North and Southwest. I have been traveling nine years into St. Louis, and all the train boys and newspaper dealers everywhere tell me they sell five *Globe-Democrats* to one *Republican*. There is such a demand now for Sam Jones's sermons that the boys on the train run out of the papers frequently before they reach me, and copies are sold in advance of the newspaper. Send more out to the boys. Hurrah for the *Globe-Democrat* and Sam Jones."

However, the *Globe-Democrat* freely admits that it does not understand the methods of Mr. Jones. It says when the professing Christians of Nashville secured Sam Jones to convert the publicans and sinners of that town, they were no more able to understand his methods than is the *Globe-Democrat*. "We brought you here to pitch into the sinners," said the committee on grievances, "and here you are pitching into us and not saying a word about the sinners. What sort of a way is this?" "Now, never you mind," said the Georgia Member of the Democratic Church militant, "I haven't come to the sinners yet—I never scald hogs until I get my water hot."

The St. Louis *Republican* was equally as generous in reporting Mr. Jones's work as the *Globe-Democrat*. They did not give verbatim reports of his sermons, but wrote up the meetings in a very impartial way. They also had a number of editorial estimates of

Mr. Jones and his work, which were very fine. We insert one of these:

"Rev. Samuel Jones, of Georgia, 'Evangelist,' if you prefer it—though he calls himself plain 'Sam Jones'—is a man who challenges our admiring wonder, as a combination of Sidney Smith, Francis Bacon, Sancho Panza, and Josh Billings, with a strong leaven of the Major Jones of Georgia, who was so well known before the war. Perhaps, the Rev. Sam Jones and the Major are of blood kin, but though they certainly have qualities in common, the preacher Jones is a much greater man and one destined to a greater celebrity than the late officer in the Georgia militia. Since the *Republican,* north of the Ohio river, discovered this new Georgia wonder, our readers are not unacquainted with him, but he is a man who grows on you with acquaintance. He never opens his mouth but there issues a stream of constant truth, home-made proverbs and Georgia maxims which stick in the memories of those who hear or read them. Some of his sayings are full of a deep philosophy, and he says nothing without force, because he says nothing that he does not believe. 'Talk about an honest man starving to death,' he says in a recent sermon, 'they won't starve. God will feed an honest man if he has to put the angels on half rations.' That sentence is a religion, a code of morals, a creed and a system of philosophy in itself, all compact enough to carry in the vest pocket for ready reference in everything from trading off a glandered horse to giving a decision from the Supreme bench. The man who believes that God will put the angels on half rations before he would let an honest man starve, is not likely to steal, starve or beg.

" 'What's culture worth,' inquires he in another connection. 'It's only whitewash on a rascal. I'd rather have to learn my A, B, C's in heaven than to know Greek in hell.' He does not mean that culture is worthless, but simply that culture is worthless and an evil without honesty. He prays God to keep his boy pure and honest, though the child dies a fool, forgetting only that it is the fool who is most apt to be dishonest. Though his philosophy is frequently narrow, it is always strong, even in its inconsistencies. It is not becoming in a man of his inflexible opinions to denounce opinion, but he does it, nevertheless, in a homely and forcible style."

While in Missouri and St. Louis Mr. Jones did not lose an opportunity to preach against the liquor traffic. In fact, from the very first time he ever opened his mouth as a minister of the gospel until the last sermon fell from his lips before going to heaven, there were very few sermons in which he did not preach directly against the traffic or by suggestion hurl his truths at this national evil. In his great meetings in Memphis and in Nashville he poured out his soul in denouncing the evils of the saloon. In both of those cities he converted hundreds, and perhaps thousands, from the intoxicating cup, and created a powerful sentiment against the business.

In his preaching against the liquor traffic he was taken to task by the *Globe-Democrat*. In one of his masterful sermons on "Sowing and Reaping" he answers the *Globe-Democrat* in the following way:

" 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,' is as true in a spiritual and moral sense as it is in a physical. You sow whisky and reap drunkards. The man who disputes that disputes premises as sound as eternity and conclusions as clear as the mind of God. The *Globe-Democrat* takes exceptions to what I said about sixty thousand marching to hell by the whisky route yearly. Well, it looks like it, when there are twelve hundred barrooms in St. Louis swinging them into line, three thousand in Chicago, and Kansas City sprinkled all over with them like the stars of night. Wherever there is a barroom that means ten men that will never recross the line. Directly and indirectly I have not near come up to the mark when I said sixty thousand would go into a drunkard's grave in America. The cussing, black-mouthed barkeeper is a gentleman and a Christian by the side of a town that will license or permit it to be sold. God pity a quack doctor that carries his saddlebag full of whisky and prescribes it for everything. He is not good enough to be a dog, much less a doctor."

This unique and fearless manner of preaching was stirring the entire city. He was making an impression upon the great lawyers, business men, ministers, and editors as few men have been able to do in the pulpit. The *Globe-Democrat* about this time said: "Sam Jones is a bright streak in the moral heaven. The St. John M. E. Church last night was crowded, chairs being placed in every nook and

corner and the Sunday-school connecting this with the main audience-room was also filled. Mr. Jones stood on a platform near the doorway, between the two rooms, and preached as he never preached in St. Louis before. He reasoned with his hearers, told them of God's persistent love, wept as he recited his own religious sorrows, grew solemn and serious as he depicted the day of God's wrath, and succeeded in making a deep and lasting impression.

"The platform was crowded with the ministers of the city, who were deeply impressed with the magnificent sermon that he had preached."

Here is a message to the husband taken from that memorable sermon on "The Calls of God," as he delivered it that night: "I just want to look at every man to-night who has a good religious wife. I want to say this to you, and may the Holy Spirit of God burn it into your conscience. Listen to me, friends, listen. The man who stamps upon a good wife's heart and almost crushes the last drop of blood out of it, let me say to you, sir, you owe that wife a debt that you can never pay her until you pay it at the cross of Jesus Christ. You owe those innocent children that throw their arms around your neck and love you with all their hearts—you owe those precious innocent children a debt that you never can pay until you pay it with your wife around the consecrated altar of God. It is a source of everlasting joy to me as I live. [Tears here coursed down the cheeks of Mr. Jones.] I had at my home a precious child when I was a wicked, wayward, godless man. It is the only sweet child I had who ever looked in my face when I was not a Christian. That child is in heaven, but, thank God, I have no other child that looked in its father's face when he was not trying to serve God and do right.

"Oh, friend, when you talk about children! If you can not touch a man when you bring to bear upon him the relations of his precious children, then he is dead to everything that is noble and pure and good. God is going to take something from us. As I said just now, there is many a happy circle in this town, but you mark what I say at this moment, you had better look out. God don't like the way you are doing, brother. He don't like the example you are setting your children, and if God takes two or three of your sweet children to heaven this winter, you are going to be a better father to those that are left; now, mark what I say."

The interest increased until there was no church in the city that could begin to accommodate the tremendous crowds that sought to hear Mr. Jones. In order to give the people a chance to hear him, the Music Hall was rented at an expense of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a night, and its doors thrown open to the public. He literally preached his way into the hearts of the people until he crowded himself out of the largest churches and made it absolutely necessary for him to have larger quarters.

CHAPTER XV.

In Missouri and St. Louis (Continued).

In making the announcement of the change from the churches to the auditorium, Mr. Jones said:

"To-morrow night you can expect us at the exposition building, where we will have plenty of room. I don't say this in a boasting spirit. I am human and I use the personal pronoun 'I,' but it is all for God, and there is nothing which I have that He can not have—every cent I have, or even my life. I don't ask you to endorse my method; I don't reckon your endorsement would help me or benefit you. I seek only God's endorsement and no other's, not even my wife's or children's; or even my mother's if she were alive. I want every Christian minister in this town to take stock in this revival. It is true I am a Methodist, but I don't have sectarianism in this fight. Methodism is only a duster; when I get to heaven I will take it off, and go in wearing the cloth coat under it. Some people don't believe in revivals. A young lady, whose father was a minister, once said to me: 'My father doesn't believe in revivals,' and I answered: 'Then your father and the devil agree on that point, no matter on what other points they differ.'

"Once a minister said that his church was the true church, and I replied that his church was only a crocheting society. That preacher looked as if he didn't like my reply, but after thinking the matter over and writing me a letter touching on the subject, I next heard of him standing up in his own church and saying, 'Sam Jones was right.'"

When we remember that Mr. Jones went to St. Louis for a Methodist meeting to be held at Centenary church, and was practically a stranger in the city, the people knowing nothing of him or his work but what they had gathered from the newspapers, that he

should have crowds demanding such a building, is really a marvel. What preacher living or dead could have gotten such a hold upon the city? Perhaps some thought that he would be unable to fill the great Music Hall, but a notice appears in the daily paper which speaks of his first appearance in the Music Hall:

"Sam Jones drew a crowd last night that filled the great Music Hall in the exposition building, and nobody left the hall until the benediction had been pronounced. Several times during his address he was heartily applauded. There were plenty of other occasions when his peculiar wit evoked laughter, and every now and then there was a dead silence, where one might have expected laughter or applause, showing that the oratorical shaft was barbed and had struck home. Outside of the address there was a prayer by Dr. Tudor, the singing of two hymns and the announcement of the week's services. There will be services at Centenary Methodist church every morning and afternoon and on Thursday evening. On other evenings services will be held at the Exposition Music Hall. Now that the work is assuming shape, the local clergy are taking hearty interest."

Mr. Jones created such a stir in St. Louis that worldliness was being considerably checked. The social life of the city was being broken into by his preaching. The card parties and other worldly amusements were suffering at his hands. The theaters were being greatly reduced in their attendance, and all classes of people were in attendance upon the meetings. All forms of worldliness and wickedness were being disturbed. His wit, humor, sarcasm and pathos made it possible for him to be the sensation that he was. While a great many people take exceptions to the use of consecrated wit in the pulpit, nevertheless it has proved its place in the pulpit by its results. Nearly every great preacher has made use of it. Moody and Spurgeon were especially effective while employing it. All of this talk called forth a very effective tribute to Mr. Jones and his manner of speech. I think it is worthy of a place here:

"From time to time preachers have appeared who seemed raised up for the special work of raising the popular heart to an appreciation of the claims of Christ upon their allegiance. Such a preacher was John the Baptist, the greatest of them all, who spoke under

the great blue vault of Nature's heavens. Some of the popular orators have used sarcasm with singular effect, as, for example, Hugh Latimer, the great reformer, bishop and martyr. For weeks Latimer spoke in the open air at Paul's Cross in London. He exposed the non-preaching prelates, the rich bishops, who never opened their mouths to the people, but occupied themselves with the politics, the intrigues, the scandals of the various European courts.

"Latimer, too, indoctrinated the masses in true piety, and to his personal influence it is due mainly that England embraced the reformed religion. But Latimer was a prince of jokers, as well as the prince of preachers. His sermons of the 'Plough' abound with jokes, local hits, sarcasm and 'points,' some of which have not lost their flavor to this day.

"A pulpit use of wit is no new thing, and is a powerful vehicle for good. Sam Jones is as keen as a razor, as sarcastic as a Latimer himself. He uses the language, employs the ideas and exposes the follies and vices of the great mass of humanity, of which each of us are liable to esteem ourselves a most important part.

"Sam Jones is loyal to the truth—the sad truth of man's fallen condition by sin and the glorious counter-truth of Christ's redeeming power upon the heart. Brother Jones is fully in earnest, probably has not seen an idle hour since he was converted, and consequently he has done, and is doing, a great work for good. His humor is exquisite, his irony as keen as a thorn. Taken altogether, his seriousness, his fun, his pure, simple Bible religion, his evident sympathy with souls, constitutes Sam Jones a power for good—unique, peculiar, versatile, effective.

"No such extended interest in any one man has recently been excited in our midst, and the interest seems to be everywhere the same. Great crowds have heard this newest apostle, and we have great reason to hope that our community will be permanently benefited by his ministrations."

One of the best estimates of Mr. Jones and his work in St. Louis was written by the Rev. Dr. Godby in the *Southern Methodist:*

"No evangelist that has ever visited this city has been heard by such large congregations, and no one has more impressed his hearers

with his manliness, courage and broad and correct views of Christianity and Christian duty.

"His preaching is unique in style, but as natural as childhood. His wit is spontaneous and sparkles out everywhere. He has wonderful aptness in illustration. His expositions of doctrine show him thoroughly sound in theology.

"No evangelist has relied so much upon the simple word of truth. No studied manipulation of audiences, no effort to attract by music, no attempt in any sort of sensation has characterized his work.

"Jones is a genius, entitled to his own way of preaching. Any attempt to imitate him would be a miserable failure, and no man would be farther from the real spirit and character of Sam Jones than a man who would undertake it. His style is not studied, he follows no pattern. Nature has given him rare endowment, and such as he is he has offered himself to the Master's service."

Criticism subsided as his work went on. Expressions which grated harshly on the ears of every one when he began to preach, and which none approved, ceased to be spoken of by those who heard him from day to day, because they were ashamed to raise objections to a man who had won their hearts by so many just claims.

"Brother Jones seems to unite courage and fidelity in declaring the truth and reproving sins with almost feminine tenderness; and with all the admiration which the public exhibit for him, we saw in him only the meekness of a Christian."

The last services of the series was Sunday evening. Soon after five o'clock the people began to assemble, though the service was not to begin until seven forty-five. Long before that time there was no room in pew or aisle for another one. When the sermon was concluded and the audience dismissed, the people stood reverently as if the service was going on. The benediction was pronounced a second time, but no one seemed to be willing to quit the church; and three-quarters of an hour later a large crowd was still lingering to take the hand of Mr. Jones before parting. He left us Monday morning, and the prayers and blessings of thousands of Christians went with him.

When the meeting finally closed, it was admitted on all sides that

it was one of the greatest victories the church had ever known. Mr. Jones, perhaps, saw the situation as no one else did, and was better prepared to give a correct estimate of the work than any one else. The last night of the meeting he made the following remarks regarding the work in St. Louis:

"There are one or two things I want to say to you before we proceed with the text. There are many things at this hour to gladden my heart, and I feel grateful to God for the cooperation and prayers of the hundreds of Christian people, and all of those faithful ministers who have stood by my side; I thank God for the hundreds and thousands of Christian people in this city, who testify that they start out from these services with renewed strength and vigor, and with their religious life quickened, with their hopes brightened, with their faith stronger. I thank God for all of this. Then we are grateful to God for the hundreds, I know not how many hundreds, that have given themselves to God and a better life. I have seen as many as fifty at a service profess faith and love in Jesus Christ. I have seen at other services forty, and I have seen at some thirty, proving a desire to do right. This much I can say, we are satisfied that hundreds have decided and made choice of Christ as their personal Saviour and seeking heaven as their final home.

"There are some features of these meetings that when we look at them we are discouraged and heartsick. While we glorify God that hundreds have been quickened unto a new life, and hundreds have been brought to Christ, yet it makes our hearts sad when we see thousands that are out of Christ, and I never can rejoice with my whole heart over those that have found Christ when I am sad over the thousands that are still lost. Oh, Christ, go out after the lost sheep of this city and seek them till you have found them all, and lay them on Thy own loving shoulder and bring them all back to the fold.

"I leave here with a sad heart. I go away from many new-made friends; I go away with a consciousness that many names and faces are written on my heart. You may read them there in heaven, I trust.

"I leave your city to go to the bedside of one of the sweetest, best

sisters a boy ever had, or maybe to her funeral, I know not. I have been very sad all day, and yet rejoicing. I think this has been the sweetest religious day I almost ever spent in my life. The Lord came upon us at Centenary, and His blessings came like the falling snow, and we scarcely knew that grace was falling until we were covered up all over with the snows of divine grace which had fallen. Let us look for such a service to-night. I shall carry you away in my heart and in my memory, and I shall pray for you, and the greatest favor I can ask of you is to pray God that I may be a faithful preacher, a good man, a gentle, loving father and husband in the highest sense of the word. God bless you all.

"Then I want to say the newspapers of this city have been a great help to me in my work. They have done more through their press-rooms than I have done from the pulpit. I have had hundreds of hearers; they have had thousands of readers; I am grateful to them; and I say to you that whenever in the history of any town or community Christ shall have unto Himself four or five columns in your leading newspapers each day the Lord Jesus Christ will make an impression upon this world.

"The *Globe-Democrat* (and I make no invidious distinction of the *Globe-Democrat)* especially, has given stenographic reports of the sermons; the *Republican* has given column after column, large space to long-hand reports of the sermons, and to these two papers I owe a great deal. I commend the enterprise of the *Globe-Democrat* and the fidelity of the *Republican* to those interested in this meeting. May God bless the editors, may God bless the reporters—I know I mean that—may God bless the printers and may God bless every man who takes those papers in his hands. I thank you all for your kind words and your prayers, and your many tokens of good will and appreciation of me and my work; I thank you with all the heart I have, and if I was a bigger-hearted man you would get bigger thanks. God bless you all and save you all."

Ten years afterwards Mr. Jones returned to St. Louis for a revival campaign. He had been invited there often, but had never been able to hold another meeting. Finally the question of his coming was introduced by some business men at one of the preachers'

meetings, and there was some opposition manifested toward him. Mr. Jones was immediately informed of this, and after much prayer decided that he should go and hold this second meeting, hoping for as much cooperation as possible from the laity and the ministers. While there were a great many prominent laymen and some of the leading preachers anxious for him to come, under the circumstances Mr. Jones decided to assume all the financial obligations, and therefore rented the Music Hall for three weeks, which amounted to twenty-one hundred dollars. Perhaps the greatest opposition Mr. Jones ever met with was upon his second visit to St. Louis. There were some prominent Methodist preachers in the city who were unwilling to cooperate with him, and fought his coming. In the preachers' meeting and before their official boards they did everything in their power to break up the plans for the meeting. This was one reason why Mr. Jones was so anxious to respond to the call of some Christian laymen and a few ministers, and led him to shoulder the responsibility that he assumed.

After the meeting began some of the preachers went among the people and urged them not to attend, while others fought him from the pulpit, but this made absolutely no impression upon Mr. Jones, and didn't seem to interfere at all with the great work which had been inaugurated. The Music Hall would not begin to hold the people, and soon the opposition died away.

One night before the great audience Mr. Jones said: "If these D. D.'s don't let up, I will have to quit." [Laughter.] "Look here, they have just got the folks away from here until there ain't but six thousand here to-night. I ain't mad at them, I like them; I want to meet them all in heaven, but I don't care about meeting them until I have been there about a week." This was his good-natured way of showing the people that the opposition had been overcome. The revival swept on, gathering momentum, until one of the greatest victories for the cause of Christ was realized. The meeting was soon warmly endorsed by the most prominent Christian workers in the city, and a majority of the leading clergymen. Some of the greatest and most powerful sermons Mr. Jones ever preached were created and delivered during the St. Louis campaign. When the financial

responsibility had been met by generous gifts of the friends of the movement, and when the debt was paid, the committee presented Mr. Jones with a very handsome purse as a token of their appreciation of the work that he had done.

Just before leaving the city Col. Bob Ingersoll came there for a lecture. While the great Music Hall could not accommodate the crowd that came to hear Mr. Jones, Colonel Ingersoll had a rather small audience at the theater. The *Globe-Democrat* had an interview with Mr. Jones regarding Ingersoll. "What do you think of Ingersoll?" asked the representative of the great paper. Mr. Jones replied: "I can't answer you in two or three words; personally, Mr. Ingersoll is no doubt a genial gentleman; physically, he is fat; intellectually, he is bright, and morally there may be worse men; theologically, he is a bad egg." "What do you think of the moral influence of his lectures?" asked the reporter. "That is very easily answered. His lectures are a calamity, and the worst is, he reaches the class of people upon whom they have the most baneful effect. Mr. Ingersoll forgets that the masses were not all reared in Christian homes, as he was, and with their training his sayings turns them over to utter recklessness. Whatever virtues Mr. Ingersoll possesses is the gift of Christianity. He never got them from infidelity." "How do you account for his power to attract large audiences?" Mr. Jones said: "His power to attract lies in his ability to shock. He is the devil's dynamo, and when a man stands upon the damp soil of a sinful life, old Bob can turn a current on him that will make him almost leap out of himself." The reporter asked, "What about Mr. Ingersoll's arguments?" Mr. Jones replied: "He is an orator of the highest type. I know no man who can put English together like he can. His words put into sentences look like strings of pearls, but they are merely bracelets and necklaces for swine. He hasn't any arguments whatever. His philosophy and religion do not build colleges, almshouses or asylums. They are powerless to reform the drunkard and the outlaw. They do not make a man kinder in his home, or more respected in the community where he lives. With his wit and intellectual cunning, aided by his illogical reasoning, he may play on the weaknesses of religion, and, by his flights of eloquence,

upon the duties of life, which he steals from Christianity, but, after all, a thoughtful man sees the cunning of his method and detects the direful effect his words have upon those who hear him. I see no good that can possibly come from his lectures on infidelity. I see much harm that may result from them." "What do you think as to his sincerity?" inquired the reporter. Mr. Jones said: "As to whether Mr. Ingersoll is sincere or not makes no difference when you look at the tendency of his lectures. I believe a man can reach such condition and attitude that in the moral world a lie is to him the truth, and the truth a lie. I suppose he will die as he has lived, but after death he will no longer be a disbeliever or an unbeliever. When he is gone the ministry will live; churches will flourish; morality will be taught and practiced, and Christian virtues will be embodied in men long after he has passed from the earth."

When the last night of the meeting came it was attended by the largest audience that ever assembled to hear a minister in St. Louis. After every available seat was occupied in the great Music Hall, there were as many, if not more, on the outside of the building trying to gain admittance. It was with much difficulty that the policemen opened the way for Mr. Jones to pass through the crowd to the main entrance of the building. A great crowd thronged on the outside, clamoring for a few words from him. Mr. Jones took a position on the step and addressed them for ten minutes or more. When he finished the crowd seemed to appreciate the words that he had uttered, and as there was no chance or possibility for them to get within the building they quietly and gradually dispersed.

In all, the work was one of the most marvelous victories; the strongest oppositions had been overcome and he had succeeded in spite of those who opposed him.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Cincinnati Revival.

After the conquest of Mr. Jones in St. Louis in November of last year he spent the holidays at home with his family, and on January 7, 1886, he went to Cincinnati and opened a campaign against the sins and vices of the Queen City.

During the six months that had passed since Mr. Jones's great meeting in Nashville there had been more in the secular press regarding him and his peculiar methods than any other pulpit orator in the land.

The remarkable results of the Nashville meeting had been heralded abroad, and the great dailies of St. Louis had brought him more prominently before the people during the wonderful meeting in that city. This had prepared the way for the greater dailies of Cincinnati to discuss him freely, and bring him into still greater prominence. This in a marked degree called the attention of the Cincinnati people to his peculiar preaching. His fame had gone before him, and the people had become interested in his great ministry.

Perhaps Cincinnati was the most obstinate and wicked place to which Mr. Jones had been called to labor. The city has been noted for its indifference to religion, and its open wickedness, although there were thousands of most earnest Christians in the city. What Paul said of Athens might be applied to Cincinnati, "The city wholly given to idolatry."

There was one minister, Dr. I. W. Joyce, pastor of the St. Paul Methodist church (he was afterwards made bishop), who must have had the apostle's experience when "his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." Dr. Joyce had endeavored to get the Protestant Ministers' Alliance to bring Mr. Jones to Cincinnati, and having failed, he took upon himself the re-

CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL.

CINCINNATI MUSIC HALL, INTERIOR VIEW.

sponsibility of inviting him to the St. Paul Methodist church. This invitation came through the official board, at the suggestion of Dr. Joyce.

To have anything like a sweeping revival, one that would move the city to its very depths, the outlook was absolutely hopeless from a human viewpoint. The church in which the meeting started was centrally located, but with a small seating capacity, perhaps not accommodating more than eight hundred or a thousand. This would not impress one as the place where a current could be started that would sweep over the great city.

To evangelize a great city like Cincinnati it would seem necessary to have most perfect organization with the most exhaustive preparations. In previous meetings other evangelists had the benefits of such organization, and the assistance of a corps of able workers, as preachers and singers, with the hearty endorsement and cooperation of the evangelical ministers and Christian laity; but Mr. Jones had none of this. When we see the great work that he accomplished without the aid of perfected plans, and much machinery, it will give us a deeper insight into his real ability, and allow more credit for the operation of the divine Spirit.

Cincinnati was never an inviting field for evangelists. Nearly every prominent one who labored there realized that it was a most difficult city to move. The great Moody said, "It is the graveyard for evangelists." The municipal life had been notably corrupt, the social life always shallow and empty. The religious life had been weak and powerless. Under such conditions it was hard for the evangelists to succeed. If the combined forces of the ministry, with the most perfect scheme for evangelization, have staggered and failed in the presence of the foes and strongholds of the enemy, how difficult it would seem for them to be conquered through the personal influence and ministry of Mr. Jones. However, when the Holy Spirit is at work and God's servants are under his leadership, insurmountable difficulties disappear.

Mr. Jones preached his first sermon in St. Paul's church to an audience that did not tax the seating capacity of the building. For a week or ten days the attendance was large, but great crowds did not

attend. Those who heard him went away and spread the news, and the audiences finally became so large that the church proved too small to accommodate the people. While the papers had taken considerable notice of him and his work, it was not until he had great crowds that they published full accounts of the meetings. The religious fire had broken out in the church and reached in every direction, until it seemed that the whole city was aglow with religious fervor. Dr. Joyce, seeing the turn that the meeting had taken, decided that Mr. Jones should have a larger building in which to preach. Again, he sought the cooperation and help of the Ministers' Alliance and the laity of other churches, but received very little encouragement from them. However, he was determined that Mr. Jones should have a place large enough to accommodate the people who were anxious to hear him. Finally, with the endorsement of his official board, he contracted for the lrage Music Hall, which would accommodate from eight to ten thousand people, and his church became responsible for the rent, and lifted all anxiety from the heart of the evangelist, and turned him loose in the magnificent auditorium, that he might preach to the thousands.

From a worldly point of view, this was nothing less than a piece of daring. The announcement of the transfer of the meetings from the church to the Music Hall created much interest and comment. The editors of the great daily papers began to take deeper interest in the movement. The revival had taken on such wonderful power that it defied opposition. The great papers sent their reporters to the Music Hall to report the wonderful work that had been inaugurated. The city was in a great commotion, and when the hour for the first service in the new building arrived it would be seen whether the change was justified.

The Music Hall had been put in readiness for the meeting. There was a large platform projecting from the front of the stage, covered with green baize, and in the center of this improvised platform was a table for the Bible. When the doors were opened the people rushed in until they tested the seating capacity of the great hall. Both sides of the balcony were occupied, and every seat of the auditorium was filled, while a line of young men stood all along the sides of the hall.

The platform was occupied by a large number of ministers of the city. Mr. M. J. Maxwell, who had recently formed partnership with Mr. Jones as a chorister, had organized a very large and enthusiastic choir. The music on this first occasion was spirited. The great choir under direction of the leader rendered many helpful songs, and Mr. Maxwell urged that the audience assist in the singing. It wasn't long until a great volume of song filled the immense building. About the close of the song service Mr. Jones entered the building and seated himself near the front of the platform.

The following morning the *Cincinnati Enquirer* said: "Last night's sermon was the best that Mr. Jones has yet delivered. It was sparkling with wit and brimful of hard sense, and some of the remarks on the state of things existing in other cities were remarkably applicable to local affairs. The politicians were touched up in a lively manner that showed a keen insight into local politics. The clubs of the city were scorched in an unusual way, and Mr. Jones mentioned several of the leading clubs by name. Mr. Jones did not fail to arraign the liquor traffic during the course of his remarks. He had the following to say about the saloons, and closed with a touching illustration of how whiskey had ruined a Georgia boy:

"You reckon the saloon men in this city, if they had any conscience or believed in God, would want to pour liquid damnation down the throats of our men and boys and damn them and ruin society, and ruin the Sabbath day? No, sir. They deny that there is a God, and practically they have no conscience. What we want in this country, if we have any conscience, is to quit stabbing it. That's what we want. The man that will sell liquor is about eleven-tenths hog, anyway—that's the truth about it. All that's physical about him has turned to hog, and the intellect of the fellow has turned into a hog; that makes another tenth, and now he is a solid hunk—eleven-tenths hog. [Laughter.] And there are men in this city who are given over to drink, who have tampered with liquor until they have gotten to the place where they can not break away from the habit. They are going down grade at a fearful rate, and in spite of everything will be damned.

"Poor Bob Herrick, of my State, drank on and on until he was

seized with the third attack of delirium tremens. At times he was trying to beat his arms off against the bed, and he had almost bitten his tongue out of his mouth, when in a lucid moment he said: 'Doctor, is there any chance for me to live?' And the doctor said, 'No, Bob, no, if you drink you will die, and if you do not drink you will die'—and two more hours passed; his wife and children were hanging around his neck, as he foundered on the rocks of damnation and went out forever. Oh, friends, if there is a brake in your hands, put it on to-night. If you can say, 'I will stop, I will stop,' say it now. Do not roll another foot—do not roll another round of the wheels—just look the situation over and say, 'I have drank my last drop. I have sworn my last oath.'"

There were fears on the part of some that Mr. Jones would be unable to make every one hear him in the great building. However, these fears were removed when he arose to speak. His voice was in good shape, and its peculiar resonance made it easy for the large assembly to hear even his faintest words. The service produced a profound impression, and the great audience went away deeply impressed with the message of truth. All the fears and apprehensions were swept away at the first service, and the people saw that the great faith of Dr. Joyce had triumphed, and they were enthusiastic over the wonderful proportions that the meeting had taken on.

From day to day the audiences increased both in the afternoon and in the evening. At the first afternoon service there was an audience of thirty-five hundred people; afterwards the immense hall was filled at many of the day services. The Music Hall was always overflowing at night. The interest deepened in every way, and the city was soon under the control of the mighty Spirit of Grace.

There was a considerable change in the weather, and the cold, wet, disagreeable day made it difficult for people to leave their homes. In the evening the city was swept by a fearful storm. Some thought that this would interfere with the attendance at the meeting; however, the first floor of the auditorium, including the stage, balcony and gallery were densely crowded, and hundreds who entered the hall after the seats were occupied were compelled to stand during the service. A large number of people who had braved the discom-

forts of the evening were turned away, being unable to get even standing-room.

When Mr. Jones came upon the platform, the remarkable attendance was an inspiration to him, and he was in one of his best moods, as was seen from his sermon, which was replete with flashes of wit and brilliant references to the meeting, which evoked the most enthusiastic applause from the audience.

In his mail that day he had received letters that he read to the congregation. Facing the immense throng he said:

"Brethren, I received (holding a piece of paper in his hand) this in the contribution basket last night, and when this much comes to me it seems like there can't be anything better than this to follow. This little scrap of paper pays me for every lick I have struck in your city: 'Brother Jones, I am in your debt as follows for quitting and swearing off from drinking one hundred dollars; for quitting and swearing off from swearing one hundred dollars; for quitting all my meanness one milion dollars; for learning to love our dear Lord better than life, three billion dollars. Credit one dollar. I hope to be able to pay the balance by doing good the remainder of my days.'

"Brethren, what is really the pay in this service? Thank God for the privilege of doing good. Dr. Joyce [turning to the minister], that's one reason why I never ask you for a cent of money, and I told you I didn't want a cent, for I knew God would pay me, and here is the pay. If this man feels that way, how do you reckon his precious wife and children feel about it? Glory to God for bringing heaven to one home in Cincinnati. Thank God for every home that has been blessed. I thought once to-day I would have all the communications I got in the basket last night compiled into a little pamphlet for its rich reading. One dear woman writes: 'I haven't a cent in the world to give, but I want to tell you that you have brought me to the dear Saviour and He is mine, and I am happy in his love.' I tell you we will be paid in heaven when money and dollars and cents have long ago been forgoten. Thank God for pay that I can cross the river with. I don't mean the Ohio river, but the river of Death to the City of God."

Comments upon the incidents showed his real character regarding the finances connected with the meeting. While, as a rule, he was paid handsomely for his services, he never allowed monetary considerations to influence him one whit in his meetings. How this reminds us of his attitude towards the financial committee in the city of Cincinnati twenty years afterwards while holding his last meeting there. He shouldered the responsibility that the financial committee had assumed, and bravely fought their battles, raising the entire amount necessary for the expenses of the meeting, losing sight of his own remuneration, and when the last service was conducted and the expenses met, there was scarcely anything said about his own compensation. He accepted gratefully what the committee gave him. It was doubled six months afterward. Had he failed to receive a cent for his work in the first or last meeting, he would have left the city with as much faith in God and love for humanity as if they had poured thousands of dollars into his hands. While aiding the financial committee in raising the money for the expenses of his last meeting, he was so often reminded of how Bishop Joyce relieved him of such anxiety in the first great work. He was fond of saying that just one man is needed in every great city back of every good and worthy cause. He said so many times with great admiration and reverence, "Oh, how I miss dear old Bishop Joyce, who has just slipped off a little ahead of me to his home above. How I remember his untiring efforts as a leader of God's people in this city twenty years ago."

The papers next morning spoke of how the meeting was reaching all classes of people, and as they were on the ground, they could speak intelligently:

"The great religious revival conducted by Sam Jones has been spreading like wildfire day by day until now little else is thought of or spoken of in the city. In the hotel lobbies, offices, stores, clubhouses and police circles the subject of religion and the man who is now so forcibly proclaiming it in this community are the general topics of conversation. And the subject of purity versus impurity, and godliness versus ungodliness, have even penetrated those places where, before, such thoughts were never dreamed of.

"Yesterday Mr. Jones preached two sermons in Music Hall. The one he delivered in the afternoon was his first to men only. It was attended by at least six thousand men, and he held them in sympathy and interest from the beginning until the close of the sermon. At night he addressed a mixed audience, which numbered not less than nine thousand persons. The doors were closed shortly after seven o'clock, though the services did not commence until seven-thirty, and at least five thousand disappointed people were turned away for want of room to place them in the hall. Expressions of 'Wonderful! Wonderful!' are heard on all sides. The moral good done to this community and section by the revival is wonderful to contemplate. This evangelist can already number his friends here by the thousands. He has made impressions on the hearts of the people that will not be obliterated."

It was evident that a vast amount of real and lasting good of a known quantity was being accomplished by these meetings, and perhaps the unknown quantity of good was much greater. One of the tangible results at that stage was the quietude of the Sabbath. The city was noted for its open and flagrant sins on the Lord's day, as could be seen from the police annals in the Monday courts. The most striking illustration of the power of the movement, and a proof of the intense and general interest felt was that there were absolutely no arrests for any offense recorded up to six o'clock. This was unknown in the city before, and was solely and correctly attributed to the influence that Mr. Jones was exerting upon the city. Another was the fact that Mr. Jones's sermons were being reported verbatim in the *Enquirer* and other papers, and that the preachers were discussing him and the secret of his power in their Sunday services. These great papers had called not only the attention of the ministers of the city but of the surrounding country to his work, and in other cities the ministers were reading and commenting favorably upon his sermons at their regular Sunday morning services. Special to the *Commercial-Gazette,* of Springfield, Ohio, says: "The interest in the great revival now being held in Cincinnati by the Rev. Sam Jones is far from being confined to Cincinnati.

"There is almost as much interest in the sermons in this city as in

that. Dr. Tuckley, a former Cincinnati pastor, and at present pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, this city, has had several 'Sam Jones' nights at St. Paul's, in the course of which he delivered a sermon, giving many of the bright and pithy sayings of Sam Jones. Several Springfield pastors have lectured on Sam Jones and his methods. The *Commercial-Gazette,* containing the sermons, is eagerly awaited by many persons, and not a few have saved the papers containing the sermons entire since the first.

"The general opinion here is that the sermons are steadily improving as Sam Jones goes on. An effort will be made to have Mr. Jones come to this city for a series of meetings. Revivals are in progress here in the Central, St. Paul and High Street M. E. churches. The number of conversions have been very large."

Furthermore, the sermons as printed in the papers were eagerly sought for and read by people farther away. Usually sermons reproduced in newspapers are not much read, hence they are not often printed, but those of Mr. Jones were of such interest that much space was given to them. At the capital of the nation, the most prominent men were buying the papers, that they might get every word that he was uttering in Cincinnati. The people never tired of reading them. He knew that his sermons in Nashville and St. Louis had been widely copied, and he did not repeat himself in Cincinnati. While he would take the same text, he could preach several sermons from it without going over the same ground. Those who make a careful study of his sermons will see that he never repeated. If he should use the same expressions, they were always as fresh and forceful as if he had uttered them for the first time. This wonderful power made it impossible for him to repeat.

A prominent bishop once said to him: "Mr. Jones, where do you get all the marvelous things you say? You finish reading a morning's paper in ten minutes; you take no time for special study; where do you gather up all these wise and witty things you say?" His reply was: "I don't know, my brain secretes them like my liver secretes bile."

Mr. Jones realized in those days that the whole country was fol-

lowing him, and he guarded against repetition. Some of the most marvelous productions of his brain were during his great meetings in Nashville, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago, which were held in close succession.

Two gentlemen discussing Mr. Jones's methods, said one: "I don't for the life of me know what it is about Sam Jones, but his words burn their way into my heart, and I always go away from his preaching feeling a better and purer man." The other remarked: "Nor can I fathom the secret of his influence over men, but he certainly has a peculiar influence, and carries a man with him in his absorbing illustrations of good and evil."

Unquestionably Mr. Jones had captured Cincinnati and the surrounding country, and the ultimate positive good that was accomplished can never fully be known. Cincinnati was yielding to the power of God, and dying hard, and sinners were being converted on all sides. The people stood in awe and surprise at the signal defeat of the evil one, and nothing short of the coming millennium would surprise the enthusiastic and astonished Cincinnatians.

About this time Mr. Dwight L. Moody stopped off the train one night to hear Mr. Jones. Upon his return to the station he wrote him in substance as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER JONES: God has given you a sledgehammer with which to shatter the formalism of the church, and to batter down the strongholds of Satan. The good Spirit is helping you mightily to use it. God bless you.

"D. L. MOODY."

Mr. Jones was in no hurry to invite the unsaved to accept Christ. He had been preaching day and night, endeavoring to get the Christian people ready for service. Some of the church members had been very anxious for him to begin the altar work, but he said: "Until the church-members of this city make restitution of their fraudulent bankruptcies, and confess their slanders and forgive one another, forsaking worldliness and social drinking, gambling and card-playing, with other sins that may be in their lives, they are not

ready to lead sinners to Christ." Said he: "We pull out the train from Cincinnati, and I don't want the brakeman to yell out 'Chattanooga' when I haven't heard him say 'Lexington,' which is right on the road. Let us clean up ourselves, and sinners will be converted."

When the churches were finally aroused and got right with God he began to have after-meetings. There were from fifty to a hundred who professed conversion each night, and the number increased until as many as five hundred were in the after-service, and as many as three hundred were happily converted at a service. The interest and power of the after-work increased as the services progressed. It is out of the question to give a correct estimate of the thousands that were brought to Christ during the meeting.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Cincinnati Revival (continued).

The results of the great revival led the ministers to ask Mr. Jones to preach a special sermon to them. They felt that a man who could wield such an influence in such an ungodly city had a message which would help them in their ministry. He accepted the invitation to preach to them. The announcement to this effect called out an attendance that crowded the hall of the Methodist Publishing House to its utmost capacity, and many could not get inside of the doors. He spoke to them in his humorous, sarcastic, and sympathetic way. His remarks were forcible and expressions striking, which brought down the house several times. The sedate ministers forgot themselves, and laughed, cried, and applauded, until one would be reminded of a political demonstration. Mr. Jones spoke on "The Best Way to Secure Practical Results." In a general way he advised with them as to what a minister should do. The drift of his talk, as will be seeen, was towards a greater aggressiveness in the pulpit. He said: "Here in Cincinnati you have things in shape to begin a vigorous warfare on sin, and the preacher who wants to delay had better surrender. You have things here now so that you can convert fifty thousand people in the next ten months. It is well enough to preach Christ and Him crucified, Christ's love and Christ's mercy, but you want to stop that now and tell these wicked old sinners that they have got to repent, that they have got to reform. They have listened to your preaching Christ, Sunday after Sunday, until they have listened unmoved. One time when I was raking some folks over the coals, a good old brother came to me and said:

"'Brother Jones, you ought to preach a little more to us about Christ, and not raise so much noise about other things.'

"I told the brethren that I would not bring Christ down there among such a lot of cutthroats as they were. You want to talk to these old sinners about their sins and convince them that they are doing wrong. No man is lost in a gospel sense, until you make him feel he is lost. Some of us little preachers believe in that good old text, 'you must be born again.' If there is any one sermon that he preaches on every occasion it is that. Why, it's too much for most of us. If I had as much sense as Bishop Fowler here, I might try it. Jesus only spoke of the subject once, and that was at midnight, when He had but one man to listen to Him. [Laughter.] Whatever hurts the soul or keeps it away from God—that's the proper subject of a sermon. Take the preachers of this town. They talk to their congregation about drunkenness, and tell them that a drunkard can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and right down before them are a lot of distillers and brewers and whiskey-sellers, and men who rent their property for improper purposes.

"You want to talk right to those fellows. If I had one of them in my congregation I would make him give up his evil ways, or I would make him get out of my church. [Applause.] Some time ago I was in a town and I got on this subject. I said I felt satisfied that of the whisky-dealers in that place one-fourth were church members. Well, that made a great deal of trouble, and at last some one made a count and found that of seventy-four in the town sixty-one were members of churches; thirteen Methodists, twelve Presbyterians, seventeen Baptists, and so on. No, brethren, don't talk Christ and His love to such reprobates. Tell them how wicked they are and that they have got to mend their ways. [Applause.] Let us stir up these things. The next thing to religion is fun, and if we can't do anything else we can have some fun. [Laughter.] The trouble is that we are fearful. I, myself, never had any fear of guns and pistols and fists, and I was never afraid of running contrary to public opinion; and, I tell you, it takes more courage, ofttimes, to take a stand against public opinion than to walk up to the mouth of a cannon. Up in Canada, where I have been, if a newspaper assails or misrepresents a preacher that preacher sits right down and writes a column and a half in defense and that

newspaper publishes it the next day. If a newspaper assails any of you, you never say a word back. Now, I have seldom had any cause to complain of newspaper men. They have treated me very fairly as a class. Occasionally some one of them gets on his ear, sits down on it, and fans himself with the other (laughter), but they have always done well by me as a rule. But there is no doubt but they do give currency to slanders against preachers, and the preachers won't say a word back. Don't do that any more. Stand up for yourselves. Make men respect you as men. Why, look how they nominate a preacher at our conferences. One brother wants to know if he is cautious, another wants to know if he is conservative, and so on. They always want a man who is quiet and meek, and who will not step on anybod's toes. Well, I feel like getting up there and asking if he is a pusillanimous pup. (Applause and laughter.) We don't want men to be meek and quiet. We want preachers to be aggressive and determined—courageous enough to tell the people what miserable sinners they are. Satan won this country by fighting, and we must win it back from him in the same way, and I wish when you find a man who has raised a row in some church, that instead of crushing him, crucifying him, you will give him your best charge. To me there is no better recommendation for a man than that he has raised the devil. That's what we must do. We must raise the devil."

Whether he was preaching to the ministers or the general public, they retired, not weary, but wishing that he had spoken longer. The people never tired of his speaking, but left the building discussing him in the most enthusiastic way. One young man was heard to remark: "I like that man, he seems to believe what he says, and there is no nonsense about him." Another one said: "If I were a lawyer, or a minister, or any other person accustomed to addressing an audience, I would study Sam Jones's style; there is something wonderful in it. It is not oratory such as that taught in books and colleges; it is not logic, as lawyers and theologians understand and teach it, but it is something outside and beyond all this. It is the power to reach and influence the human mind that few ministers possess, and fewer still practice."

That states the case pretty well. To most critical people Mr. Jones was a puzzle, but the fact that he was a great power and kept himself in the background, and placed in the forefront the great truths that filled his mind and controlled his life helped him to win everywhere. Most men would have had their heads turned by the tremendous crowds that hung upon his utterances, but instead of being elated, he was always humbled. He realized fully the responsibility that rested upon him, which made him stay at his Master's feet.

While Mr. Jones was in Cincinnati he had two or three special sermons for women. At one time he spoke to the young ladies. It was a novel congregation, composed entirely of the younger women of the city. The sunshine brought a flood of light through the windows of the great Music Hall. It was a beautiful scene to see so many thousand young girls and women just from their homes with all the life and vivacity of young womanhood. It is said that such a scene had never been presented in the Music Hall. Again the balcony, auditorium and stage were filled in every corner by bright-faced daughters, and a great crowd of young girls stood around the walls during the entire sermon. All sections of the city were well represented in that vast audience, and a great number were present from the suburbs and adjoining cities. Mr. Jones said it was one of the grandest sights he had ever seen. He spoke to them about "the things that should lie the nearest to the hearts of girls, mother, home and heaven." Perhaps he never pleaded more tenderly, gently and lovingly than that afternoon while addressing the young women of this city.

Later on he had a special service for "Wives Only." The Music Hall was filled from gallery to stage, and from pulpit to doors. There must have been seven thousand wives and mothers in the great auditorium. Mr. Jones preached to them from Galatians 5:22, 23: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." In his sermon he had a great deal to say about the worldliness as manifested in card parties, theatricals, and dancing. He discussed those questions in his own peculiar

way, at times provoking them to laughter, while at other times bringing them to tears, and sometimes making them just the least bit angry. However, before he was through with his sermon, he had brought them around to his way of thinking, as was evidenced by the great audience standing and approving what he said, and also by the hundreds that went up and gave him their hands, promising to be better wives and mothers. Those special services for women were very precious and helpful.

A distinguished pastor who had been associated with Mr. Jones in a great meeting in another State, was passing through Cincinnati and attended the women's meeting. In speaking of it he said:

"This morning at Music Hall I witnessed a scene such as is rarely presented in this world. Five thousand women brought together to hear the great evangelist preach to mothers. And such a sermon! How the women laughed and cried as the preacher depicted with inimitable wit and wisdom, point and pathos, the way women think, talk, live, move, and have their being, in their homes, before their children, husbands, and servants. The evangelist had one of the grandest opportunities of his life to impress the vital truths of the gospel where they would do the most permanent good. And well did he improve it. Never did he do more faithful work for the Master. Looking upon that scene of five thousand weeping women, moved as they were to promise to live better in their homes and be more faithful to the religious training of their children, the possibilities of the gospel through the power of consecrated homes seemed to be truly infinite. The work of that hour, accompanied as it was by the Holy Spirit, ought to home thousands in heaven. The play and interplay of thought and feeling upon the thousands of upturned faces was a study not soon to be forgotten."

Mr. Jones also conducted several special meetings for "men only." The mere announcement that the women would be excluded from the meeting created a stir, and curiosity was aroused so that the attendance was larger, if possible, than would have been with a mixed audience. The weather was very severe, but the men were there in such numbers that the seating of them was a difficult problem. Mr. Jones held these men's meetings in order to make

room for the men, who would have been excluded by a mixed audience. While he usually preached a very straight and strong sermon about the sins of men, at other times he would deliver some of his most beautiful and tender sermons. The object was not, as some people imagine, to get the men together, that he might talk to them in a coarse way that would not be permitted in a mixed audience; but, by bringing the men of the city together, he could appeal to them as a community and have greater results. His men's meetings were always the most successful of the series. When he came on the rostrum he was greeted by a long, hearty applause which fairly shook the building. Such scenes always inspired him to be at his best, and he was never so much at home as when speaking to a body of men. He seemed to understand their hearts, know their needs, be conscious of their weaknesses, and have sympathy and love for them. While discussing their besetting sins, going through the catalogue, making them hideous, he was always in deepest sympathy with them, and while talking to them about their profanity, dishonesty, gambling, drunkenness, and other vices, the great audience at times was wild with enthusiastic approval, while at other times was as still as death.

Mr. Jones had preached to them that there is not one standard for woman and another for man. His remarks had produced a deathlike stillness over the great audience. In further discussing a clean life, he referred to a tragedy that had just happened in Cincinnati. With his sense of justice outraged, he looked the men square in the face and said: "Men, hear me, I picked up the *Enquirer* and read that a young man of this city, of a prominent family, was at a shameless house, a prominent house of shame, last night; he walked in and said to the woman of the house: 'I want to see one of the prettiest girls you have,' and then walked up to the room he generally occupied. He entered that room, presently a girl came sweeping in, and he struck a match and lit the gas and turned his eye on the girl, and instantly jerked his pistol from his hip-pocket—bang, bang—and with a heavy, dull thud the girl fell upon the floor and died. They ran into the room and said: 'Oh, what have you done?' He said: 'That is my own

sister, and I will kill her before she shall come to a house like this." And I say to you thousands of men, fathers, husbands, and sons, that that girl had as much right in that house as her brother had."

Perhaps there was never an audience that was so profoundly moved as the one that heard the true and brave friend of both men and women speak out in such a strong and manly way. The applause was appalling, and thousands of men went away believing as the man of God, who had been so fearless in defending the daughters and mothers of our homes. How true it was as Mr. Jones said: "If there was ever a man that stood on the front steps of the American homes and fought off the devil and his crowd, that man was Sam Jones."

It was not my privilege to be in Cincinnati all the time during his stay there. He had been in the city between three and four weeks when I joined him. The results of the great men's meeting were the talk of the city when I arrived. Three of our daughters, Mary, Annie and Julia, accompanied me. Upon our arrival in the city we were domiciled at the Gibson house.

A *Times-Star* reporter called upon Mr. Jones that morning, and this interview appeared in the afternoon paper. I shall ask the reader to indulge me the privilege of inserting this interview, which is somewhat personal. It reads as follows:

"Sam Jones is happy now. His wife and three daughters are with him at the Gibson House, and they are living as cosily and quietly as they could in their little home down in Cartersville, Ga.

"The Jones family occupies a pleasant suite of rooms on the fourth floor, and have everything comfortable and convenient about them. When the *Times-Star* man called this morning, Mr. Jones said: 'This is my wife, Mrs. Laura Jones,' presenting a handsome lady with much evident pride; 'and these are my daughters, Annie and Mary,' continued the revivalist. Mrs. Jones is just such a woman as you would naturally imagine her to be. Ten chances to one, if you should meet her on the street, you would turn and say to your companion, 'That must be Mrs. Sam P. Jones.' She reminds one somewhat of her distinguished husband. She has the same char-

acter of eyes, bright and sparkling, and only a shade lighter complexion. Her voice has the same musical mellowness, and when she is earnestly moved you see the same enthusiasm in her manner that has marked and made the reputation of her husband.

"She is thoroughly a Southern woman in disposition and sympathies. She is finely educated, not only in literature, but in personal graces. She is a charming conversationalist, and you will not be in her presence long before you will have discovered that she is a superior person, with the most delicate appreciation of culture and propriety. Being asked how long she would remain in Cincinnati, Mrs. Jones replied: 'We expect to stay a week, at least, and maybe longer. My husband was just getting a little lonesome and homesick. He hadn't been with us for a long time, you know, and we came up to comfort him.' "

The closing days Mr. Jones preached some of his most earnest, pathetic and soul-stirring sermons. The religious tide was rising higher each day. The people were coming in from towns in all directions, and the city was stirred to its very depths. At nearly all the services, at the noonday meeting, the afternoon and evening services, hundreds were being converted. It was estimated that nearly six hundred converts daily were made during those last days. The great work was going on with a vim and vigor that promised much for the future. Dr. Joyce said: "That despite what many say, those who have been converted by the wonderful words of Mr. Jones will be led into better paths of life, and they will continue in them, as the influence that has been stirred in them is not of an evanescent character, but it has gone down deep, and will remain and be permanent." In speaking of the financial understanding with Mr. Jones as to his compensation, he said: "There are people who think they have information to the effect that Mr. Jones had a definite arrangement as to the amount Trinity church should pay him for his services. This is a grave mistake. Mr. Jones agreed to come without a word as to what he should be paid, and that he would come to Cincinnati if he did not receive a cent, but got his meals. When the fact is thoroughly understood, as it is hoped it will be, that Mr. Jones is here without promise or

expectation of any remuneration, the people should appreciate the work he has done and show their gratitude to God by contributing liberally to a special collection for Mr. Jones."

When the opportunity was given the free-will offering amounted to something over eight hundred dollars.

After five weeks of earnest labor Mr. Jones concluded his services in Cincinnati. It was one of the most remarkable revivals in the city's history. He was in Cincinnati for two other meetings and lectured there a number of times, holding a strong grip upon the city until the very last. Just a year ago he held his last great meeting in that city in the large Music Hall, and thousands waited upon his ministry.

We notice on the front page of the *Cincinnati Enquirer,* dated February 15, 1886, an account of the closing service of his first great meeting there:

"The services of last evening concluded the labors of Sam Jones in Cincinnati. For five weeks he has been laboring in God's cause in this city, and his efforts have been crowned with unparalleled success. Never before was such a religious awakening known in Cincinnati. Large crowds have attended the services both day and night, and the revivalist has averaged two sermons each day. Conversions have been many, and thousands of people sincerely regret the departure of the earnest and plain-spoken preacher from the city. It was generally known that yesterday was the last day of his stay here, and every one who had heard him wanted to hear him again, while those who had not were anxious to embrace the last opportunity. Early in the afternoon policemen were stationed at the doors to control the crowd. For a time the street was completely blocked for two squares by the great crowds coming and going. It is not an extravagant estimate to say that fifty thousand people sought admission to Music Hall last night.

"As early as half-past five o'clock in the afternoon a large crowd of people had already assembled in front of the building awaiting the opening of the doors. By six o'clock, at which hour promptly the doors were thrown open, the crowd in front of the building had been so largely augmented that within ten minutes after the doors

opened ten thousand people were rammed, jammed and packed in every nook and corner of that immense building. A reporter, who came along fifteen minutes after six o'clock, had great difficulty in working his way to the front by reason of the crowds that thronged the aisles and every inch of standing-room in the hall. A few minutes later the doors were shut and bolted, it being dangerous to admit any more people. At seven o'clock Elm street from Twelfth to Fourteenth streets was one surging black sea of humanity—the locked out. That no one was crushed to death is a miracle. There were at least forty thousand people around Music Hall. All the street-cars were completely blockaded, and the streets were utterly impassable. Mr. Jones drove up to the hall a little after seven o'clock, and, with the aid of a stalwart policeman, entrance was forced part of the way, when finally the policemen took him up on their shoulders and carried him to the entrance of the building. When he reached the hall he was almost breathless and bewildered, looking as if he had had a personal encounter with some demonstrative admirer. When he walked out on the platform he was greeted with prolonged applause.

"Facing the vast audience he said: 'I thank God the gospel of Jesus Christ can overdraw anything else in Cincinnati. The ten thousand people who got in and the forty thousand who didn't, brand the statement as a slander that this is a wicked, lawless and irreligious city. There is no truer, nobler or better city in the world than Cincinnati.'

"After preaching his farewell sermon from Proverbs 3:17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," he told the immense audience good-by. Dr. Joyce stepped out to the end of the platform and taking the hand of Mr. Jones, who remained looking at the immense congregation, he clasped it warmly. Mr. Jones returned the hand-pressure, and hand to hand the two reverend gentlemen turned to the congregation and Mr. Jones said: 'Brethren, I can not shake hands with you all personally, as I am nearly worn out, having had to remain in my room all the afternoon to gather strength to preach to you to-night, but in shaking

hands with Dr. Joyce I shake hands with you all. Good-by, brethren, and may we all meet together again in the glorious hereafter and once again shake hands if we never meet here on earth. Good-by, brethren, good-by.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Chicago Campaign.

Mr. Jones having closed a five-weeks' meeting in Cincinnati, his next great undertaking was in the city of Chicago. His fame had preceded him until all Chicago was anxiously awaiting his arrival. Several times the question had come up regarding his holding a meeting in Chicago. Dr. P. S. Henson, pastor of the First Baptist church, was in St. Louis when Mr. Jones held a meeting there. He was captivated by the Southern evangelist, and had a talk with him about going to Chicago. Mr. Jones expressed a willingness to go, provided he could get the union or the cooperation of the majority of the churches. Dr. Henson, upon his return to the city, conferred with a number of the pastors regarding his coming, but the idea was not received with favor. Many of the pastors were outspoken in their opposition and refused to cooperate in such a movement.

Later on Mr. Jones went to Chicago to deliver a lecture. Mr. James Smithson, who was instrumental in getting him there to lecture, was besieged by half a dozen reporters for interviews regarding his coming. The people began to manifest a great deal of interest in Mr. Jones and his proposed visit to the city.

Dr. Henson again proposed his name before the pastors on the South Side for a series of union revival services. Still the suggestion was not received very enthusiastically; but, finally, a committee was appointed to go to Cincinnati to hear Mr. Jones preach The prejudices of the committee were soon swept away, and they unanimously favored getting him for Chicago. One of the brother preachers said that Dr. McPherson, the chairman, was so pleased with Mr. Jones that "he swallowed him whole." Mr. Jones was engaged by the committee to visit Chicago in the near future.

The only terms stipulated by Mr. Jones with the committee was that he should have the cooperation of the South Side churches, and the committee assured him of that.

He knew that it was a big undertaking to evangelize Chicago. In speaking of it he said: "It is like biting a pumpkin; your teeth won't take hold of it." However, he was willing to go where his Master called. Evangelistic work in Chicago, as in Cincinnati, had always been difficult. The churches had tried and had dismal failures. There had been union efforts on the part of the churches in different sections of the city, which had failed to bring about the desired results. Practically, the whole city had united and cooperated with prominent evangelists, using the largest auditoriums in the central part of the city, and still these meetings did not solve the problems of evangelizing Chicago.

Mr. Jones was an entirely different preacher from any one who had ever tried to reach Chicago. The other evangelists had appealed to the emotion and intellect of the people, but Mr. Jones came along with his sledgehammer blows and took a middle ground and began to appeal to the consciences of men and women. While Mr. Jones conducted his meetings on a very high, intellectual plane, which led Dr. David Swing to say that it was the most intellectual revival ever held in Chicago, nevertheless, his appeals were really directed to the consciences of men. So many people doubted whether Chicago had any conscience, and, if it did, it was so submerged that it would take time to remove the debris before the work could really be effected. His style, manner, and methods seemed to have been most appropriate and suitable for this occasion. Therefore, being on the "mountain-tops," because of his great and glorious victory in Cincinnati, he moved on towards Chicago with strong faith in God and with a dauntless courage and an indomitable determination to push the battle to a finish. Baptized with the Holy Ghost, he followed the leadership of the Spirit to Chicago.

Mr. Jones reached Chicago on Saturday evening, February 17, 1886, accompanied by his stenographic clerk, Prof. M. J. Maxwell, and others. Professor Maxwell was not at that time regularly enlisted with Mr. Jones, but his excellent leadership, together with

his Christian character, had commended him to Mr. Jones, all of which ultimately resulted in his regular association with him. At Monee Station, some fifty miles from Chicago, the train bearing Mr. Jones and party was boarded by newspaper reporters, detailed by the press of Chicago to interview him, all of the papers apparently being eager for the first and fullest sketch of the man; the *Tribune* printed three columns the morning after his arrival devoted to a personal description of him, with an epitomized sketch of his life, together with an interview on various matters. Large preparations had been made for the expected services in Chicago, and Mr. Jones was received with open arms by thousands of people. Adhering to his usual rule of stopping at a hotel in preference to accommodations in a private family, splendid quarters had been provided him at the Sherman House, to which place he was driven when he reached the city; a delegation of citizens and pastors met him at the depot and accompanied him to his hotel.

Sunday morning was a cold, blustering, snowy day, but the Chicago Avenue church (Moody's Tabernacle), in which Mr. Jones delivered the initial sermon in Chicago, was filled to overflowing. Late-comers had to content themselves with standing in the extreme edge of the auditorium. The Chicago Avenue church was built by the exertions of Mr. Moody, the evangelist, several years before, and was an edifice loved by him. When Mr. Jones reached the platform of the church he surveyed a mass of anxious and curious spectators, and immediately in front and below him was a solid phalanx of newspaper reporters. Mr. Jones was introduced by Rev. Charles Frederick Goss, the pastor of the church. After a characteristic introductory, by which Mr. Jones put his hearers in good humor and in sympathy with themselves and with him, he launched out into his regular sermon, and spoke for an hour, and was listened to with rapt attention. His text on this occasion was from the sixteenth verse of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." These words the eminent revivalist characterized as "the glorious and grand string of monosyllabic utterances."

In speaking of the faculty of faith he satirized the popular acceptation of faith thus: "A great many people think that faith is an attitude of this sort towards God; your hands and your mouth open wide to catch something that God is going to pitch to you; an attitude of receptivity, saying, 'O Lord, give me something.' 'Well, what do you want?' 'I don't know, just give me something—anything you please.' They think faith is an attitude of taking something, and I will tell you the truth—that all through the country we have been running on the sentiment there is in this idea of faith until our whole Christianity, if it were an engine, would have gone altogether into the whistle and could do nothing but blow all over God's creation." This unique and original unfolding of the popular and absurd idea of faith was received with unsuppressed laughter, but served as food for thought to many.

The Casino Skating Rink on the South Side, an immense auditorium, had been secured for the night meetings. The first service held there by Mr. Jones was on the afternoon of his first Sunday in Chicago, when fully six thousand people were present. The choir, which consisted of nearly two hundred singers, was arranged on a huge platform from which Mr. Jones spoke; many notable divines and prominent laymen were also on the platform. The audience on this, as on every other occasion when Mr. Jones preached, was attentive and appreciative. The speaker again looked upon at least thirty-five reporters for the press, the majority of whom were stenographers, not alone for the great dailies of Chicago, but representatives of the press from St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other distant cities. Right here may be mentioned the ordeal that Mr. Jones had to encounter in consequence of all of his utterances being daily printed in the papers of the cities mentioned. It will be remembered that he held revival services lasting four weeks in St. Louis, closing there late in December, and every sermon delivered during that time had been reported verbatim and published daily, and following immediately upon these services came the wonderful revival conducted by Mr. Jones in the Music Hall in Cincinnati, which continued for five weeks. Here, too, every public utterance was published broadcast by the *Commercial Gazette*

and the *Enquirer,* not to say anything of the reports of the lesser lights of the press. And now in Chicago the principal papers of the two cities mentioned had reporters present to telegraph nightly the discourses delivered by Mr. Jones. The *Globe-Democrat,* of St. Louis, and the two papers alluded to in Cincinnati had leased Western Union Telegraph wires, and simultaneously with the issues of the Chicago papers gave their readers the same sermons preached the day before. The ordeal was as unprecedented as it was severe. As a prominent newspaper man said: "The press has never in the world's history followed any man so closely, be he king, potentate or preacher." Mr. Jones had preached probably one hundred sermons during his St. Louis services, and had not preached less than one hundred and fifty times in his revival in Cincinnati, making a total of two hundred and fifty sermons in little more than two months, and here he was entering the arena for another combat with sin and evil and wrong methods of life, and yet he must take care not to use exactly the same weapons of words. The people to whom he had just preached would not be content to read repetitions, and while Mr. Jones may not at that time have thought or even cared for what the world would say, it is nevertheless true that his repetitions were few indeed. True it is, that he had the same sins and hypocrisies to denounce that he had elsewhere, but the wonderful fertility of his mental resources furnished him constantly new words and brighter illustrations.

The reports of these daily services were to be given to the entire United States through the press of Chicago and the other great cities, where the daily papers were giving verbatim reports of the sermons. Perhaps the scheme inaugurated by these great daily papers was the most remarkable that was ever connected with a revival campaign. There were three or four stenographers representing each paper, with a number of copyists near by, and, while the sermon was being delivered, this work of reporting, transcribing and telegraphing was going on. One set of workers relieving another, and each word as it fell from the lips of Mr. Jones was flashing over the wires in every direction. In speaking of this great honor Mr. Jones said:

"Take the work in Chicago, for instance. In the *Inter-Ocean* and *Tribune,* the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* and *Enquirer,* and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* all of them with an aggregated circulation of three hundred thousand, and with the reasonable calculation of five readers to a copy circulated, I enjoyed the privilege of preaching to a million and a half persons a day—a wonderful congregation for one preacher, and a privilege, I dare say, that no other man in the history of the Church has ever enjoyed. Think of it, nine thousand words each night, as they flashed out on eighteen different telegraph wires to the cities of St. Louis and Cincinnati while they were being set in type by the papers of Chicago! Thus, at the breakfast-table the next morning, in these three cities, I was greeted by three hundred thousand readers, and before the sun went down that day a million and a half more had read the words. From the statement of newspaper men, I suppose that is a reasonable estimate. The secular papers are so much more alive and aggressive than the religious papers that when they fall into line with a good work they are a power we scarcely know how to estimate."

For the first fortnight Mr. Jones preached three times daily, in the morning, usually at some church, at the noon hour, in Farwell Hall (Y. M. C. A.) or at the Rink, and at night, always at the last-named place. This great hall at night was brilliantly illuminated by gas and electricity, and, as it was said, "the light was pleasantly reflected from the faces of the immense audiences." The audiences to which he preached daily in Chicago numbered between ten and twelve thousand people, the Rink alone holding between five and seven thousand persons at a service.

Mr. Jones's method in a series of services, as already indicated, was always first to stir up the churches, to show the fallacy and sinfulness of a mechanical worship, a pretended worship of God by the lips only. He invariably turned the so-called Christians over and over, and presented the interior of truth to them and compelled them to look steadily at it, and showed them sin in all its hideousness, nor did the preachers themselves escape his keen satire.

Speaking of Mr. Jones in a sermon preached in Chicago while

he was there, Rev. C. S. Blackwell, of St. Louis, said: "Mr. Jones does not stop to prove there is a God, but assumes such a thing to be true. He assumes the latent conviction of Christianity in the human heart and he strives to stir up this conviction; he realizes that the churches are full of sleeping and apathetic Christians, and something is needed to wake them up. Mr. Jones, by his crude way and some gigantic thoughts, awakened the Christian community. Many men outside of the church, including lawyers, teachers and business men, carry their own convictions and have them wrapped up and laid away, while many clergymen are too polite to break in upon their apathy, but Jones comes along and does it; the result that has followed his work is wonderful. He did a great deal of good in St. Louis and will do so in Chicago."

Some of the papers in Chicago printed sketches of the postures and gestures alleged to be assumed by Mr. Jones while speaking. All of them had descriptions of his appearance as he stood before his audiences, some of which were really amusing.

Mr. Jones won his way to the hearts of the people of Chicago completely before he had been with them three days, the great newspapers following him closely in all his remarks, devoting as much as thirteen columns each day to his sermons.

An episode occurred on the second day of Mr. Jones's stay in Chicago that created, for a short time, a little ripple of excitement among some of the church people. In the afternoon on that day Mr. Jones preached at the First Baptist church to an audience of about fifteen hundred people, choosing for his text the first verse of First Thessalonians—"Paul and Silvanus and Timotheus, unto the church of the Thessalonians which is in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ." In the course of his sermon he compared the modern church to a schoolboy's copybook. The first line on the page was fashioned after the copy and was comparatively fair, the next line was not so good, and so on until the last was the worst, bearing but faint resemblance to the original copy. There had been some progress in theology, but none in Christianity. "The text," he said, "showed that the early church lived in God." During the sermon Mr. Jones remarked: "It takes prayer to have

good preaching, it takes prayer to have good listeners. How many of you prayed for the success of this meeting before coming down here to-day? Let all stand up who got down on their knees before coming to this meeting."

A few arose and Mr. Jones continued, saying: "I could, I think, get a better meeting in Hong-Kong than this, for I could not find a congregation there as large as this with so few people who prayed." Several persons then said they had prayed while they were coming to the meeting, among them Rev. Dr. Scudder. "Has any one else any exculpatory remarks to make?" asked Mr. Jones. "They are not exculpatory, they are true," interposed Dr. Scudder.

An old gentleman arose and said he had been praying with a gambler, but he did not believe it necessary to get down on his knees to pray. After some remarks, Mr. Jones explained that he did not mean to use the word "exculpatory" in the sense of censure, but in the sense of an explanation, and the fashionable church-members were somewhat mollified.

One short little pen-sketch of Mr. Jones as he appeared to a Chicago audience, published in the *Inter-Ocean* of that city in its reports of one of his sermons, is so true that it is reproduced here: "In the meantime a man steps quietly in and up to the platform—the man on whom so many Chicagoans are looking at present—the Rev. Sam Jones. For a while he sits in silence, occasionally exchanging a word with some pastor near, and then, after another song, the look of expectancy on the faces of the audience finds satisfaction in the presence at the desk of the revivalist. Slowly, and what in some men would be a slipshod style, but which in him is unaffected and attractive, the speaker begins and gradually warms up to his subject. He rarely goes beyond the boundary of conversational tones, and goes not at all over into the alluring but unprofitable field of declamatory vehemence. The people near the speaker can see something beside the odd gestures, the peculiar, slow, short step, the apparently absent-minded movement of the hand to the pocket or forehead, and this something is the smile of the revivalist, quaint, kindly, quizzical almost, a smile that starts

in no place in particular and spreads over the face until it touches every feature and brings out the whole in a new and pleasing light. At one time one may think it the oddity of expression that attracts, at another the Southern slowness, at another the laconic expression, at another the witty stories, at another time the earnest appeal for higher, nobler, purer, better lives; but all the time one can not but find interest in what is said, and said so strongly."

The club-houses, palatial and luxurious, in Chicago, as in many other cities, are patronized by the millionaires and ultra-fashionable men of the community, but Mr. Jones soon discovered that though wealth, fashion and influence controlled them, they were in fact but gilded dens of vice and godlessness. So in one of his early sermons to many thousand hearers he scored the club-life severely. saying: "Whenever you go into a club-house that has a billiard-table and a card-room in it, tell them that I say it is the ante-room to hell to every man who goes into it [applause]; that is the only definition of it I will give. I don't care if the house they occupy costs a million dollars, decanters out of which they poured their wine are fifty dollars each; I don't care if their cards are silk cards and they play them on mahognay tables, or if their billiard-tables cost ten thousand dollars apiece and their billiard-balls fifty dollars apiece, I say to you the more you gild sin the more it stinks in the nostrils of God."

Some attacks were made on Mr. Jones's indiscriminate denunciation of fashionable society. He characterized society as a "hollow, dirty, cowardly, sneaking, miserable wretch. Heartless! heartless!" Defining his position of it he said: "Whenever you see a card-room in a house, a wine-room and a billiard-room, let me say to you there is a family that belongs to the society of the city, whether the remainder of the crowd will acknowledge them or not. It is owing to how much money you have got and how freely you spend it whether they will take you in or not. In all of my experience I have never met a single man who prayed in his family night and morning, and paid his just debts and lived honestly, who would cover up the cards in his house." Referring to the charges made by a few that he said unjust things in his attack upon sin and he ought to

apologize for some of his utterances, he said in his characteristic way: "I get to the point sometimes where they say, 'Jones, you said some mighty hard things. You ought to apologize.' Ought to apologize? Well, sir, if I say a thing while I am in Chicago that hurts a man who prays night and morning in his family, and pays his just debts, and hasn't but one wife [laughter], lives right before good men, if I hurt that sort of a man I will apologize every time. But I will die before I will apologize to you uncircumcised Philistines. I won't do it." [Applause.]

CHAPTER XIX.

The Chicago Campaign (Continued.)

Chicago had had much experience in revival and reform work. Mr. Jones's unique style and peculiar place in the evangelistic world put people to thinking and talking.

The interest became so intense that the newspapers resorted to every conceivable plan to find out the minds of the people regarding the evangelist and the great meeting. They sent out reporters to interview the saloon-keepers to get their opinion of Sam Jones and his work. They gave much space to these interviews with the saloon-keepers. Almost every one said practically the same thing. Of course they had to speak of his work from a mercenary standpoint and accuse him of being out for the money there was in it. They also declared that they were attending to their own business. and that Mr. Jones ought to attend to his. Some of them declared that his preaching hadn't affected the class that patronized their saloons, while others admitted freely and frankly that he was hurting their business considerably. After interviewing the saloon-keepers, they made a round of the business men and prominent citizens. Then they interviewed several eminent ministers who gave their views regarding Mr. Jones and his work, which were also published. Among those that expressed themselves on the subject were Professor David Swing, Dr. H. W. Thomas, Dr. S. J. McPherson and Dr. P. S. Henson. These opinions are thought worthy of a place here, and, therefore, are inserted. Mr. Frank Hatton, editor of the *Mail,* sent out these interviewers, and the following answers were received. While we can not print all the estimates that were sent in, we have selected several from the more prominent ministers.

Prof. David Swing said: "In reply to your inquiry, my answer

is given in favor of Sam Jones. I have made quite a study of him. He is a most powerful exponent and advocate of the religion of action—the religion of character as opposed to that of mere belief and mere melancholy sentiment. Sam Jones has no doubt seen in the South the average religion of the colored person, who will sing till midnight 'I'se gwine hum to glory,' and who, after church, on his way to his earthly cabin will steal a chicken or two—his religious glory having oozed out of him while he was passing the hen-house. This revivalist is the most intellectual one Chicago has yet enjoyed; and, should the converts not be numerous, those who shall be enrolled will be placed upon a basis of solid sense rather than upon one of hymn-singing and transient sentiment. Sam Jones deals only in great commodities—love of righteousness and hatred of evil; love of Christ and aversion to Satan, and in the obligations of every person to follow Christ and abandon the devil. His anecdotes, wit and personal oddities rivet attention and make old truths as fresh as though they had just been discovered.

"I think now more highly of Mr. Jones than I thought of him before he came, because his manner and spirit are a part of his power which the reporters could not touch. He abuses kindly. He calls us fools and lunatics, but still he likes us. Fools as we are he is anxious to have us get to heaven, both on earth and beyond. His heaven is here to-day, as well as over yonder to-morrow. He associates God's spirit and men's common sense, prayer and good, hard work, and makes God help those who help themselves. Up to this day Sam Jones seems a valuable Christian moral force."

The Rev. S. P. McPherson took the position that Mr. Jones's denunciation of amusement is too indiscriminate. He said: "Current objections to 'Sam Jones' apply mainly to the method rather than to the matter of his preaching. Like Mr. Moody, and even like St. Paul, he violates the laws of grammar and rhetoric; like the average he uses 'slang' which everybody understands, and severe good taste condemns. Well, society novel and pleasure of 'the French school,' 'art for art's sake,' newspaper reports of crime and vice, insinuate all sorts of moral abominations in an artistic form

which renders them tolerable to fastidious tastes. The sermons of a 'cultivated' preacher may become standard literature without griping the country. The real question is, whether we shall fear to break the canon of esthetics or the Ten Commandments. Shall we measure life by the fine arts or by good morals? 'Slang' is bad in its own sphere, even though it should be incorporated in the classics of our grandchildren, but sin is fatally and unchangeably bad to all eternity.

"Again, there is the usual fear of a 'reaction' from the influence of this evangelist because he is a revivalist. But is there more peril in a possible reaction than in the prevailing moral stagnation? There is no danger of any reaction against this stagnation except in a revival. Shall the wicked never arouse lest some of them should relapse? The whole history of morals and religions show that God never asked such a question. This sort of logic would have dissuaded Christ from coming to Bethlehem and Calvary. We become so habituated to sin that we disparage or even justify it; we sometimes go so far as to make merchandise of it, but Mr. Jones is raising moral issues in this great community. It is in the light of this fact that we ought to measure his treatment of certain 'amusements.' Like many others I regard his denunciations of them as too indiscriminate. But I should dislike to be so 'narrow-gauged' as to deny him the right to his own opinion and interpretation of them. Even if he does err on the side of stringency, any one may fairly ask whether the common error be not on the side of laxity. We may well thank him for compelling us to review our estimate of them, not in the light of their business success, of their pleasureableness, but of their relations to Christianity and their influence upon health and morals. If the general tendency of these things is toward Jesus Christ, Mr. Jones is wrong; but not otherwise. The moral 'reaction' of his teachings on this point can be easily measured by experience and by Scripture. The lapse into moral indifference over them seems to me far more perilous than any probable relapse resulting from a revision of our opinions of them with special regard to the final judgment of God. But whatever his imperfections, he seems to have the seal of God's approval

and he finds the way to sinners' hearts. It is not, therefore, my duty to repulse him because he has limitations; it is rather my privilege to cooperate with him, because he preaches truth in his own way."

Rev. P. S. Henson hails the event of the evangelist with exceeding satisfaction. He said: "In response to your request for an expression of my opinion as to 'the good results' likely to follow from the evangelistic labors of Mr. Jones, it gives me pleasure to say that for one that I hail his coming with exceeding satisfaction, and that for several reasons which I do not hesitate thus publicly to avow. First of all, I rejoice to believe that through him the gospel was preached to a great multitude of people, such as do not ordinarily attend any places of worship. Faith comes by hearing. All the gospel asks for is an honest hearing, and this man, with his grand humor, audacious courage, palpable sincerity and homely yet manly style of speech is sure to have hearing. And whenever the gospel gets a hearing it always proves the power of God unto salvation, in the nineteenth century no less than the first.

"In the second place, there are great public questions touching public morals and public decency, touching Sabbath-breaking, rum-drinking and rum-selling, gambling, licentiousness, fraudulent dealing, and what in his vigorous vernacular this evangelist should brand as 'downright meanness' that need be treated with just such sledgehammers as he knows how to wield. Nothing but steamhammer blows like these will wake a city plunged in sinful apathy. Oh, for the days of Moody! cries out somebody who is hurt. For one, I believe in Moody with all my heart, but this man is doing a work that Moody never did, and yet that mightily needs to be done. History records not the name of a single great reformer that did not wear a hairy mantle and deal blows with a bludgeon. Such an one was Martin Luther, and such was John Knox, and Elijah and John the Baptist. The complaint brought against the early Christians was that they were disturbers of the public peace, 'pestilent fellows,' that were turning the world 'upside down.' My own very clear conviction is that Jones is in the line of 'Apostolic succession,' and that his coming to Chicago will prove a great and lasting blessing."

Rev. H. W. Thomas expects good results from the preaching of the Southern evangelist. He says: "Christ commissions us to preach it to all the world; but regular methods of evangelization actually touch only the minority. Critics object to Mr. Jones's wit and humor. But if wit and humor open doors which were otherwise closed to the gospel why should its friends not rejoice? The moral quality of laughter depends upon its associations. If it can be made to cast up a highway by which the Son of God can enter human hearts it has returned to its true usage; it is then as good as tears or fastings. Why should we renounce any method, however unfamiliar, that brings men back to God. Let us fear lest there be no less danger of bigotry in our methods than in our theology. Let us rejoice, like Paul, 'that in every way Christ is proclaimed.' For one I welcome every method that makes the proclamation more widespread.

"Mr. Jones is a preacher of righteousness. He makes few appeals to emotion or sentimentality. He is a modern John the Baptist, who powerfully exhorts us all to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. He plows through the subsoil of sin and turns it up into the sunlight. Some objection is made by many worthy Christians that he does not sufficiently preach the 'gospel' in the sense of a free and gracious salvation by Christ. It is true that he does not put the emphasis of his preaching on that point. But what do we need first? No man will turn to Christ for salvation until after he discovers the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and in my belief the sense of damning sin is just what our age chiefly lacks.

"In one of his sermons Brother Jones said that 'the greatest preacher that ever stood in the pulpit in Chicago is the preacher that has got the most love for the human family. I am running on love, love that says, "I am going on with my work trying to save my fellows.' " There is a want, a generous catholicity in these words that should win all of our hearts.

"Brother Jones has no sympathy with the old doctrine of imputation; that the sin of Adam was imputed through the race and that God would have destroyed this world long ago if Christ had not died. 'Now, listen to me,' he says, 'my intelligence, my man-

hood, could never love a God, who made Christ die to satisfy his wrath, but when you say God loves us and Christ died as a manifestation of that love, when you put it that way, I can love him with all my heart.' This is the doctrine of the suffering of love to save, and against it infidelity can bring no argument. Let us all rejoice that Brother Jones preaches this blessed truth, and not that Christ died to 'reconcile the father' or to satisfy justice.

"As to the general effects of such teaching, conjoined with the powerful emphasis that he places upon truth and justice and all moral virtues, they must be good. And his manner of emphasizing the 'need of good sense' in religion is most healthy. He may seem over-positive in some things, but as a revivalist he should be positive, and one should easily forgive his earnestness when it may to us seem to go to extremes in some things."

Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D., of the Emanuel Baptist church, was not talkative on the subject.

"I regard it," said he, "a somewhat delicate matter for ministers to express themselves about what they think of Mr. Jones. He is to a certain extent our guest, and we are bound in all honor to stand by him. I would not offer any criticisms under the circumstances.

"I think the work has started out well. He has made progress. We can hardly judge it as yet. I feel that his work is fully up to expectations, and I think that the meetings of Mr. Jones will result in marked blessings to the people of the city."

The meetings continued five weeks. The attendance increased until the very last. The interest became more intense as the services progressed. The conversions began the first week and each week there were increasing numbers. Mr. Jones said: "I have never yet struck a place where there was so much orthodoxy and devilment as there is in Chicago." Speaking further to the *Commercial Gazette* reporter, he said: "You ask me what I think of the present revival in this city. It couldn't be a better one. In all my life as an evangelist I have never seen such interest manifested in a revival. There is no trouble about it. Chicago has beaten the first two weeks record of St. Louis and Cincinnati, and that is some-

thing I had not anticipated." At the end of the second week, Mr. Jones said there had been about five hundred conversions. The third week the number was in the neighborhood of one thousand. The next week Mr. Jones said that a larger number remained at the after-meeting than any service except Sunday. This indicates an increased interest that was very gratifying to the committee. In Mr. Jones's own language, the revival was booming. The opposition had gradually died away as people began to be saved, and when the last days of the meeting came, it was with great sorrow that the people said good-by to Mr. Jones. In the Record of Christian Work, published by Fleming H. Revell, April, 1886, we clip a paragraph from a lengthy editorial: "Mr. Jones's coming to Chicago and preaching to the Northwest is a benediction to all the churches. The moral atmosphere will be clearer henceforth, and the Christian living will mean more, and the church will require more of its membership. Mr. Moody, with his usual sagacity, saw the needs of Chicago, as perhaps no other man did, and induced Mr. Jones to turn his steps hither, and begin this work, and his promise has been more than fulfilled. Probably, there never has been such a revival in this city before. It is undoubtedly true that hundreds, if not thousands, have been converted, and hundreds of Christians have been led to a new consecration to God's service."

In closing the chapter on the work in Chicago, we can not do better than to take from the *Tribune* of April 5th, its account of the last service:

"The great five-weeks' revival meeting with the Southern evangelist, Sam Jones, as the central and animating figure, is over. The finish was reached in a veritable blaze of glory and without a solitary essential lacking to crown it a magnificent success. That it will pass into local history bearing the stamp of success is absolutely assured; and that it will work a permanent good in the morals of the city is admitted by those best capable of judging.

"The audience last night was large enough, attentive enough, and sufficiently responsive to please the most exacting speaker who ever spoke religion. There must have been fully nine thousand people packed away in the building. People stood along the aisles

on the main floor, stood six and seven deep on the promenade and in the gallery, stood on the stairways, and, in fact, stood everywhere where it was possible to stand. There was scarcely breathing, much less standing-room. Several hundred people remained in the building from the afternoon service, and by six o'clock nearly every seat was occupied. By half-past six people were standing, and fifteen minutes later the entrance doors were closed, and no more people were admitted. At seven o'clock there must have been five thousand people massed along State and Twenty-fourth streets, half of them under the impression that the doors had not yet been opened, and the other half believing that, through some providential circumstances they would be able to gain admittance. All the cars going north and south from the Rink were as thoroughly packed as if the meeting had just been dismissed, and entirely by people who had despaired of getting into the Casino. A careful estimate places the number of people turned away at about ten thousand, really a greater throng than was able to hear the last sermon of this series of revival meetings.

"The sermon was of a different character than those usually delivered by Sam Jones in the presence of large crowds, and there was little in it to excite the levity of those present. It was decidedly theological and abounded in the pathetic.

"The meetings in the Casino during the past five weeks have been attended by nearly two hundred and sixty thousand persons, all of whom have been handled without trouble, disturbance or accident of any kind.

"The Rev. Dr. Henry Scudder presided. Bishop Merrill occupied a chair by his side. The choir began its work at six o'clock, and there was an alternation of singing and praying until seven-fifteen. Mr. Jones then preached upon, 'Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness.' He described it as a way of light, of good things, of happiness, a way that seemed short, because the way was made in good company. After the sermon, he took Dr. Scudder's hand and led him to the front of the rostrum, saying:

" 'I want to take the hand of Dr. Scudder, one of your noble preachers, and I want his hand to represent yours. I want every

one of you to consider your hand in mine. I want to thank you all from the depths of my soul for your kindness and consideration for me.'

"Dr. Scudder placed his arm around Mr. Jones's neck and asked the blessings of God to accompany him on his way and to prosper him in his work. The great audience applauded vigorously. Half an hour was spent with about a hundred penitents in the inquiry room. Thus closed the great meeting in Chicago."

CHAPTER XX.

The Baltimore Awakening.

After leaving Chicago, the next meeting that was held in a large city was in Baltimore. Mr. Jones visited some smaller cities in the South between the close of the Chicago work and the opening of the revival in the Monumental City. Some of these meetings were held in Mississippi, and the results were gratifying. Perhaps the last one just before going to Baltimore was the greatest of them all, and was conducted in Columbus, Miss. As a result of a ten-days' meeting, the entire city and surrounding community was mightily stirred.

In Baltimore, some of the prominent citizens and the Ministerial Alliance had talked of his coming for a year and a half. The first of the year a petition signed by the pastors of six denominations, and a committee of very prominent laymen, headed by Dr. James Carey, Thomas and Mr. O. L. Rhodes, was sent to Mr. Jones. He accepted the invitation, and when the public announcement was made, it contained the names of twenty-seven prominent ministers, and a number of leading laymen, including Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Hon. Joshua Levering, and many other influential men. The churches and ministry were a unit in inviting him.

The financial committee urged Mr. Jones very strongly to set a price for his services, but he gave them to distinctly understand that if his visit depended upon making a contract he would not under any circumstances consider the invitation. He had never made a contract for remuneration for his services, and was very explicit in his correspondence regarding this matter. We find a letter bearing on this subject addressed to the chairman of the executive committee. He said:

"Now, as you press the matter upon me as to compensation, I

can simply say that whatever is done must be voluntary and, therefore, there can be no pecuniary consideration.

"My terms have invariably been about these: If the brethren will roll up their sleeves and pitch in and help to win souls to Christ, I will not charge much, but if they do not, I shall dig them pretty hard.

"I would rather see ten thousand souls brought to Christ and have to borrow money to pay my way home from your city, than to see the cause of Christ not prosper and have you pay me ten thousand dollars.

"I claim the promises in the thirty-seventh Psalm: 'Trust in the Lord and do good. So shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself in the Lord, and He will give thee the desires of thine heart.'

"Whatever is paid me, I only want to know that it is a voluntary free-will offering on the part of those contributing it. My faith is strong, and I believe God will give us a great work in Baltimore. I know you brethren are praying and will do what you can to make the work a success, and God is always ready, and really, God is calling, seeking, hunting to find the lost."

The only requirement he made was, that they would select an appropriate place for the meetings to be held, and arrange a building that would seat four or five thousand people. He expressed a desire, if it was convenient, for them to secure a suite of rooms at some good hotel near the Tabernacle. This was his preference, everything else being equal. As his success depended to a large extent upon the cooperation and sympathy of the pastor, and the people, he told them that he desired the hearty cooperation of the church people of Baltimore. He said he did not care so much for their endorsement of his style and manner, but earnestly desired hearty cooperation. He told them that he had never known anything but success, but found it much easier to have a great revival where the people were willing to work with him.

The committee decided to accept the conditions as outlined by him, and accepting the call, he gave them May 2, 1886, as the date for his work in Baltimore. It was very apparent to all observing

and earnest Christians that just such a preacher as Mr. Jones was greatly needed in that city. Perhaps the ministers and citizens who had secured his services saw this need as it really existed. A rather remarkable thing was that the editors of the great daily papers, including the *American-Herald* and *Sun,* were a unit on this question. As soon as his coming was announced, there appeared lengthy editorials as to the moral condition and the church-life of Baltimore. These papers said in substance that "Mr. Jones's coming to the city is good tidings. There is much need of a religious awakening in this city, and if Mr. Jones could succeed in quickening the consciences and stirring the depths of stagnation, his mission would bring great blessing to the people." They ventured to give Mr. Jones a few hints as to the spiritual needs of the community. The souls that stood most in need of his words and burning zeal were not the outsiders exclusively, but the people that needed to be touched to the quick were within the churches; sometimes even vestrymen, elders, deacons, and stewards, as well as other pew-holders and communicants. Their needs were all the greater, because they were not aware of them. They made religion a routine, a respectability, while their hearts were in worldliness, pride and pleasure. Like the scribes and Pharisees of old, they were not what would ordinarily be called the bad men, but were good citizens, respecters of the law, punctilious in religious observance, such as prayer in public, tithing and making much of ritual. They liked to appear before the eyes of the world as the pillars of the church, but before the eye of God they were full of pride, and for a pretense made long prayers while devouring widows' houses. Such men were sitting in the prominent pews. They prayed that Mr. Jones might smite through the armor of selfishness and complacency and show them their real condition, and thus through the gates of penitence lead them back into spiritual life and show them that God would receive them, if they would come humbly and submissively as little children to the throne of grace.

The editors of great daily papers were in a position to see the spiritual condition of a community, but it is seldom that you find men who were as firm in their convictions and had the courage to

write them, as the editors of these Baltimore papers. Mr. Jones, upon his arrival in the city, was quick to discover the needs as had been seen by the citizens, ministers and newspapers.

No amount of labor and expenditure of money was lacking in preparing a suitable place in which to hold the meetings. The committee selected the Biddle Street Rink and put it in a suitable condition for evangelistic services. The preparations were completed on Saturday before the meetings began. They had prepared for the accommodation of five thousand people. A wide row of benches stretched from the platform down to the main doors, with rows of benches on either side within full view of the pulpit; the galleries on the east and west side of the building were also arranged with seats. In order to protect the eyes of the speaker and the people, the electric lights were strung in a row along the wall, which gave a pleasant effect to the eye. In front of the building a large electric light hung on Biddle street, making it easy for the great crowds to gather and disperse. A very large and well-arranged platform had been built for the choir.

Mr. O. L. Rhodes had been selected by the committee in charge of the meetings to meet Mr. Jones in Washington and accompany him to Baltimore. Upon the arrival of the nine-o'clock train at the Baltimore & Potomac depot, Mr. Rhodes met Mr. Jones. They strolled in the vicinty for about three-quarters of an hour, after which they boarded the ten-o'clock train for Baltimore. Upon their arrival at the Union Station about midnight, they were met by Dr. P. C. Williams, chairman of the executive committee, who had a carriage ready to take them to the St. James Hotel.

After Mr. Jones had registered and been shown to his room, a rap on the door, and "Come in" by Mr. Jones, introduced a reporter from one of the morning papers. After he had made himself known, Mr. Jones said: "Well, my boy, if you have got any questions to ask, fire them quick, as I want to climb into bed." The reporter inquired: "Have you yet mapped out a definite plan for your campaign?" Mr. Jones answered: "As definite as is possible; my only plan is, 'Do something.' I am going to make things lively for the saints and sinners hereabouts." After telling Mr. Jones

of the spacious hall that had been prepared for him, the reporter asked: "Do you think you will be able to fill it with people?" Mr. Jones replied: "I'll fill the building if its as big as all outdoors." Then he bade him good-night, and Mr. Jones soon retired, and Sunday morning was up early and in fine condition for his meeting. The opening service was held in the afternoon, and two hours before the time for preaching the people began to flock to the auditorium until it was full, and several thousand turned away. It was estimated that no less than eight thousand endeavored to attend the first service. Mr. Maxwell had taken charge of the large choir that had been organized and trained by a local leader. A number of very spirited revival songs had been rendered, when Mr. Jones reached the auditorium. As great crowds thronged the doors of the Rink, it was necessary for Mr. Jones to enter the building through the inquiry room. Just as soon as he made his appearance the great audience recognized him, and there was a whisper, "There he is," which was taken up by one after another until the great audience had its attention drawn to him. He threaded his way through the large body of men on the stage, and walked out upon a small platform erected especially for him, and seated himself in a large old-fashioned armchair. The large choir sang a special song that had been written for the occasion. The title of it was "Welcome Song." The words had been composed by Professor John D. Robinson, and the music by Professor Harry Sanders, both of that city. The following words were sung in a very enthusiastic and whole-souled manner:

"Oh, man of God, we welcome you in Christ the Saviour's name,
And pray that all your labors here may glorious fruitings bring;
With loving heart and tuneful voice we raise this lofty strain,
And greet you as the messenger of Christ the Lord and King.

REFRAIN.

"We welcome you with hearts aglow, we welcome you with song,
And gather here our love to show, with faith and hope both strong.

"Thy labors so abundant have with victory been crowned
On every sinful battle-field where thou wert called to lead,
And multitudes rejoice to-day who Christ the Saviour found,
And bless the chosen husbandman who sowed the precious seed.

"God bless thee more abundantly and grant thee power divine,
That thou may'st help our people to a higher Christian life,
And make the gospel trumpet sound in strains of joy sublime,
And lead us forth to victory o'er sin and woe and strife.

"And may an influence great and strong flow from thy presence here,
To bless the coming ages with a purifying stream;
And Christ the Lord be magnified each Christian heart to cheer,
As light from Gospel truth shall shine with heaven's radiant gleam."

When Mr. Jones was introduced and arose to address the people, his prophecy to fill the building was more than fulfilled. The Rink was packed and jammed from the platform to the door, and the aisles thick with people, while several thousands were clamoring on the outside for admittance. In the rear of him sat the members of the executive committee and the ministers of the city, with a large choir, and a corps of earnest personal workers. It was a crowd that had come from all parts of the city representing every denomination, and all classes of non-church-going people. Such religious enthusiasm had inflamed with fervor even those who had been actuated by mere curiosity. It was unlike any other ever witnessed in Baltimore. There were the gray-haired men, most of them evidently from various churches, and there were hundreds of young men who attended no church, and many of the society people could be located in different parts of the building. The workingmen, their wives and children sat along the side with the lawyers, physicians, merchants, capitalists and other richly-dressed men and women. Christians and infidels were both eager to catch his first utterance.

The perfect arrangement of the building gave every one an excellent opportunity to see the speaker. Dr. A. C. Dixon had intro-

duced him in a brief speech, and earnestly besought the prayers of the Christian people in behalf of a great revival.

Mr. Jones, standing before the people, did not look like a clergymen, as he was dressed in a business suit. He held in his hand a small Bible, and finding his text, he began his work in earnest. It took him but a moment to throw the power of his personality into his message, and with his indefinable magnetism soon had the audience under his control. He preached one of his most polished and magnificent sermons, which resulted in a deep impression at the first service. The people went away greatly moved by the spiritual power manifested.

In the evening more people sought to hear him than at the afternoon service. He changed his style somewhat, and preached one of his humorous, pathetic and stirring addresses. The first day of the great campaign had made a favorable impression upon all classes of people. He recognized that the day services would be conducted in the churches, and a noonday service would be held for the business men at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Preaching for the first week was directed to the church-members; however, the unsaved turned to Christ in great numbers, and at the close of the first week's service many had been happily converted. A great deal of interest and curiosity had been manifested throughout the city in Mr. Jones, in the way he spent his time between the services. A reporter of the *Herald* called upon him at his room to interview him on the subject. He found Mr. Jones and his assistant, chorister and secretary spending their rest hours in a very simple way. The interview followed: "Mr. Jones," said the reporter, "does nothing especially to distinguish himself from the other guests of the hotel. He arises usually at seven o'clock and has his co-workers to join him in a word of prayer, seeking the guidance of God for the day, and then repairs to breakfast, where his favorite dish is oatmeal and cream. He is especially fond of fruit, and likes a lemonade or a cup of coffee. After a very light breakfast he returns to his room and looks through his letters, which accumulate at the rate of fifty a day. He is never so busy but what he writes to his wife daily, and she knows where he is and what he is doing each day. He spends some time

in reading, which led the reporter to ask, 'What are your favorite authors?' The evangelist replied, 'My library is a very choice and carefully selected one. I use books like the mechanic uses the grindstone to sharpen his tools on. Whenever I go away from home I pack a few of my favorite books in my valise and read as I have occasion, while I am gone.' 'Do you like poetry?' inquired the interviewer. 'There is but one poet for me, that is Burns,' then Mr. Jones proceeded to quote Burns with spirit and feeling."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Baltimore Awakening (Continued).

The meeting had been running smoothly from the beginning, with every kind of encouragement. As the time became more propitious, Mr. Jones began to denounce the wrongs and sins of the city more strongly. The society element, which was so prominent in Baltimore, received special attention at his hands. This called forth much criticism and resentment. He continued to discuss their foibles and superficiality, ridiculing and pointing out the emptiness of such a life. Card-playing, theater-going and dancing were the subjects for many remarks, and the ground for many earnest pleas. Considerable inroads were made on the society people, and they became interested in their salvation, and many were brought to God during the meeting.

His fearful arraignment of the liquor traffic and the other vices and sins caused the people to be divided in their opinions. Considerable opposition was manifested on the part of the society members and managers of gambling-dens. Some of the worldly church-members, including some preachers, could not endorse all that he said against the saloon. The majority, however, including the most earnest reporters, were enthusiastic in their praise, declaring that he was right, while some of the worldly and irreligious church-members, with those who took no interest in religion, discussed him in harsh and bitter terms. Dr. Kircus, one of the prominent Episcopal rectors, joined in with the foes of the work and wrote very bitterly against him through the daily press. Mr. Jones was not ritualistic enough to please the high churchmen, who indulged in the very things that Mr. Jones had denounced. A paper said: "Mr. Jones denounces the liquor traffic, which Dr. Kircus defends. He denounces the theaters, which Dr. Kircus admires and attends. He

denounces the germans, in which Dr. Kircus finds repose and ecstasy, after the fastings and humiliations of Lent. He preaches Christ, while Dr. Kircus is content with St. Michael and all angels. Hence, the shoe pinches so hard that the critic walks lame."

After reading this description of Dr. Kircus, Mr. Jones in his preliminary remarks at the evening service, said: "Who is this preacher that is denouncing me in this city?" A friend replied: "Why, he is the man that the liquor people got to deliver a lecture, and paid him for it." [Smiles.] "Well," continued Mr. Jones, "I am glad I know why he opposes me; it's always the hit dog that howls. [Laughter.] He also says that I am not an accredited minister of the gospel. Well, I just want to say that I am an ordained minister, and a member of the North Georgia Conference, and my ordination is as good as anybody's. I came to Baltimore because the leading ministers and laymen invited me. When you hear people discussing the revival, and some fellow asks, 'Have you been around to hear Sam Jones?' and he replies, 'No, I don't endorse him,' now, look here," said Mr. Jones, "I don't want you to endorse me. [Laughter.] Your endorsement if it was written out wouldn't be any good. [Laughter.] I won't endorse myself, but I do want God to endorse me, and I want you all to cooperate with me. No man wants to go to heaven more than I do, and if I don't go to heaven, friends, I tell you now I will turn and walk away from the gates of pearl the most disappointed man in the universe." These preliminary remarks had given the death-blow to the criticism and opposition, and the great audience was brought into closer sympathy and more hearty cooperation with Mr. Jones. In a great many of the pulpits on the following Sabbath morning the prominent evangelistical ministers of the city preached on the great revival in progress. Many of them told their people that Mr. Jones was exactly right in all he said, and deplored the fact that they had not been more fearless in their preaching. One of them said: "If the two or three hundred preachers in Baltimore were more like Sam Jones we would have pure churches and less of the evil social features of the city. I am ashamed that I haven't been more like Sam Jones in my attitude towards the worldliness and wickedness of Baltimore."

In view of the extraordinary interest which the community had manifested in the meeting, and deeming it a matter of uncommon public interest, one of the daily papers gathered and published opinions and views of many of the leading citizens as to the character of work being accomplished by Mr. Jones. In the large number of expressed opinions there was found the names of many eminent ecclesiastical judges and lawyers, professors, physicians, merchants, business men, and private citizens.

Dr. Andrew Longacre, Mount Vernon M. E. church: "Of course I am in full sympathy with Mr. Jones."

Rev. W. M. H. McAllister, St. John's Independent Methodist church: "I am with Sam Jones."

Rev. Milard J. Lowe, Epworth Independent Methodist church: "I know Mr. Jones, and he will do great work here. He will get hold of the masses and do the churches good."

Rev. A. C. Dixon, Emanuel Baptist church: "I am in thorough sympathy with the work engaged in by the evangelist. He is an effective talker, and will do much good. You can not draw a parallel between Moody and Jones. They are utterly unlike. Moody knew a thing, but not from personal experience, and Jones does."

Rev. W. F. Gunsaules, Brown Memorial Presbyterian church: "I am in sympathy with whatever works good. I think there is going to be a great work done here. Mr. Jones will be master of the situation."

Mr. H. T. Maloney, clerk of the United States Court: "Mr. Jones is an extraordinary man. His novel style has set church-members to thinking, and induced the masses to discuss the subject of religion. His sermons will be productive of good in Baltimore."

Judge H. Clay Dallan: "I went to hear Sam Jones thinking that I would not like him, but I was favorably impressed."

Ex-Mayor Ferdinand C. Latrobe: "I am afraid to hear Sam Jones; I would like to see him and Bob Ingersoll matched."

Hon. Thomas G. Hayes, United States District Attorney: "He is one of the smartest men I ever heard. I like him; as he says, 'the fellow that takes him for a fool will get left.' I consider him a well educated man."

Following the estimates of the prominent men, there appeared a very striking one from an editor: "Sam Jones is a man of strong character, and therefore sure to find warm advocates or bitter opponents, and as he never fails to 'speak out in meeting,' no man has any difficulty in making up his mind as to whether he is pleased or annoyed by hits, in which the evangelist delights to indulge. One thing can not be gainsaid. The impression produced has been very powerful, and the prediction that the mission-meeting would be a nine-day wonder is falsified by the fact that at the end of the second week the rush to the evening meetings is more eager than ever. The revival has been the greatest religious event which this city has ever known. At first, no doubt the throngs were attracted to the meetings by the fame of the evangelist. His style and sayings have proved factors in drawing crowds, but even when Mr. Jones would announce that he would disrobe his sermons of wit, humor and jokes, and would preach the next time in a serious vein, his audiences did not fall off; all the available space was occupied at every service.

"The character of the audiences has been as remarkable as the sermons preached before them. One has only to place himself at the door of the Rink and scan the dress and faces of those who enter its doors to satisfy himself that the congregation was made up of the better classes of the community. Sober, respectable, thoughtful people, both old and young, have been constant in their attendance. Whether in the church or out of it, it has been Baltimore's representative people who have attended the services. In view of the conservative and unexcitable nature of our people, it was thought that the peculiar methods of Mr. Jones would not be crowned with the same success as in Cincinnati, Chicago, and other places. The results thus far go to show that these calculations were misplaced, for the meetings have been as continuously enthusiastic and as numerously attended as those at any other point. The fact that nearly five hundred people have professed conversion, and that one thousand have asked for prayer, furnishes irrefutable testimony of the power and influences exerted by the meeting."

In Mr. Jones's sympathy for the unfortunate and outcast, he

preached in the penitentiary before a most attentive audience of convicts. He showed how tenderly he felt toward the criminal in the selection of his text, which was taken from Matthew 11:28: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He told them that the Saviour understood all of their troubles, and prescribed for them as the great physician of the soul; that the Lord Jesus was the one friend that would never go back on them. He said perhaps the worst man in Maryland was not in the penitentiary. "There are a good many in Baltimore who ought to be here with you. I never see a man in striped clothes without thinking but for the grace of God, old fellow, you'd be in striped clothes yourself, or mighty near it. However, if you will come to God, there will be no striped clothes up yonder—but you all may have robes of shining white." He spoke to them of how the devil had enslaved them. Turning to the colored men he said: "Millions of you fellows kicked up your heels when Abraham Lincoln set you free—well, you ain't free now, are you? [Laughter.] I'll tell you who can set you free, and keep you free, and that is the Lord Jesus Christ. They could put John Bunyan in jail, but he was free there. When he wrote his 'Pilgrim's Progress' he was the freest man in the world. Christ promises also to give you rest. Some of you have at home as good a wife as any man ever had, and her heart has been aching ever since you have been here. Some of you have beautiful daughters; some of you sisters and brothers; every boy has a mother living or dead. Precious old mother and good wife have been praying God to sanctify this imprisonment to your salvation. I hope you will come to Christ and let Him give you rest. So live the Christian life from this day forth that the Governor will pardon many of you before your terms expire, and send you out Christians; but if he don't, be a Christian anyhow. I'd rather be a Christian in the penitentiary than a sinner outside."

A great deal was said and written about the eccentricities of Mr. Jones. He made reply as follows:

"You needn't bother about my eccentricities; I only put them on to get you here. A Baltimore minister said to me: 'Jones, I can't get a congregation.' 'Why,' I said, 'just get a lot of earthenware

poodle dogs, stick them in the pews of your church and I'll warrant the place will be jammed ; get 'em to come, and then win souls to Christ.' An old London preacher gave out that he would kick in one of the panels of his pulpit. Crowds assembled at an early hour and filled the church to overflowing. The minister kicked in the panel for them, but he converted a big lot of them. Some person said: 'Have you been out to hear Sam Jones?' 'No, I don't like the way that man goes on,' was the reply. Do tell me how it is that Christians can look on at a battle between the good and sin and not be moved; just because they don't like the crack of my rifle they refuse to take any part in the fight. If a Newfoundland dog came to my town fully accredited that he had won souls to Christ I'd take him and keep him. I am ready to change myself if any fellow gives me a method to catch more fish. As long as God gives me a string of fish I don't care what they say about my pole and hook."

He created much laughter while defending his eccentricities.

The work in Baltimore was rapidly coming to a close, and there appeared an editorial in the *Herald* as to the results of the meeting. The paper said: "His ministry in Baltimore will have lasted exactly four weeks, and our people have had ample time to form a correct opinion as to the substantial good that will result from his work.

"It must be conceded that before the arrival of Mr. Jones there was much distrust as to the effectiveness of his method, and the permanency of his work; however, at the first service there were over three thousand turned away, and the throngs increased from day to day, and the work more permanent than at the beginning. Thousands have professed conversion. Many came to see Mr. Jones from mere motives of curiosity, and for the first time in their lives were stirred with religious emotions. Scores of the worst sinners in the community were made to see the error of their ways, and to declare that henceforth they would lead Christian lives. Will these conversions last? This is indeed a serious question, and one that time alone can answer. Doubtless a large percentage of them will endure, but there is another view. We have the testimony of the Protestant ministers at large that there has been a general religious awakening. The enthusiasm of Mr. Jones has inspired other ministers to fresh

efforts among their own particular congregations, and the increased church attendance has already become apparent. If, in addition to calling thousands to repentance, he has aroused the Christian spirit of the community, he has doubly won the thanks of the people."

As to the results of the work, Mr. Jones preached about one hundred times during the meetings. All of these sermons were published in the *Sun* and other papers. The number of persons who attended the meetings were estimated from two hundred and thirty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand. It is thought that not less than twenty-five hundred openly professed conversion, while thousands of others had their hearts and minds touched, and were made better men and women. Mr. Jones said in closing the service: "It has been a great pleasure to me to work with you. My visit has been made especially delightful, because I have worked under the direction of the best committee I ever saw. Whenever you get up a big religious revival in this city put Dr. P. C. Williams at the head of it. I never met a purer, nobler, grander Christian man than he. May God bless him and also the noble preachers of Baltimore, fifty or sixty of whom have been with me. The churches were never more united than they have been during these meetings. I want to thank the ushers, too. To do their duty while being misunderstood leaves no room to doubt their piety. I want them to organize as the ushers did after the Moody meetings, so as to aid in preventing any of the converts from going back to their old ways. May God bless the newspapers of Baltimore, from the editors to the reporters, for they have done their part of the work well, and to make it comprehensive, may God bless you all. I hope to meet you all up yonder where congregations ne'er break up."

Mr. Jones visited Baltimore a second time, and held a great meeting in the Music Hall. While on this visit he not only succeeded in getting people saved, but made a strong plea for temperance, and aided in raising money for worthy causes, such as the Florence-Crittenton Home. He preached for a number of years at Emory Grove camp-meeting, near Baltimore, and the Baltimore people heard him in great numbers. During his last visit he was called home by the death of my mother. There were fully ten thousand

people at the camp-meeting to hear him that day. Excursions had been run in from several directions, and the grounds were covered with earnest admirers. All available space for teams and carriages and horses was taken up, and the campground presented a scene unlike any other in its history.

Just after preaching in the afternoon he received a telegram announcing the death of my mother, Mrs. C. A. McElwain, at her home near Eminence, Ky. It was a severe shock to him, as the deepest love had existed between my mother and Mr. Jones. While waiting for a telegram from me, he preached again in the evening to an immense throng, from Psalm 55:18: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." With his heart aching, he stood there and directed the minds of the people to the great burden-bearer, and with them laid his burden upon the Lord.

My health was very critical also at that time, which brought additional suffering to his bleeding heart. He said in closing: "It may be that I will never lift my voice here again; I wish from the depths of my soul to thank you for your sympathies for me and my sick wife, and those of us who are in great sorrow. I do not believe God will allow his faithful ones to be overcome by their burdens. On the sea of life, the old ship of Zion will ply its way to every frail little bark, and when the waves of trouble overlap us, our blessed Christ stands on the bulwarks and says: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord,' and the weight that overloads us will not sink our vessel the one-hundredth part of an inch. Blessed be God for a great burden-bearer."

CHAPTER XXII.

Indianapolis, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

At the close of the meetings in Baltimore, Mr. Jones was called home to Cartersville, where three of his children were ill. Upon his arrival there, however, he found that they were not dangerously sick, and was detained only a few days. Assured by his physician that his loved ones were improving, he left as soon as possible for his next engagement, which was at Indianapolis, Indiana.

The evangelist arrived in Indianapolis, on the evening of June 12, 1886, and was met by his co-workers, who had preceded him to the city, and had gotten the meeting under way during his stay at Cartersville.

His coming had been given due prominence in the Indianapolis papers, and, with one or two exceptions, they were kindly disposed toward him and his work. A great deal of space was given to the reports of his sermons and meetings, and he was treated with fairness, editorially. To say the least of it, he was not antagonized to any large extent by the secular press of the city.

The ministers of the Protestant churches had united almost completely in the invitation to visit Indianapolis, and he was greatly pleased with the earnest cooperation that was given him from this source.

As in every place he had visited for years since he had become a national character, Mr. Jones had his critics before and after his arrival.

He was beset on every side by the card-writers, who felt it their duty to enlighten the people in regard to the evangelist. Most of his critics wrote as though they had discovered Sam Jones and warned the people against him as though his worth and works had never been demonstrated at other places. It was a curious fact that these

writers seemed always to feel impelled to protect their respective cities against the evils that they thought would come through a visit from Sam Jones.

It was not the custom of Mr. Jones to refer to this kind of nuisance, except when something was said that misrepresented him, or something that would injure the cause. He cared little for personal opinions of men, and rarely noticed anything that was said against him. But when he was made by the card-writers to say something that he had never said, and saw that his work would be injured unless he corrected the same, he would usually devote a few moments before or after a sermon to score those who had misrepresented him.

One of the cards which greatly incensed Mr. Jones was a clipping taken from a New York paper, and enlarged upon in the Indianapolis *Journal*. The *Journal* had been printing everything it could gather that was calculated to injure and annoy Mr. Jones, but had succeeded in attracting little notice from him. This card, however, was such a palpable falsehood that it brought Mr. Jones to his feet with the following:

"I saw the biggest, meanest lie in the *Indianapolis Journal* this morning that was ever published on a man or devil. It was copied from the *New York Star*, and it said that Sam Jones asked one thousand dollars a week for his services, and three thousand dollars from the people of Omaha before he would consent to go there. I never made a contract about going anywhere in my life, and never said anything about money. That paper that said I did laid itself liable to a libel suit, for it damaged my character as a minister. It is a scandalous lie on a man who never made a charge for his work in his life. I wouldn't go to hear a preacher who would charge one thousand dollars per week for his work, or who demanded a guarantee." Mr. Jones was roundly applauded after this statement.

Mr. Jones spoke first in Roberts Park church, but the crowd at that service was of such proportion that it was found necessary to remove to Tomlinson Hall, a large, new building, with a seating capacity of more than four thousand people. His first sermon was a complete victory for him, and it served to disarm his critics and those who had opposed him. Mr. Jones had only one week that

could be given to Indianapolis, his engagements at St. Paul and Minneapolis limiting the time. He went straight into his work, and preached with marvelous power the entire time he was in the city. It is probable that he accomplished more good in Indianapolis in the week he spent there than he had ever done before in so short a time. There were large numbers of people converted under his preaching and the morals of the city were given a decidedly better character. He made thousands of friends, and people who were bitterly opposed to his coming were his staunchest supporters when his work there was finished.

Even the newspapers that had antagonized him from the start, and had denounced him in the most scathing terms, saw the good that he had accomplished; and their editorials were of an apologetic nature before he departed from the city. Some of the papers praised him highly, and thanked him for the work that he had accomplished.

The sincerity, the earnestness and the directness of the manner in which Mr. Jones had preached to the people of Indianapolis had brought forth wonderful results, which were not only testified to in the meetings, but were evident in all parts of the city. It was a whirlwind victory. Sam Jones came to the city, rushed through it in a cyclone of gospel truth and force, and before the people realized it had left the forces of the devil scattered and frightened, while the Christians who had feared his coming, and questioned his methods, were left glad and thankful.

At the close of the meeting, at Indianapolis, Mr. Jones proceeded at once to St. Paul, Minn., where he had completed arrangements for a two-weeks' revival meeting.

As is too often the case, bad news travels far faster than good news, and when Mr. Jones arrived he found that the newspapers had only received and printed the accounts of his meetings at Indianapolis that calculated to do him injury. The papers were up in arms against his coming and had influenced the people against him. The prejudice of the people was unmistakable, but Mr. Jones had become accustomed to things of this kind, and knew how to meet the situation.

He spoke the first time the same day he arrived in St. Paul. Thousands of people came to hear him, but there was evidence of the fact that few, if any of them, were in sympathy with him. There was nothing that stimulated him to put forth his best efforts like opposition, whether implied or pronounced. And when he found the violent opposition of the press, and the silent opposition of the people, he preached with all the power of his being. It was only a few days until he had completely captured the city by his compelling personality.

His labors in St. Paul were productive of so much good, and caused so much favorable comment, that he was urged to give a part of his time to the people in Minneapolis. It was urged upon him that there were people in the other of the Twin Cities who could not go to hear him in St. Paul, and who were anxious for him to preach to them.

The meetings continued for two weeks in St. Paul. He held occasional services in Minneapolis. At every service the people flocked in great crowds to hear him. He did not turn aside from his business of preaching the gospel of Christ, and a great victory was won by him in the Twin Cities.

As in every place he had ever appeared since he entered the ministry, Mr. Jones attacked the saloons and the whisky-drinking crowd with vigor. He did not spare this element in St. Paul and Minneapolis. In fact, he was more than usually severe upon the dealers as well as the drinkers of liquor. He said many things that aroused the wrath of the people who indulged in stimulating beverages, and called forth much warm criticism upon himself.

Before the close of the meetings, Mr. Jones had so completely won over the Twin Cities that there was not a building in either place that would hold the crowds. He was made glad by the large number of testimonials as to the good he had done, and was cordially invited to return to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In Toronto and Canada.

Mr. Jones's fame as a revivalist had spread beyond the boundaries of his own country, and his marvelous work had been discussed throughout the entire North American Continent. Some of the prominent ministers of all denominations in Toronto, having become familiar with his work in the States, decided to put forth an effort to get him to visit some of the prominent cities in the Dominion of Canada. Rev. Hugh Johnson, D.D., one of the most prominent ministers in Toronto, wrote on behalf of the Evangelical Ministers' Alliance, asking Mr. Jones to hold a series of revival services in that city.

While his engagements were made for months ahead, it was some time before he could give Dr. Johnson a definite answer, but the Toronto ministers were so solicitous that finally he arranged his dates, so as to begin his work October 7, 1886. Dr. John Potts was elected chairman of the executive committee. A grander and nobler man can scarcely be found in the Methodism of the Dominion.

As the time approached for the beginning of the meeting, some of the members of the Alliance gradually withdrew, and one or two of the papers began firing into the movement. In a letter just a week before the meeting began Dr. Johnson wrote to Mr. Jones that everything would be in readiness, and requested that I accompany him, saying, "We will give her a royal Canadian welcome." Mr. Jones's visit was under very favorable auspices, as the executive committee had advertised judiciously, and his coming had been discussed by the preachers in their pulpits.

The two Sabbaths before the meeting began a great many ministers took for their subject "The Coming Revival." The committee had worked in perfect accord, and had the plan in a good condition

when he arrived. The newspapers had given some notoriety to the meeting, but had not been as kindly disposed to Mr. Jones as the papers in other great cities. The city was very well covered with large pictures of the evangelist, with the date and place of the meetings announced.

On Saturday evening Mr. Jones reached the city, and the committee on entertainment met him at the station and conveyed him to his room at the Rossin House. A reporter of the *Toronto Globe* obtained an interview with him, in which he asked: "What are your methods of conducting meetings?" Mr. Jones replied: "I depend largely upon the Gospel to do the work. There is very little manipulation of the congregation, such as asking them to stand for prayer, or calling them to the altar—though I do that kind of work at the proper time. If you will bring home the plain truths of the Bible in a common-sense way, they will move a man every time. I preach at the conscience, and not the hearts of the people." "What do you do with infidels," inquired the reporter. "I do not deal with infidels; at least in an argumentative way," replied the preacher. "Ridicule is the only weapon I use against them. I have seen a great many infidels converted, and they have all said that they were never really infidels at heart. I can understand Ingersoll lecturing on infidelity at five hundred dollars a night, but I can't understand how a fellow would be fool enough to pay a dollar to hear him and board himself. Ingersoll was lecturing on the 'Mistakes of Moses' once, and a fellow asked me if I didn't want to go around to hear him. -I replied 'No, I won't give a dollar to hear Bob on the mistakes of Moses, but if I could get a chance to hear Moses on the mistakes of Bob I'd pay any reasonable sum.'" "Do you find any difference in the character of the people in your meetings in different parts of the United States?" asked the interviewer. Mr. Jones replied: "I find the people further south are more easily moved. They haven't the intellectual difficulties that curse other portions of the country. In the West I find more coldness and indifference, but once people are moved it is with a vengeance. In the East there is an enthusiasm borne by an intellectual agreement with the speaker." The reporter inquired: "Do you preach against dancing and theater-going and card-playing?"

E. O. EXCELL.

QUARTETTE THAT SANG AT MR. JONES' FUNERAL.

CHAS. TILLMAN. E. O. EXCELL.

F. E. OLIVER. E. R. SMOOT.

"Yes, I am fully persuaded that these things are hurting the church and sapping her life. It is the tide of worldliness sweeping over the homes of our country that is undermining the life of the church. The folks will hear from me on that subject." "Were you ever in Canada before?" he inquired. "Yes, I was here five years ago attending the International Sunday School Conference, and I carried away with me very pleasant memories of Toronto. Nowhere in America have I seen so quiet and orderly a Sabbath as I spent here. I believe Toronto is the cleanest city, morally and physically, I ever saw."

The meetings were conducted in the Mutual Street Rink. The morning services were held for several days at the different churches, but the ever-increasing audiences made it necessary to hold the day services in the Rink.

At the first service there were four thousand people in attendance. All of the Methodist preachers of the city and many of the ministers of other denominations were on the platform. Dr. John Potts presided. Some of the prominent men were Dr. Sutherland, missionary secretary; Dr. Dewart, editor of the *Christian Guardian;* Dr. Nelles, chancellor of the Victoria University, and Dr. Briggs, of the Toronto Methodist Book Concern. Just behind the ministers there were three or four hundred singers gathered from the different choirs of the city. Mr. Maxwell had drilled his large choir and had them in fine condition. Mr. E. O. Excell, who was traveling at that time as special soloist, was present and rendered a very effective solo, "I Have Found a Friend."

Mr. Jones came upon the platform a few minutes before time to preach, and as he entered the building there was no mistaking him, as his pictures had appeared in the windows of the stores, and had been published in the great dailies. He walked down the aisle amid a half-suppressed murmur of the crowd. Upon reaching the platform he was seated with the other ministers, the dissimilarity rather noticeable, as he was the only one without a clerical garb.

Dr. Potts presented him in a few pleasant words, and asked the prayers of all present for the success of the revival. Mr. Jones preached for about an hour and a half, and there was a great deal of

plain speaking, but nothing was said in the discourse that any one could object to. He had a little amusement at the expense of the clergymen when he said: "Brethren, I don't ask for your endorsement now; if I didn't do any more good than you do, I would not care for your endorsement of my work." This caused a look of mild astonishment on the faces of a few of the ministers, but most of them heartily relished his remarks. Dr. Johnson smiled his approval, and Dr. Briggs expressed the same sentiment by nodding his head, and all of them went away very well pleased. An enthusiastic lady at the close of the meeting said: "Mr. Jones is just the sort of a man I expected he would be."

The interest in the services was marked from the beginning, and was peculiar in the religious history of Toronto. The people had been friendly to other great evangelists of America and England, whose manner and method was of a more serious character. The crowds were immense at all the services, the men leaving their business, women their domestic duties, and the claims of society and flocking to the Rink two and three times a day.

The *Toronto Globe* said: "From six o'clock nearly to ten last night there was continuously a big crowd of people around the Mutual Street Rink. We are disposed to place Sam Jones's great power in four things: First, his intense personal conviction, and realities of the truths that he uttered; secondly, his naturalness, directness and simplicity of speech; thirdly, in his keen and thorough knowledge of human nature and the temptations of life; fourthly, his unique natural gift of terse, pungent speech, with vivid homely illustrations. It is an easy thing for any one who is disposed to indulge in adverse criticism, and to disparage any movement, to generally find some plausible pretense for doing so. We are free to confess that we do not feel bound to prove every sentiment expressed, but in spite of all this, the fact remains that no such widespread religious interest was ever before called forth in this city. Beecher was once described as irreverent, so was Spurgeon, so was Talmage, so was Moody, and so was Sam Jones. Is it possible that truth, religion and morality can be made too familiar to the people. As to his metaphors, there was one in Judea about eighteen hundred years

ago, who taught by homely illustrations, which were down to the level of the fishermen and agricultural laborers. He was called irreverent by the formalists of that time, and their protests even went to the length of procuring His crucifixion."

The attention of the whole Provinces of Canada was attracted to the meetings, and the people came from many of the leading cities to attend the revival. From the standpoint of attendance and genuine enthusiasm, there had not been such a meeting in the history of the city. Mr. Jones took several occasions to compliment them for their regard for the holy Sabbath. It was a real joy to him to see so large a city as quiet as a country hamlet on the day of rest. He said: "There is one thing you people of Toronto take the blue ribbon for, and that is your God-fearing way in Sabbath observance. It gladdens my heart to see a great people in the busy city who can stop thinking of temporal affairs long enough to keep the Lord's Day holy. You can not buy a newspaper, run a street-car, open a theater, sell liquor, or do anything on the Sabbath that God would disapprove. You are a great church-going people, and that is another thing that I like about you. God will not withhold his blessing from a city that will keep the Sabbath and attend divine worship. I wish I could say as much for the cities in the United States, but the spirit of greed, worldliness and godlessness seems to have gotten such a hold upon us in our great cities that the hearts of our people are well-nigh eaten out."

But he did not fail to find fault with them for legalizing the liquor traffic. In his preaching, he denounced the open saloon unmercifully; no one else ever had the conviction nor the boldness to do so. In one of his sermons he said: "You will have whisky because you want it. Toronto could vote out the saloons and the places of shame that infest the city. If you would have the same respect for God's word, 'Woe be unto you,' that you have for 'remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy,' with your sturdy manhood turned against these dives, the city could be freed from them. This is a free country, and you can have things just as you want them. You don't want any trade on Sunday, and you don't have any. If you want prohibition, glory to God, you can get it. [Applause.]

I said to the liquor dealers of my town two years ago, 'If my boy should come to your grocery and ask for liquor, take him out in your back yard, and lay his head on a block, before you would sell it to him. If you kill him, his precious soul goes home; but if you make him drunk, he is ruined, body, mind and soul for both worlds.' [Applause.] People say prohibition does not prohibit. Well, there are murderers notwithstanding the law against murder, but we have the fun of hanging a murderer every now and then. [Laughter.] And so where there is a prohibitorial law that can put the lawbreakers into the penitentiary and have some fun, it is the next best thing to religion. [Laughter again.] There are three classes of men whom God has never been able to do much with—the lazy man, the stingy fellow, and the fool. I have seen the Lord do his best with them, and fail utterly. I say that reverently."

While preaching in Toronto, there came to the notice of Mr. Jones, through the newspapers and other sources, a case which stirred the evangelist's sense of justice as it had seldom been touched before.

There was on trial in the city a woman who had burned a saloon, and from the fact that the fire started by the woman had come near destroying the life of the proprietor of the dive, she was charged with arson, the penalty for which, in Canada, is death.

Mr. Jones gathered the facts of the case together, and while preaching against the evils of the liquor traffic before a vast audience of Toronto people, he said: "There is to-day a woman on trial in your court charged with arson, and who, although she has pleaded guilty to the indictment, is as innocent of any crime as a child.

"This poor woman, I learn, has an only son, and he is her all He is the dependence and the hope of the widowed mother. That son fell into the habit of drinking, and it was at the groggery to which his mother stuck the fire that he would spend his hard-earned money and debauch himself day after day. The drinking of the son was breaking the heart of his good mother, and she pleaded with him to give it up and be the man she wanted him to make. When she saw that her pleadings with the boy were of no avail, she went to the keeper of the dive and laid the case before him. 'Please

don't sell this stuff to my son any more,' she said; 'he is all I have in the world, and I pray you not to ruin him for this and the world to come. If you will not sell my boy any more whisky I will bring you the amount he would spend at your place, and give it to you myself every Saturday night. It is not the money I want, but the soul of my precious boy.' Now, that bull-necked, white-aproned scoundrel drove that weeping, heart-broken mother out of his place, and with a laugh, said: 'As long as your son has the money, he can get what he wants at my place.' 'I warn you,' said the good woman, 'that you can not and must not sell that stuff to my boy again.'

"A few nights after that the boy came reeling home so drunk that he cursed and abused his mother, a thing he had never done before. He chided her with having attempted to interfere with his business in asking the saloon-keeper not to sell him any more whisky. The abuse of the drunken young man so outraged the mother that she gathered up a bundle of rags, soaked them with kerosene oil, and after setting them afire, placed the blazing bundle under the corner of the little groggery. The little dive was soon in flames, and it burned so rapidly that it came near getting the scoundrel that ran the place. He was sleeping in his establishment.

"Now, as I said before, this poor woman is on trial for her life, but if they will give Sam Jones just ten minutes before that jury, and they then bring in a verdict of guilty, I will gladly take her place and let them hang me." [Although the Canadian people are not demonstrative, and seldom applaud a public speaker, this utterance of the evangelist brought forth vociferous applause which lasted for many minutes.]

"It has come to a pretty pass," said Mr. Jones, continuing, "in this day of boasted civilization and culture, that the laws of our land will give a white-aproned scoundrel the right to burn up the souls of thousands of young men of this country, and will punish with death the woman whose only offense was the attempted protection of her only boy from a drunkard's grave. God pity the country whose laws will give protection to the damnable saloon-keeper, and will not aid the noble mothers in protecting their boys from the evils of the liquor traffic."

The trial of the woman ended the following day, and the verdict of the jury was, "Not guilty."

Conversions had multiplied day by day, until Rev. Hugh Johnson said in the public press that there had been at least six thousand people converted who had expressed themselves for church membership. Inquired the reporter: "Does this represent all the good that has been accomplished so far?" Dr. Johnson replied: "Oh, dear, no; not a tithe of it. Thousands have been impressed and started upon a new life, and have manifested it by rising in the congregation and remaining in the after-service." "Are the meetings coming up to your expectation?" he again inquired. "They are, indeed," said Dr. Johnson. "Such results seldom come so early in a meeting." "What about the opposition aroused?" "Of course the devil and his crew, the drinking, swearing, gambling, theater-going, fast-living crowd hate him, and fight him for his awful invectives and powerful thrusts at sin, but the best people of this city stand by him. His hard hits and droll illustrations cause outbursts of laughter, which annoy some of the hidebound old fellows, who think it is a sin to laugh in a meeting, but his common sense, directness, and earnestness, manifested in every look and gesture, and merriment carries instant convictions, and his way of putting things is simply inimitable and irresistible. His pathos is the most natural and tender that I ever listened to, and at times you will see the eyes of thousands suffused with tears." "Do you and the ministers endorse everything he says?" "No, we don't need to. To turn up our nose at what may seem irreverent to us is to put ourselves above God, who honors him so greatly in the salvation of souls, and the Holy Spirit, who seizes upon the marvelous combination of gifts and powers, and uses them for his own glory." "Are not the expenses of these meetings very heavy?" "Yes, but you must remember that the Musical Festival in the Rink cost five thousand dollars a day, making a total of fifteen thousand for the three days. No one seemed to raise an objection to that. The comparatively small expense will be met by the collections and the generosity of friends." "It seems that the other churches are falling into line." "Yes, good people can not keep out of a great work like this. I

saw the president of the Baptist College, Dr. Cassel, and a majority of the Baptist ministers of the city deeply interested in his afternoon service. Methodist fire and Baptist water when brought together give steam, propelling power to the gospel engine. The Church of England ministers, and the Congregational and Presbyterian clergymen are taking interest. They generally go hand in hand in spiritual work of this kind. We expect to follow this evangelistic meeting by united services in every section and suburb in Toronto. We are bound to keep at it as the work reaches further and deeper each day."

At the closing service of the meeting thousands of people left their homes early in the evening to secure seats for the final sermon. While six thousand or more were packed into the Rink by seven o'clock, the meeting commencing an hour later, there were as many who were turned away and suffered disappointment. By a mistake the Mutual Street Rink was opened fifteen minutes after six, and the crowd soon filled every seat in the spacious building. Most of the disappointed ones returned home, but hundreds remained on the outside, gazing eagerly at the windows and doors. Members of the choir, the reporters and policemen were crowded out of the meeting. The dressing-rooms of the Rink were filled with people, though none of them could see the preacher or hear a word of the sermon. The dressing-rooms were so densely crowded that several women fainted, but the ushers were afraid to open the doors for fear the crowd would rush in, and at last a window was smashed and a number of half-suffocated men and women left the building. A hundred or more outsiders rushed to the window trying to get the places thus vacated. In making closing announcements, Dr. Potts said: "Revival services will continue at the Methodist churches, Elm Street, Sherbourne Street, Carolton Street, Blewer Street, Burkely Street, Richmond Street, Queen Street, Agnes Street, Woodgreen Street, King Street, and Dundas Street. Other meetings will start soon at the St. Paul's church, Spadina Avenue church, Gerard church, and Parksdale Methodist church." Dr. Potts then called on Dr. Hugh Johnson to lead in prayer. Then Mr. Jones arose and said: "Before I take my text, I will say that I have received many

communications, more than I can read. It was impossible for me to answer them. I will turn them over to my secretary, and he will pick out such as demand answering, and I will dictate answers to him.

"It was scarcely possible for me to get in the door of this building to-night, owing to the great surging mass of people on the outside so eager to get in. I suppose, well, I might say thousands sought admittance here to-night and could not find it. Oh, how it bleeds my heart to see the hungry world. God feed them all with His truth and grace. I want to say, many of you I will never see again this side of the judgment bar of God. I want to say to you that I have been drawn towards you as a people. I came here with admiration in my soul for Toronto and her people, and that admiration has been turned into love, the divinest passion that ever stirred a human heart. I thank God I ever came to this city. I only wish that this association might be continued indefinitely. I say to you, I love you, and I trust that this love can be mutual. And, brethren, let me say to you, give me your prayers and your sympathy, as they have in other places. This work overwhelms me with the responsibility of it. I carry it as God may help me. I am glad I am a man. The sun without its spots would be a sight this world never saw. I am as frail as any of you. I have as many imperfections as any of you. I have as many faults and foibles as any of you. And yet understand, brother, that my heart is full of the love of God, my heart is full of love to my fellow man. I know I love God, and I know I love every man that walks this earth, and I love every woman, as much as my wife will let me." [Laughter.]

[Dr. Potts here whispered, "Precious wife."]

"As Dr. Potts would have me say, 'precious wife.' I have used the expression so much, he seems to like that term. I don't know why."

Dr. Potts said, "We approve of it. We are going to adopt it here in Toronto."

In March of the following year Mr. Jones returned to Toronto for a four days' mission, mostly in the interest of temperance and municipal reform. While his work took the character of evan-

gelistic services and many were converted, his greatest work was in behalf of prohibition. Many times afterwards he visited the city and lectured, and was always greeted by large audiences. He preached and lectured in many of the prominent cities of the Dominion, and some of his warmest, staunchest and truest friends were among the Canadians.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Omaha and Kansas City.

In November, 1886, Mr. Jones opened his meetings at Omaha, Nebraska. It was the farthest Western point he had ever visited, and he found himself among a new and a strange people.

The Westerners were big-hearted and generous, however, and having heard much of the strenuous preacher, they received him with kindly expectancy. Mr. Jones had hesitated for some time, preferring not to go so far from his Georgia home, but the ministers of Omaha pressed upon him so emphatically their need of his services that he finally consented to make the journey.

Upon his arrival in Omaha he saw at once that the ministers were in hearty sympathy with him, and could be counted on to give their support. This was encouraging, and did much to make the meeting a success.

The committee on arrangements secured the Exposition Building, which seated five thousand, and allowed standing-room for many more.

The meetings at Omaha continued for three weeks, and from the preaching there resulted a widespread religious awakening. At every service there was a larger crowd than the building would seat, and the interest of the people was intense.

There was little pronounced opposition in the Nebraska city. The newspapers received him with kindness, and one or two with words of genuine praise. An editorial from the *Republican* follows:

"The primary cause of Sam Jones's strength as a preacher lies in the fact that he has brains. A mere explosion of slang and provincialism would not create much of an excitement for any length of time. Bald vulgarity would not have lifted him from a Georgia country pulpit to a position of national prominence in the religious

world. When results are large and continuous, they must be considered just as they are. Prejudice can not always trace them back to petty sensationalism.

"This man has preached all over the country. In every city he has visited he has met with opposition on his arrival. The general estimate of those who have not heard him, and who should not, as a consequence, estimate him at all, is unfavorable. But the people he attracts by the curiosity to see and hear him he holds by his force. There is crude, rugged, epigrammatic vigor in what he says that appeals to the popular sensibilities. He carried more rocks in his pockets than frills on his clothes. He has the earnestness of the old-fashioned belief which never minces words, or introduces the name of the Almighty without prefatory apology. In Whitfield's time, when a sparse population and much solitude in the wilderness made the early pioneer introspective and emotional, Jones would have probably been as great a force as Whitfield. As it is, he has made larger progress in a cynical age, and in a day of veneer and superficial free thought. No ordinary man could have done this.

"It is said that he makes money. We don't know whether he does or not, but we hope he does. There is no particular reason why vice should monopolize all the profits of the world. It would be a rather poor incentive to do good if poverty and religion are to be synonymous and immorality is to have all the worldly advantages. We fail to see why religion should be discriminated against. Naturally this is the point at which the 'sell all that thou hast' should be quoted, but if this is to be taken literally there will have to be a general auction sale of all the effects of all the professing Christians. No man can insist upon the letter of the law for other people when he pays scarcely any attention to even the spirit of it himself. The truth is that the church is rich enough to pay its workers, and to pay them well. If it would devote less money to brick and more to brains it would be much stronger to-day. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, but the martyrs will have very little blood if they do not get enough to eat. It is a poor sort of creature who will grudge any minister of the gospel the bread necessary for himself and family.

"Quite independent of religion, and purely as a social force, Sam Jones has his value. If, out of all the vast audiences he has addressed, he has given but one man a glimpse of higher morality and taught him his duty to society and his fellows, he has done a work of which he may be proud. But he has convinced thousands instead of one. He deals with faults and vices with an unsparing tongue, and even if the lesson does not sink immediately, it may have an after-value. A rough customer said to Moody once, 'For forty-eight hours after listening to you I was a good man.' 'Thank God for that much,' replied Moody, 'in those forty-eight hours, under other circumstances, you might have committed murder.'

"Sam Jones has the heartiest sympathy of the *Republican* in his work. Any man who tries to do good is doing good."

This editorial was considered by Mr. Jones to be one of the best that had ever been written about him and his work. It gave a great deal of help while he was in Omaha.

He always mentioned the meeting at Omaha with a great pride, and with thankfulness to God, for there he gained a great victory in a strange country. Omaha was one of the most prosperous and growing cities of the central West. Everything there was wide open. At the beginning, the idea of his accomplishing much good in so godless a place seemed almost ludicrous to a great many of the people, but before his labors were finished their doubts were dispelled. The churches in Omaha were wonderfully strengthened by the work, and the moral and religious life of the city was greatly improved. He made hundreds of friends in Omaha, who were true to him until his death.

It was some time after the Omaha meeting before he went to Kansas City. Just before his engagement at the latter place he had passed through one of the most trying ordeals of his life. My severe illness had been a severe strain upon him, and when he reached Kansas City, January 1, 1887, he was practically worn out. However, he was so grateful to God that death's cruel hand had been stayed, that he felt he could best show his gratitude by taking up immediately the work of winning souls.

The ministers had arranged for the meetings to be held in the

Temple, a new, large building, with a seating capacity of eight thousand. When Mr. Jones first spoke, he was greeted by at least ten thousand people, as every seat in the building was taken, and hundreds were standing in the aisles. The news of his great sorrow had preceded him to Kansas City, and this seemed to soften the criticism that was directed towards him. The newspapers of Kansas City were especially kind to him and editorially favored his coming. They gave fine reports of his meetings, devoting large space daily to his sermons.

The illness in his home had wonderfully softened his heart, and he preached with deep spirituality and tenderness. He did not, however, spare the evil-doers of the city. He waged a terrific war against the saloons and gambling-houses, and his preaching was effectual in closing a number of the latter. The saloons were regulated also by the Law and Order League that was organized after he left the city as one of the results of his meeting.

The first meeting held for "men only"at Kansas City showed the deep interest that had been aroused. There were more than eight thousand representative men of the city crowded into the Temple. It was held in the afternoon of a week-day, which made it a most remarkable gathering. It was a magnificent congregation, and every one present listened intently, from the first word to the last. They cheered him lustily, and laughed and wept as his message swayed them between the two emotions.

At no place had Mr. Jones ever received more careful consideration. The people wanted to hear him, and his sermons sank into the hearts of his hearers, resulting in the conversion and reformation of hundreds.

The ministers of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian, Lutheran and Congregational churches were in sympathy with the work, and gave him great help by their cooperation in the meetings. By their help and influence the good work was carried to all parts of the city, and the question of religion was the great topic of discussion by people from all walks of life for many weeks.

Mr. Jones wrote in a letter to the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate:* "We of course have had the usual criticisms in Kansas City, but

there is a strong undercurrent of deep conviction upon the city; the ideas of sin and righteousness dominate the whole city. The leading business men of the city tell me that religion is the subject of conversation in the banks and other business places."

Mr. Jones labored for the entire four weeks while he was there with the greatest earnestness and zeal. At the closing service he was made happy by the reading of a testimonial from the ministers of the city, by Rev. Schley Schaff, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, who prefaced the reading with the following remarks:

"Mr. Jones, you are about to close your labors in Kansas City. For four weeks you have worked incessantly in our midst. Large audiences have hung upon the words that came from your lips. We brethren were in doubt as to what attitude to assume toward you, not having heard you, but the more we have heard your piercing utterances against iniquity, the more we have seen of you personally in the pulpit, the more closely we have unanimously gathered around you, until this afternoon, if it were possible for all the ministers belonging to the different denominations to be here, they would, perhaps, without an exception, express their earnest, cordial regard for you personally, your earnest sympathy to men and the promotion of the cause of righteousness, of good morality and of repentance, and sir, I hold in my hands now a paper which is a testimony on our part of your fidelity in this work, and of our warm personal regard for you. Shall I read it?" ["Yes, yes," from all over the house.] He read:

"KANSAS CITY, MO., January 28th.

"To the Rev. Sam Jones, Evangelist.

"DEAR BROTHER: We, brethren in the ministry in Kansas City, desire herewith to express to you our warm fraternal affection and our rejoicing over the good work you and your co-workers have been enabled to do in our midst. For four weeks of unremitting labor, you have preached with earnestness and tenderness the great things out of God's moral law, and salvation by grace. Your clear exposure of sin, and your keen denunciations of it in every form and as it manifests itself in all stations and avenues of life, have

quickened the moral sensibilities of our churches and aroused, as we believe, the dormant consciences of a multitude in this city. The immense attendance upon the services day and night of men of all ranks from the richest to the poorest, from the pure to the debauched, in spite of some of the bitterest weather ever known in the city—an attendance growing larger to the end—this is a sufficient indication of the interest which your preaching, under God, has stirred. The people have heard the preaching. God grant that multitudes may date their eternal salvation from this season of universal thought and widespread earnestness. To this expression of warm personal regard and confidence, we add our prayer, commending you to the grace and guidance of God, and supplicating that He may continue to grant you strength, wisdom, and all help to go on in the good work of calling men to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We are very truly your friends."

This was signed by twenty-five of the leading ministers of all denominations, and was greatly appreciated by Mr. Jones, who responded in well-chosen words to this deed of brotherly love.

During his stay there Mr. Jones became very fond of Kansas City, and spoke of it favorably as a residence city. Upon learning of this, the people made an effort to induce him to locate there. He was besieged with requests from the people that he make his home with them, and for many months after he left was importuned by those who loved him to return and locate in their midst. They urged the convenience of the location upon him, showed him the advantage of the railway facilities of the city, and attempted to convince him of how much more good he could do from being located in a point accessible to all parts of the country. Many arguments were brought to bear upon him, but Mr. Jones declined with thanks the kind offers they made to give him a handsome home, saying he could not bring himself to the point of leaving his Georgia home.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Great Work in Boston.

The Methodist Union invited Mr. Jones to visit Boston. He had labored in every section of the country except the New England States, and Boston being the "hub" and the most renowned city from a literary and religious viewpoint, he accepted the call. The opportunity was great for him to impress himself upon that part of the Union. Mr. Jones believed that a great work could be accomplished in Boston, and gave them as the date for the meeting, January 1, 1887.

When the papers announced his coming, the Associated Press telegraphed the news throughout the length and breadth of the country. The eyes of the United States were upon him, and a great deal of speculation was indulged in in regard to his going there. His enemies and critics said he had at last come to the city that would be his Waterloo. They felt assured that Boston's refinement and culture would not long tolerate the "slang" and "vulgarism" of the Georgia evangelist, and that he would fail utterly and ingloriously in the city of great learning. His friends studied the situation with great fear as to the final outcome of the proposed visit. Others, with faith in his ability and in God's power, believed that he would capture Boston and succeed there as he had done everywhere else. Those occupying a neutral attitude towards him said: "If Sam Jones can go to Boston and make his meeting a success, he can go anywhere in the world, for Boston is so full of 'isms and religions,' and the people have such a hypercritical mind toward every move that is not of Boston origin and stamp. If he can create an interest and impress Boston he will demonstrate to the entire world his mastery of assemblies, and make for himself a permanent place in the history of the civilized world."

His correspondence was full of letters of advice from Boston and other cities, as to the most expedient way for him to preach to the highly-cultured audiences at the "literary hub of the universe." Some of the correspondents expressed doubts as to the wisdom of his going at all. Mr. Jones received these suggestions kindly, but with a smile, and they did not for an instant disturb his equilibrium, or turn him aside from his determination to go and in the strength of the Lord conquer the powers that be. He was conscious of the power with which God had endowed him. With an omnipotent faith in the Holy Spirit to be present and guide him in his work, he had every assurance that the campaign would result in great victory for the cause of his Master.

There was much curiosity and doubt among some of the ministers who invited him as to the probable success or failure of his work among them. They thought that perhaps his fearless attacks on the sins and vices of men in the cities in other parts of the United States by no means guaranteed victory in Boston. They were apprehensive of his methods, and would not have been surprised had his ministry there been an utter failure. However, one of the most prominent Methodist preachers of the city who had heard him in Cincinnati and other places, was enthusiastic over his coming, and was sure of a great welcome and hearing in Boston. The pastors of other Protestant churches had not joined in the invitation, and the fact that he was coming under the auspices of the Methodist churches made it possible for those who were not in the closest sympathy to be guilty of denominational jealousy. It made the task much greater because other denominations were not united in his coming. These ministers had withheld their support, because they felt that they could not endorse Mr. Jones and his methods. Mr. Jones obtained the facts as to the conditions of affairs in the city, and made preparation for the campaign according to the conditions existing there. Before reaching the city he knew as much about Boston and its religious atmosphere as some of the oldest residents and ministers who had labored there the longest. He was thoroughly prepared for the work.

The press had had much to say about his coming, and many stories had been published of his work, which were absurd and ridicu-

lous, but, nevertheless, had created much opposition against him. They thought that the refinement of Boston iniquity would allow him little room 'to vent his religious wrath,' and that his sermon-matter would not interest and amuse his audiences, as it would be far below their standard of culture and intellectual attainment. The entire situation presented a psychological study of the deep, religious problems and of the preacher who was to deal with them. The literati of Boston, including the great poets, philosophers and clergymen, indulged in much speculation and conjecture as to how his sermons would be received.

Phillips Brooks during a long career had preached in his great cathedral; Edward Everette Hale, the apostle of Unitarianism, had spent a long life indoctrinating his followers; the renowned Joseph Cook had stirred and thrilled the city at his noonday lectures; the professors and dignitaries of Harvard University had instructed and cultured the citizenship of Boston; the disrupting and disintegrating influences of Christian Science, occultism, theosophy and every other "ism" had been hatched out in the city. The city, religiously, was the greatest conglomeration of "isms" and "ologies" within the bounds of the United States. Just how the plain, simple, fearless and straightforward preaching of Mr. Jones would impress the crowd was a situation open to all manner of conjecture.

The opening service was held in the People's Temple, the largest and most commodious Methodist edifice in the city. The building was filled to its utmost capacity and many hundreds were turned away at the first service.

When he was presented to the congregation by the pastor, he arose and began his ministry just like he had done in every other place. As was frequently his custom, when the people had come through great curiosity, and wanting to hear rough and uncouth language, he completely changed his style and delivered some of his most polished and elegant utterances. The people, from the impressions that they had gathered, were expecting to see an uneducated and unrefined minister, who would shock them and amuse them with jokes with very little regard as to his subject-matter. That morning his language was chaste, beautiful and abounding in choice sim-

iles and figures that were a surprise, a revelation and a delight to his cultured listeners. Mr. Jones, who was always keen to see just how his messages were being received, was somewhat amused as he watched the expressions that played over the faces of his hearers; but as he proceeded his earnestness became more evident, and his words fell with such force and pungency that he won his audience completely, and they soon forgot their early attempts to analyze him, and were lost in the message that he was delivering. Some of them were a little stiff and indifferent at first, and tried to throw a damper upon his fervency, but soon yielded to his spirit and became as earnest and serious in receiving the Word as he was in delivering it.

The next day the *Boston Globe* had the following account of his first appearance.

"Rev. Sam P. Jones received a hearty welcome yesterday at the People's Temple. He said at the close of his day's work that he had begun to feel like he was 'somebody,' because of the cordial reception given him. Said he: 'I felt some trepidation in coming to Boston, which I understood was the city of cold critics, but now I am convinced that the people of this city have not only brains, but very warm hearts. Now, we want to run the devil out of Boston. If you people think that the devil is going to let Boston alone, you are very much mistaken. I didn't come here to look at its good side. You have looked at that side until you know all about it. I want you to see the other side.' [Laughter.] 'If you think that the devil is going to surrender this city without a fight you don't know His Satanic Majesty as I do. Let's go to work and take this city for Christ, and bombard the devil out of it. Now, all of you take hold and help, and don't stand off and criticise. I will say nothing in Boston without a purpose. I'll not preach like these other preachers do, because there is no use for me to do as other men.' "

The press of Boston received him with great deference. They spoke of him very kindly in their editorials, and gave space for full reports of his sermons. The *Globe* and the *Herald* were particularly courteous, and through their columns he was enabled to speak to many thousands of people throughout New England.

Rev. W. N. Brodbeck, chairman of the arrangement committee

for the evangelistic services, made a number of appointments for Mr. Jones in different parts of the city. Some of the most prominent places were Tremont Street Methodist church, Tremont Temple and Faneuil Hall. Arrangements were also made for him to preach to the ministers of the city, and the first service was held under the auspices of the Methodist Social Union. Dr. Brodbeck, of the Tremont Street church, presided and introduced him. In acknowledging the honor conferred on him, he created much merriment as he related an incident of a colored servant in the South whose boasting propensity called forth a rebuke of his master, who told him he was of no account anyway, and to which Sambo replied: "I know I'm no 'count, Massa, but I belong to one of the biggest families in old Georgy." "So I feel," said he, "as I look in the faces of you ministers, that I, too, belong to one of God's big families." He then talked to them of the movement that had been inaugurated, and urged each minister to assist in making the movement one of the most far-reaching ever held in Boston. The ministers had never heard just such a sermon before, and were completely captivated by the address.

At all the night services the People's church was crowded to its limits. The day services held at the other churches were largely attended. The noonday service at Faneuil Hall was one of the most remarkable in the history of the city. In the "Cradle of Liberty" he spoke each day from twelve to one o'clock. There were no seats in the great building and the men came in, some in business clothes, many of them in butcher's frocks, and market men in their aprons. The men stood in solid mass from the platform back to the entrance, while the gallery was full of men and women. Some of his best sermons were preached on these occasions. At the Tremont Temple he spoke several times to a crowded house of business men, ladies and city visitors. The most intellectual people of Boston were in attendance upon these services. Here's where the world-renowned Joseph Cook, D.D., addressed his week-day audiences. The sermon that he preached to the audience in the presence of Dr. Cook is described in an interview of one of the papers with Dr. Cook. The interviewer asked Dr. Cook his impression of Mr. Jones. He re-

plied: "I've only heard him twice, but I can say this much. He is a remarkable man, a genius, whose words are sharp and incisive, and he is earnest, and consecrated to his work. He was not half so rough as the papers had represented him. His sharp, epigrammatic style pleased the Bostonians, and interested them deeply. Boston loves intellectual sprightliness, and Mr. Jones captured them. Tremont Temple, where I heard him, was crowded from pit to dome with the most cultivated people of Boston, and they were moved and swayed as I never saw them before. I saw there great doctors of divinity whom I could not move either to smiles or tears, with eyes and mouth wide open, laughing and crying under Mr. Jones as they would do for no one else. Mr. Jones has completely captured Boston."

Mr. Jones gathered up the impressions made at these extra services, and in his night sermons at the People's church, where the great crowds who heard him at these special hours congregated; in this way he succeeded in focusing the attention of the people upon the services of the evening. The People's church became the center of the great evangelistic campaign. At each meeting the Lord was present and the people were deeply and pungently convicted of sin, and turned to the Lord in great numbers. The *Boston Globe* said: "Probably no man in Boston has been more talked about in the last week or so than Rev. Sam Jones, who is conducting a great revival in our city. There was a time when the question, 'What's the matter with him?' was asked most frequently in Boston, and the answer was always, 'He's all right.' To-day one hears most frequently the question, 'Have you heard Sam Jones?' and the reply is almost as invariably made, 'Yes, several times.' The truth of the matter is, there are very few who have not heard him, and the uniform testimony is that he interests his hearers. There never were such meetings held in this city, not even those of Elder Knapp, George Whitfield and Dwight L. Moody created such a sensation. Mr. Jones is original, he can be studied to advantage. At every meeting, almost, something new will develop in his striking manner which acounts for his forcefulness. His success is due to a composite whole; his work, his words, his methods form one complex system. His illus-

trations are riddles. Until he approaches the close, no one knows just how they will turn, and sometimes he stops a laugh by a sublime thought that will start tears by its contrast and force. There is but one Sam Jones."

The *Herald* said: "The keen wit, sarcasm and apt comparisons and illustrations of Mr. Jones are enjoyed immensely. In the most intense manner he forces the plain truth upon the people. All the sermons and addresses are published in full in the *Herald, Globe, Journal* and some other daily papers; thus tens of thousands of people are getting some of the best religious reading they have had for many years. We never knew of such a widespread interest of religion in this city as is now sweeping over it. Hundreds are seeking God."

The Boston Evangelical Ministers' Association, which included all of the preachers of Boston, and a large number in adjoining cities, invited him to preach before that august body in the Tremont Temple.

That handsome auditorium was well filled with ministers and Christian workers from the city, and prominent clergymen came in from all parts of New England. Such men as Joseph Cook, Bishop Phillips Brooks, Edward Everette Hale and hundreds more of the most prominent ministers were present. When Mr. Jones was introduced, he slowly walked to the edge of the platform and looked out upon the most remarkable gathering that he had ever seen. There these church dignitaries sat erect, stiff and cold, as if they were determined not to yield an inch while he proceeded to talk. He spoke in a conversational voice, that those near by could hear each word, while those far away began to lean forward to catch what he said. On and on he went, while they sat there like statues. He was never more conscious of his power and never took greater delight in addressing an audience than that day, when the theological learning and scholarship of Boston and New England sat at his feet. Seeing his opportunity, he made a thrust or two at them with some of his characteristic drollery, accompanying it with a twinkle in his eye, when the great audience unconsciously broke out into a hearty laugh. The ice had been broken, and epigrammatic sayings and anecdotes,

full of wit, humor and sarcasm, followed each other in rapid succession, until the audience had yielded to his will, and were swayed as if by magic. He continued to preach and lecture to them until time was lost sight of, and finally he stopped and pulled his watch from his pocket and said: "Well, brethren, I have been talking something over an hour to you, and I bring this address to a close." Shouts of "go on, go on," came up from all parts of the building. Then he addressed them for a few moments with deep earnestness and pathos, closing the lecture with a most sublime and pathetic appeal, which brought the great audience to tears, and amid their sighs and sobs, while wiping the tears from their eyes, he bade them God-speed in their work. Such an ovation followed that the most distinguished men in the church rushed to the platform and gave him a hearty handshake, and from that day he had the complete sympathy and cooperation of the ministers of Boston.

The meeting continued for four weeks, and in the regular services for the mixed audience and in special services for men and women, great appeals were made for the salvation of the lost, and the converts responded freely.

The last meeting held for the men at Faneuil Hall was crowded as before, and the *Boston Globe* said: "It was a touching scene in old Faneuil Hall yesterday at noon when Sam Jones closed his series of talks there to business men. He had just been describing the heavenly city toward which he was bound, the city with the pearly gates, the walls of Jasper, the streets of gold, when he suddenly asked: 'All those who have received good from the meetings raise your hands.' Up went hundreds of bronzed hands without the hesitation of a moment. Dr. Brady was on his feet in an instant, saying: 'All you who want to meet Mr. Jones in heaven put up your hands again.' Nearly every person present, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the man in worn-out clothes, and good clothes, shot his arm upward into the air with eagerness and earnestness. The ladies in the gallery arose to their feet, expressing the same desire. Such a scene had never been witnessed within the walls of the historic building."

The closing meeting was held on Sunday in the Mechanics Hall.

The great hall would accommodate between ten and twelve thousand. The press said: "The magic of Sam Jones's name drew an audience to Mechanics Hall to listen to his shrewd, quaint and inimitable style of address that could only be estimated by the seating capacity of the immense building. Whatever that may be, it was demonstrated that the hall wasn't big enough to hold all who desired to hear Sam Jones. A multitude of people stood up during the services, and several thousand were altogether unable to gain admission to the hall. It is undoubtedly true, as was remarked by a member of the committee having charge of the service, that no place less spacious than 'The Commons' would furnish ample accommodations for one of the audiences of Sam Jones.

"Standing before this sea of faces, which seemed to extend far into the distance, Mr. Jones preached his farewell sermon on 'Conscience, Record, and God.'" This closed his first and great meeting in Boston.

Just ten years later, 1897, Mr. Jones returned to Boston and conducted another revival. In front of the People's church was this sign:

"The Wonder of the Ages, Sam P. Jones."

The services were held in practically the same churches, and the same way as at the previous meeting. The meeting continued for nearly three weeks, and was as remarkable in power and as far-reaching in results, if not surpassing, that of 1887. In his second visit, as well as the first, he was never received more cordially and supported more loyally, and did a greater work, than in Boston.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On the Pacific Coast.

I.—Los Angeles.

It was my privilege to accompany Mr. Jones to the Pacific coast. We took our four children and nurse, and had a safe and pleasant journey, arriving in Los Angeles, California, on January 13, 1889.

The first meeting that he conducted was in Los Angeles, and upon our arrival in that city we were entertained at the Westminster Hotel. Mr. E. O. Excell and wife joined us there. We were given a most cordial welcome to the "City of Angels," which is situated in an original and genuine earthly Paradise.

The great daily papers had hailed his coming with delight, and the ministry was enthusiastic over his proposed work. For months there had been an urgent request for his services, and the people seemed to be glad of his coming. We had hardly reached our room when the *Tribune* reporter called upon Mr. Jones. As was his custom, he greeted the reporter with courtesy, and showed his sympathy and appreciation of the work of the public press. He wished to know if this was Mr. Jones's first visit to California, and Mr. Jones said: "Yes, this is the first time I was ever on this coast, but my wife and I were out for a walk this morning, and do you know everything seems like a dream in the city?" The reporter said: "Mr. Jones, you rank at the head of American evangelists in the estimation of our people." "Well," said he, "I don't know about my rank being at the head. I am not an evangelist in the sense that Munhall, Moody and others are, I belong to the North Georgia Conference, and received my appointment like any other preacher, which at the present time is the agency of the Decatur Orphanage. I can raise the money for this worthy institution while prosecuting my evangelistic work wherever I am called in the providence of God. For

years I preached in the conference, but was literally drawn out into this work." "The report has been circulated in this city," said the reporter, "that you never go anywhere without a large and stipulated salary." "Well, that's not true; at Chautauqua assemblies and Eastern camp-meetings, where there is a regular admission fee charged I receive a stated amount of money for my services. In such cases I always contend that a white elephant is worth the fence around it. I never have required any stipulated sum for my services as an evangelist." "What is the difference in your success in different sections of the country?" "Well, I find the people differing wherever I go; more depends upon the size of the city than its location. I have been successful in the great cities of the South, in Cincinnati, Chicago, Toronto and Boston, and in all these places the buildings were inadequate to accommodate the throngs that came to hear me. You can bite an apple, but a pumpkin you can only nibble and slobber over. Charleston, S. C., was an apple. I spoke to five thousand people, one-tenth of the population, and through that tenth I could have some influence on the whole, but Chicago is a pumpkin. It is unwieldy and bulky. Boston is of a different type, but there the people will hear any man who has something to say, and there is no better field for evangelism than Boston." "What is your opinion of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association?" "It is a well-organized body, but, like many churches, the Association could do a great deal more than it does. It is a magnificent engine, but frequently without steam; however, I have shown my interest in the work of aiding them wherever I have gone and help was needed, in raising money to put them on a safe basis."

In arranging for the meeting the committee had fixed up the great pavilion, and had everything suitably arranged. Mr. Excell had an excellent choir, which rendered many beautiful selections. Rev. Dr. Cantine acted as master of ceremonies, and introduced Mr. Jones. At the first service the building was filled with over five thousand people, and at least that many were turned away. On account of some of the sensational newspaper articles there was a wide difference of opinion by the clergy and the people, and much speculation in general, as to how he would be received. Mr. Jones with his

matchless instinct for sizing up an audience, seemed to know that he was on trial, and that a number of people had come, not to hear the gospel, but to see if the things that had been published about him were true. Those who had come to laugh, scoff and pick flaws in the preacher were foiled of their opportunity, as he preached one of the most serious sermons, abounding in beautiful figures and touching incidents, from the text, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Joshua 15:24.

The audience went away somewhat disappointed in that there was nothing to criticise, but deeply impressed with the service. He took occasion to put the people on notice as to his attitude regarding the objections that had been raised to revivals. Said he: "Some of you have been asking if revivals don't react. Yes, they do, just like a man's stomach reacts after a big dinner, and he wants another dinner the next day, but that's no sign that he is going to stop eating; it's no sign because you had the first revival that you don't want and need another one. As I walked through your streets this morning, I was charmed, and said to myself, 'How can sinners flourish where God empties heaven every day upon them,' and, with the poet, I thought 'every prospect is pleasing, and only man is vile.' Now, some of you fellows will say, 'Sam is bidding for a home.' Well, bud, I have turned down homes all over this country, and had rather live in my little home at Cartersville, Ga., than anywhere on earth. When the devil has nothing else to do, he seems to start his agent to lying about Sam Jones. I don't care, go it; if you can say worse things about me than I can about you, lam' in. Stagnation is the last station this side of damnation, and the fellow who gets there generally goes through."

He said in closing: "Brethren, I want to see a great work done here in Los Angeles. I have not come for fun nor money. I have prayed God to make me a power to bring souls to Christ, and I hope before next Sunday there will be a blaze of revival; that this city will be made as lovely in morals as it is in climate and surroundings."

The papers became very bitter, and even scurrilous in their criticisms, both editorially and reportorially; however, this opposition

was soon overcome, and the papers supported him loyally, and gave the meeting every consideration. One of them said: "Los Angeles is one of the least wicked and most exemplary places. The entire community supports more churches in proportion to its population, and nowhere is divine worship more popular, but even Los Angeles is not so thoroughly good that it does not need to be stirred up once in a while by a broad-gauged, old-fashioned revival of religion. We blush to own it, but it is an undeniable fact that the worship of Mammon in this city has had about seven days in every week for the past years, and if this shameful state of affairs can be changed by Mr. Jones, there will be great improvement in both private and public morals. We have no doubt that the present revival will continue to accomplish a great deal of good, and that men who have murdered will confess, who have defrauded will make restitution, and that thousands will form resolutions to forsake their evil ways."

Mr. Jones waged a merciless war upon card-playing, dancing and theater-going, which brought upon him the condemnation of the society element. A charity ball which had been given during the meeting was denounced in the most severe terms, and the papers which had recently been loud in his praises turned against him again, and with renewed vigor resorted to all kinds of methods in order to injure him and destroy his influence. They garbled the reports of his sermons, and wrote flaming editorials which fanned into a short-lived flame a wave of popular resentment. Some of the papers deliberately printed statements and credited them to Mr. Jones which were absolutely false. As the opposition grew in intensity Mr. Jones's denunciation became more fierce, until they were won back by his bravery.

The Los Angeles *Christian Advocate* had an editorial which gives a fine account of the battle between Mr. Jones and the newspapers, and the subsequent result: "We have never heard so much religious discussion as has been aroused by the Sam Jones meetings, and the devil and his emissaries have been completely stirred up. Two saloon-keepers have been heard to say that they would give big money to get a chance to give Sam Jones a thrashing, and undoubtedly all the mean, corrupt, dishonest and contemptible villains of the city

would like to contribute to that fund. The *Times* and *Herald,* two of our dailies, have tried to make themselves popular with the saloon and hoodlum crowd by misrepresenting and distorting the evangelist's utterances, and by publishing editorial criticisms that showed their gross ignorance and malignity of spirit. Of course, these adverse criticisms have only advertised the meetings more extensively, and the witty sentences of the evangelist in reply have made these papers the laughing-stock of the city. The *Times* went so far as to change the reports of one of Mr. Jones's sermons furnished them by a reporter in their employ, and when the reporter discovered their contemptible practices he immediately left their employ. A great number of good people have notified the *Times* that they do not want the paper any more in their home. The *Herald* was first sulky, and then came out in open opposition to the meeting in one issue, making desperate assault upon Mr. Jones. The editor was drunk on the streets that very day, which may account for it. Like the *Times,* the *Herald's* opposition has cost it several hundred subscribers, and other patronage amounting to several hundred dollars a year. The *Social World,* a society paper, in favor of card-playing, theater-going, dancing and drinking, said in its Saturday issue: 'Sam Jones ought to be ridden out of Los Angeles on a rail.' That sentence was the last kick of a dying goose. On Wednesday the sheriff sold out the establishment, and the only mourners were the creditors of the concern." Thus it would seem that it was not profitable to oppose the onward march of the gospel truths, even from a secular standpoint. Mr. Jones kept up his war against all kinds of sin, preaching three times daily. He seldom dignified the individuals and newspapers who fought him with more than a few witty words spoken before the beginning of his sermon, but at times he administered such stinging rebukes that his audiences burst out in uproarious applause, thereby showing their approval of the stand he had taken, and disapprobation of those who were fighting him. It wasn't long until all the papers came back to his support, and were friendly to him to the end.

Mr. Jones remained in the city for four weeks, and his tireless efforts were abundantly blessed of God in the salvation of the people.

The reporters interviewed the leading theatrical managers, most prominent saloon-keepers, and managers of the largest beer-gardens as to the results of the meeting on their business. They all said in substance: "We are certainly getting the worst of this; our receipts in the evening have diminished terribly since the crowds began to go down to the pavilion. Frequently they used to come to our places, but now they go to hear Sam Jones and then home. We'll be glad when he leaves town. Reforms have been effected and impression made upon the city that can not cease."

His closing sermon was delivered on the evening of February 6th. Long before the hour of service, thousands were being turned away from the doors. Never had such an ovation been given any man before. At the close, thousands went up and shook hands with the evangelist, and during the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," the great audience stood there and wept like children.

An editorial in the *Tribune* the following morning said: "Rev. Sam Jones has been successful not alone in attracting the largest audiences that have been seen in Los Angeles, but he has also been successful in making converts. Nearly one thousand persons have professed Christianity under his ministry. The interest has not decreased a particle, but on the contrary, increased till the last."

As he left that day for Sacramento, thousands of people went to the train and expressed a feeling of deep regret at his departure from the city.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On the Pacific Coast (Continued).

II.—Sacramento.

From Los Angeles he went to Sacramento and began a meeting on February 11th under the auspices of the Ministerial Alliance of that city. The ministers and laymen who were instrumental in bringing him to Sacramento called upon him, and gave him the status of affairs of the city. There was some apprehension on their part as to the safety of Mr. Jones, in case he should preach as plainly as he did at Los Angeles. They told him of the great weakness of the place, and of some threats that had already been made. They warned him about turning his guns upon a certain element in the city. After having laid the capital city before him as one of the worst, they said there were men there who would not hesitate to kill him should he preach on their sins. He received the warning with a smile and said: "I am no respecter of persons. I have preached my convictions all over this country, and I shall not change my style in Sacramento. If they get mad with me for wanting to clean up this old town, and think it best to kill me, they only give me a short cut to heaven. I want you to know that you can't put a muzzle on the mouth of your Uncle Jones, and I shall not be scared away from my duty."

On Sunday at three o'clock the first service was held in the Armory Hall. Rev. A. T. Needham opened the service with prayer and introduced Mr. Jones. After the introduction Mr. Jones arose and said: "We are in this city for the purpose of holding services for some time to come. We have been invited to your city by the pastors of your churches, and we are here with the promise of hearty cooperation of the people and preachers. We are in the interest of right, humanity and God; the interest of every good citizen,

good mother, and virtuous daughter lies close in our hearts. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand lose its cunning if I, in your city or elsewhere, shall ever advocate anything but right or denounce anything but wrong. We are not here to discuss isms and dogmas, but to learn what is right, and then do it. I was disheartened in talking with your pastors. They said that there were forty thousand people in the city; four hundred saloons, and ten churches; that an average of three hundred at each church was a fine audience. Four hundred drinking places to supply the people with liquor and damnation, and ten churches to supply them with salvation. Three thousand people go to church, and thirty-seven thousand do not. I am simply talking facts; not of my own making, but what your pastor gave me; you must know that I believe in God, and in His power, or I would have taken the first train out of this town last night. God has said one man can chase a thousand and two can put ten thousand to flight, therefore, we won't be discouraged, because it will only take about four men, good and true, to clean up the whole city for God. [Applause.] While you are here by the thousands this afternoon, I am told that you are not coming to these meetings. I don't know whether you will or not, and, as far as I am concerned, I don't care whether you do or not. I have been preaching to large audiences for so long that it would be a real rest to preach to a small crowd for awhile, therefore, if you don't want to come here just come around to my room at the Golden Eagle Hotel and I will write you out a permit, bud, to stay away." Then he announced his text and preached a sermon that completely captured the audience. He had much to say against the saloons and other dens of vice in his first sermon. The devil, he declared, with all his power, can not do anything unless he can get some one to help him, but he has all the help he wants in this town. Here are forty saloon-keepers to each preacher. The devil ought to be satisfied with that. The devil doesn't make liquor, but he gets some fellow to make it for him; he doesn't sell, but he gets some of you rascals to do it for him; he doesn't make gamblers. He has some of the church-members to sit down and teach your children to play cards at home, and make gamblers in

that way. He just walks around with his hands in his pockets and gets you fellows to do what he wants done here in this city. Now, it don't make any difference to me whether you are the governor of this city or the biggest fellow in it; I am going to pour the biggest shot I have in my pouch into you before I leave here. I shall shoot right into the hole where you are. I know you'll come out a-humping, declaring you weren't in there, but how are you going to explain being shot all to pieces, you idiot you? Now," said he, "I want those of you who desire to change your ways, and believe I am right about these things, to stand up." In response to his request the audience rose almost en masse.

The audience that attended the evening service was still larger; while no more could be crowded into the building, thousands were turned away. For three weeks these great audiences waited upon his ministry, and some of the most denunciatory sermons he ever delivered fell from his lips in Sacramento. Being the "Capital City" of the State, the corrupt politicians had dominated the city until its corruption was something intolerable. In referring to it he said: "Let me tell you, a city like this could never have reached the depth of corruption and infamy without some men here making a record that the devil himself would be ashamed of. You political bosses, you municipal and county bosses, and your henchmen, the damnable record that you are writing is enough to make every decent citizen in the city rise up and say, by the grace of God the thing has gone far enough. [Applause and a voice, 'you're right']; and when a few of you church-members get backbone and speak your convictions this crowd is going to stop, beg your pardon and say, 'We didn't know you objected at all.' Infamy was never brave. Cowardice is the foundation upon which these scoundrels stand. [Applause.] What is your record as a member of the Legislature now in session [applause]; now, some of you need not be clapping your hands, for I can find fifty of you rascals in this town to one in the Legislature." [The legislators applauded.] "Now, you fellows needn't applaud, because the only reason I can find fifty rascals in town to one in the Legislature is because there are more people in the town. I can take the record of some of you legislators and,

with the laws of California, consign you to the penitentiary before to-morrow night. Think of it—a man in the Legislature that ought to be in the penitentiary. A lawmaker the worst lawbreaker in the land. No wonder California is steeped in lawlessness and crime, when its Legislature furnishes its pro rata of lawbreakers. Take, for instance, that body on the liquor question. There is not a member that doesn't own that this traffic is cursing the country. If you haven't this much sense, you haven't enough to be in the Legislature. You ought to be in the insane asylum instead of where you are. The idea of wanting to enforce upon this town and other towns in the State a liquor law putting license down to eighty-four dollars per year. I believe a legislator that will deliberately vote such a law is owned body and soul by the liquor-dealers. May God stir up every preacher and every citizen in this whisky-soaked city and put an end to this infernal traffic. If every stave in a whisky barrel in this town could be turned into a wing, every one of you could pin two on your shoulders and fly off to the Lord. You are the most corrupted people by liquor I have ever seen. A decent man came to this town the other day and looked around and said: 'I won't bring my wife and children to a town where there are ten churches and four hundred saloons.' Then your faro-banks and gambling-dens are wide open. How can a mayor, who swears to execute the law, and the chief of police, who takes his oath of office, sleep at night with the consciousness that the law is overridden and this town is debauched? If I were mayor of this place I would put the gamblers and saloon-keepers where they would have to obey the law. But your mayor hasn't any backbone, just a little string run up his back, with a few ribs hitched to it. It is dangerous for men to walk the streets at night. When I was in St. Louis I thought that was the most wicked city I ever saw, but if hell is due west from St. Louis, I think you are just about twenty-five hundred miles nearer to it. 'My!' you say, 'I have never been talked to this way before'; well, what are you going to do about it? You say you are going to drum Sam Jones out of town. Well, boys, I've got the drum, and I won't lend it to you." This was one of the most terrific sermons that Mr. Jones ever

preached, and the audience was at first full of resentment, but was changed to conviction before he finished. The people went away admiring his bravery, and more interested than ever in his ministry.

It was noised abroad that schemes had been concocted to assassinate Mr. Jones. He had taken his life in his own hands, and had faithfully proclaimed the truths of God. Just before going to the evening service the next day a committee came to the hotel and told Mr. Jones that there were men waiting at the door to shoot him as he started to the building, but with his dauntless courage and faith in God, he looked at me and said: "Wife, don't you know that God will take care of me and protect me as long as I am doing my duty." He deliberately walked down the stairway, refusing the protection of friends and officers, and went out of the hotel. He proceeded to his carriage, and as he took his seat he turned to one of the men and said: "If I live until one of those cowardly scoundrels shoot me, I will make old Methuselah look like a plumb baby by the side of me." Upon reaching the Armory Hall, where the immense crowd had assembled, he continued his fearless preaching as if no opposition existed.

One of the papers, the *Bee,* continued its denunciation of Mr. Jones and his work, but he soon turned the table on the editor, saying: "I can't see for the life of me how you call yourselves civilized and will allow that vicious little sheet to be thrown into your front yard. I would just as soon have a mad dog turned loose in my front yard to bite my children. The dog could only kill the poor little bodies, but a vicious thing like that dirty little sheet will cause them to lose regard for religion and wreck them body and soul for both worlds." Applause, after his arraignment of the *Bee* was long and definite. The fate of the paper was not long in writing, as it was a sad one to its editor and owners, but a relief to the city.

The meeting in Sacramento, in many respects, was not what might be termed a great one in converting souls; while hundreds were brought into the church, nevertheless, in waking up the consciences of the city and in purifying its morals it was most remarkable. His ministry led the people to demand from their offi-

cials the enforcement of their laws, and when the meeting closed there were no open gambling-places, and the laws regarding the Sunday saloons were enforced. Thousands stood up at the closing service and testified that they had started for a better life, and hundreds gave evidence of genuine conversion.

At the end of four weeks he closed his remarkable work and moved on to San Francisco.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the Pacific Coast (Continued).

III.—San Francisco.

San Francisco was the last city Mr. Jones visited on the Pacific coast. The great metropolis afforded a very inviting field for his work. The committee in charge of the meetings offered us our choice of hotels and Mr. Jones selected the Occidental, because it was more of a family hotel, where he could be quiet.

The Mechanics' Pavilion had been arranged for the revival. It would accommodate five thousand people. Mr. E. O. Excell led the large choir, and the services were full of interest from the very beginning. J. D. Hammond, agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern and editor of their church paper, had been instrumental in bringing Mr. Jones to the Far West. At the first service he was in charge, and presented the evangelist to the audience.

The three lading papers, *The Chronicle, The Call* and *The Examiner,* had been discussing pro and con his meetings in Los Angeles and Sacramento. In their editorial and press notices they had stirred up very much curiosity and interest in the meeting. The pavilion was crowded at the first service, and Mr. Jones preached his most sympathetic and powerful sermon on John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The first sermon was unlike what the audience had expected; so full of elegant and chaste language, so much tenderness and pathos, that the people were unable to pick a flaw in his utterances.

Monday morning each of the papers had full accounts of the first service, and had given a description of Mr. Jones and estimates of his character and work. *The Chronicle* said: "Sam Jones has

arrived; has talked; has conquered. San Francisco, modern and ancient, good, bad and otherwise, filled the seats in the Pavilion at both services on Sunday. He is a small, wiry-looking man, with a firm jaw, sallow complexion, black mustache, coal-black hair high on a rather narrow forehead, finely lined eyebrows, and hands as small and delicate as a woman's. He has the slow, drolling accent of the Georgian. He is no mere elocutionist, and makes no effort at the dramatic. There is pathos in his voice, however, and a natural charm about his manner of delivery that soothes the nerves, delights the ear and carries with it the sympathies of his listener. He is perfectly cool and collected, and says so much in so few words, and with such little apparent effort, that the congregation, while delighted, wonder where on earth he came into possession of such a marvelous style. He has the quaint humor of the South and is full of homely anecdotes, which he uses to illustrate his text, and relates them so naturally that his discourse is brightened by them and his congregation at times is convulsed with merriment. He is always saying something original, and his audience never wearies." *The Call* and *The Examiner* had equally as good and favorable reports and comments as *The Chronicle*. As in all other meetings, it was not long until he had taken in the situation and began to preach against the prevailing sins, and raised the issue for the meeting. He led up to this by a reference to the South firing upon the Stars and Stripes at Fort Sumter. Said he: "I am sorry we fired on that flag. We made a mistake in doing that. No man is more loyal to the flag of his country than the one who now addresses you. I am not very sorry that we fought you Northern folks, and never will admit that you whipped us. We just wore ourselves out fighting you. [Laughter.] But the first thing in the war was an issue; the next thing was drawing the lines, and then every fellow hustled home to get his gun. So it is in this religious warfare. We must raise the issue, draw the line, and every fellow get ready to fight. Here in this fair city you are given to card-playing, theater-going and wine-drinking, and when a crusade is made against these things and a call is made, we can't get a corporal's guard with which to fight the devil. You people run

home and shoot under the bed; anybody can jump on a little fellow and stamp the feathers off him, but it takes a man to attack the sins in high places. I have quit jumping on little fellows. If you want to fight me just go where the bottom dog is and scratch under him, and if I ain't there, then I am just gone to dinner. I always sympathize with the bottom dog. I like a preacher like John the Baptist, who would preach against the sins of Herod, and while in jail would die before he would retract his words."

No sooner had the issue been raised, than the papers began to defend the people and the city. There was nothing in the way of misrepresentation and denunciation that they did not resort to. This led Mr. Jones to speak of them at one of his services. He said: "I have been swallowed by whales and nibbled by minnows, but I never had the ants crawl over me till I struck the Pacific Slope. The little papers in Los Angeles, Sacramento and San Francisco are pitching into Sam Jones. Now, these little editor ants don't hurt me, they just crawl over me and make me itch." This reference created much laughter and brought forth enthusiastic applause. Of course the papers continued their assault, but finally he won the day, and their attacks upon him simply called the attention of more people to the meeting. He did not lack for congregations from the very beginning, but the issues at stake and the attitude of the press aided him in getting audiences which far exceeded the seating capacity of the Pavilion.

Believing that the morals of the city needed purifying he took the city officials to task and scored them without mercy for their loose administration. He called attention to the theaters that were running in open defiance of the Sabbath laws, and said no city could hope for the blessings of God that would ruthlessly disregard His injunction to keep the Sabbath day holy. His attacks on the saloons were severe, and received just as vigorous attention as in other places. *The Examiner,* edited by William Randolph Hearst, took up his remarks on municipal affairs and ridiculously distorted them until one would think that Mr. Jones was illiterate, unrefined, and without the knowledge of the ordinary citizen. With the reporters sitting in front of him, he called the attention of the au-

dience to the misrepresentations, and, pointing at the reporters, said: "You little sap-headed reporters, with eyes so close together that you can see through a keyhole with both of them, are sent here at night to take down my sermons; now, if you can't report them as I deliver them, you stay away from here. You seem to think your mission is to make my sermons funnier and more sensational, and in your ridiculous attempts you are slandering me and the cause. Now, bud, if you are doing the best that you can, your paper had better put you on a job that is small enough for your caliber, and let them send a man here that is big enough for the occasion."

The meeting continued from day to day, growing in interest and power, while souls were being converted at all the services. Mr. Jones had the cooperation of a large portion of the Protestant ministers of the city, which was a source of pleasure and strength to him, as he always appreciated the full and sympathetic help of the ministers of a city. He was in San Francisco four weeks, and thousands of people professed conversion and resolved to live a better life. He was urged to remain longer, but his engagements elsewhere were pressing him and it was impossible for him to comply with their wishes.

In describing the last service one of the papers said: "The odor of all kinds of flowers filled the Pavilion yesterday, for the concluding services had been anticipated by the friends of the evangelist, who showed their appreciation of his efforts to reform the city by decorating the band-stand on which he spoke and the wall behind him with the fairest flowers of the garden and forest arranged in the most graceful and tasteful manner. The railing of the stand was concealed from view by a bank of calla-lilies, while at the back of the stand was a cross made of ivy and callas, festooned with roses and lilacs. Mr. Jones said: "I have never looked upon such lovely valleys, green mountains and crystal streams in my life. From my heart I pray that this glorious country may some day be given to God, then California will be the greatest State in the Union, and San Francisco the fairest city that angels ever looked upon. We are told that there shall be a new heaven and earth, wherein shall reign righteousness. God could make such a heaven

out of California with less transformation than any other part of the world." He took occasion to compliment in terms of sincerest praise the cordial hospitality with which he had been uniformly received in all the cities of the State.

At the close of his sermon the ministers, in bidding him farewell, presented the following resolutions:

"*Resolved,* That we, ministers of the gospel, residing in San Francisco, have greatly enjoyed the services of Rev. Samuel P. Jones in this city. He has been abundant in labors, faithful in declaring the whole counsel of God and wonderfully successful in stirring our community for righteousness. We are thankful that he came, our prayers go with him as he goes, and we shall gladly welcome him to our city whenever the good providence of God shall again bring him to the Pacific coast.

"*Resolved,* That the services of Professor Excell, singing companion to Mr. Jones, have been most enjoyable. He is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Long may Jones and Excell do services for our common Master.

"(Signed) F. D. Bovard, J. M. Hammon, M. C. Harris, W. W. Case, F. M. Washburne, A. J. Nelson, C. V. Anthony, J. Hannon, G. W. Izer, Richard Harcourt, N. Carver, M. M. Gibson, Laurenzo Waugh, E. G. Matthews, L. M. Schofield, W. S. Urmy, W. S. Bovard, H. H. Hall."

A liberal offering was made for his Orphans' Home and for his own support, and thousands pressed forward and gave him their hands in token of their appreciation for the great help that they had received from his ministry.

The citizens had requested that he remain over and deliver a paid lecture at the close of his evangelistic services. The great pavilion was crowded and standing-room was at a premium. The policemen, with difficulty, made way for him to reach the platform, and when he was introduced the thousands cheered enthusiastically for fifteen minutes, making it impossible for him to begin. This great ovation visibly affected Mr. Jones, and he delivered one of the finest addresses of his life.

Thus closed his services at the city of the Golden Gate.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Toledo Meeting.

Perhaps the most novel situation that Mr. Jones had ever encountered was in Toledo, Ohio. A committee from the Ministers' Union had invited him to Toledo for the purpose of fighting the influence of the Golden Rule policy of Mayor Samuel M. Jones, who had made himself famous by his doctrine of "Do as you would be done by." The mayor had injected his principles into the city government, and dealt with the vices of the city upon that platform, which was not approved by a number of the ministers and the Christian laymen. Consequently the services of Mr. Jones were sought in order that the people might be shown the evils attendant upon the Golden Rule regime. It was truly a case of Sam Jones versus Sam Jones.

The newspapers of the city, with one exception, the *Bee,* were favorable to Samuel M. Jones, the mayor, and against the coming of Sam P. Jones, the preacher. They were loud in their denunciations of the Georgia evangelist, and great injury to the city was predicted upon his coming. They appealed to the people from the standpoint of the popularity of the Golden Rule policy that was inaugurated, and as they said, successfully administered by the mayor. Speculations and predictions of dire calamity were read every day before and after the coming of the evangelist, and efforts were made to convince the people that the Georgian would come to the city only for the purpose of stirring up strife and overthrowing the policy of the best mayor the city ever had.

But with the *Bee* as the sole defender of the evangelist, his case went before the people of the city. The people read the adverse criticisms of the papers, but did not make up their minds finally, and reserved their judgment until the coming of Mr. Jones, when they could see and hear for themselves.

Upon his arrival in Toledo Mr. Jones was met by the committee that had invited him. He was put in possession of facts regarding the moral and political status of affairs, and with this information he went forward to the attack single-handed.

At the opening service, which was held in the Armory Hall, there were more than five thousand eager people to hear the evangelist. Every seat in the building was taken, and hundreds were turned away, unable to find standing-room.

The arrangements for the meetings, which were in the hands of a committee, were, perhaps, the most complete and satisfactory that Mr. Jones had ever experienced. Every detail had been carefully looked after by the committee, which had worked in harmony from the beginning, and the effect of united action was apparent. Mr. Jones often remarked that the arrangements made for the meetings at Toledo were splendid, and that he had seldom seen such harmony among the members of a committee.

He was introduced by Mayor Samuel M. Jones, who was given a rousing ovation when he appeared upon the platform with his wife. It was readily seen that the mayor was extremely popular with the people, and that his policy was generally approved. This did not seem to disturb the evangelist, however, for he had found it his duty many times before to attack officials in high places and officers of great popularity when he felt that their policy was wrong, or that they were not doing their duty. The two Sams were loudly applauded as they shook hands upon the platform in view of the people.

In his introduction the mayor said in part: That it had been his privilege to perform many pleasant duties, but none which had ever put more sunshine into his heart. He was delighted to see before him such a vast audience, as it was an indication that a great many Toledoans were interested in the welfare of men's souls—interested in a gospel that would put sunshine into all hearts. Many men, he said, were misunderstood, but there was always the comforting assurance that Christ while on earth was misunderstood. Things as they exist are awfully wrong, but he had faith in Jesus Christ, and with that

faith fixed in the hearts of men, everything would be righted after awhile." In conclusion he said:

"It gives me pleasure to introduce to you Rev. Sam P. Jones, and there are other Joneses. This Jones is my fellow worker."

After the mayor took his seat, Mr. Jones arose and proceeded immediately with his sermon. The first sermon was along serious lines, and he did not indulge in the sensational attacks on sin and sinful things that he usually employed at the beginning of a meeting. For more than a week Mr. Jones kept up this seriousness, to the evident disappointment of some of the people who had come to hear him scalp some of the city officials, and others who were considered evil-doers.

It was after the first week of the meeting that Mr. Jones, in preaching to men, opened his guns and fired into the city officials. Mr. Jones never preached with more power, nor with more fearless onslaughts upon the sins of men and public officials who would allow the laws of the land to be broken every day with no apparent effort to enforce them.

"You have got an apostle in town," said Mr. Jones, "who can do everything by love; he works the Golden Rule on everything. My! My! if love would have regulated this town, it would have taken wings long ago, and would have flown away. Is it love that runs seven hundred saloons wide open seven days in the week, forty shameless houses all night long, and one hundred and fifty gambling-hells that carry your old men and your young men down to hell? You go down the street to that white-aproned, bull-necked saloon-keeper and say, 'Jim, I am going to love you to death.' 'Go on,' he will say, 'love as long as you please, but don't shut me up.' If the devil were mayor of this town, he would not change a single thing. The devil would not change your chief of police either. If I could not find a mayor and police commissioner who would enforce the law and close these resorts of hell on the Sabbath I would take to the woods on election day. The owners of the saloons, the gambling-houses, and unclean resorts of this city are worse than mad dogs, and would any man in this house attempt to use the Golden Rule on such an animal? I stand for something in my town, and when a

mad dog gets loose in the streets of my place I use a double-barreled shotgun on him. I have got something above my eyes, neighbor. I have got too much sense to use love on a rabid beast."

The sermon was one of the most powerful that the evangelist had preached, and its effect upon his audience was unmistakable. Mr. Jones won a great victory for municipal reform in Toledo, and changed the moral atmosphere of the city.

In Toledo, perhaps one of the largest woman's meeting ever held was conducted by Mr. Jones. Despite the fearful state of the weather, the ladies of the city turned out in enormous crowds. They braved the storm of snow and rain, and waded through the mud and slush and filled to everflowing the great Armory Hall. Mr. Jones preached to them concerning the influence that they could and should exert over the men in the coming election for mayor. He said that every woman had an influence for good or evil over some man, and that if the women of Toledo would exercise that influence properly they would be able to carry the city for God and right. There were women from every walk in life present at the meeting, and the impression made upon them by Mr. Jones was marked.

The meetings at Toledo lasted for three weeks, and with each day the services became more productive of good results. Thousands of people were converted, and many thousands were at the altar during the meetings, asking for the prayers of the Christian people.

At the close of the meetings Mr. Jones was extended a warm invitation to return to the city at any time he could do so, and was assured of the fact that his work had accomplished inestimable good for the people of Toledo. Those people who had abused him and questioned his motives before he came to the city had turned completely around and were loud in their praises of his work.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Work in the South.

I have spoken of the great meetings in Memphis, Nashville, St. Joseph and St. Louis, which gave Mr. Jones a national reputation. I have given lengthy accounts of the meetings in Cincinnati, Chicago, Baltimore, Toronto and Boston, which established him for all time as the world's greatest and most unique evangelist. The question was never raised after these great meetings as to his ability, power and marvelous personality.

The great meetings in the central West, including Indianapolis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City and other places stirred up that portion of the United States, and won for him a great place in the hearts of the people of the central West. His work on the Pacific coast including meetings at Los Angeles, Sacramento and San Francisco made him a well-known and prominent factor on the Pacific coast and in the extreme West and Northwest.

While he had conducted marvelous meetings in his early days in most of the Southern States, which had made his name a household word, it was about the year 1900 when he refused to accept calls from all parts of the United States to devote the best part of his life to the people of the Southland, who were so dear to his heart, among whom he had been born and reared.

To begin and give a detailed description of these great meetings, held in the leading cities of all the Southern States would make a volume as large as the present one. To recite the hundreds and almost thousands of remarkable incidents and marvelous conversions to Christianity would be more thrilling than those that we have already given, which are certain to furnish an insight into his marvelous character and ability. Those who heard him in his early days, and who followed his great triumphs throughout the other portions

of the United States, declared that he never preached with more earnestness, mellowness and power than he did in these great Southern campaigns. He had reached the zenith of his glory and power, and these years, by the marvelous results that followed him wherever he went, demonstrated the fact that he held his own in the hearts and the affection of the people, and that he was approved of God. The upbuilding of the churches, the moral reformation of the people, the awakening of sentiment against the liquor traffic, and all the sins that go with manufacturing, selling and drinking the accursed stuff, can only be estimated by the fact that the entire South was thrown into a great revival of righteousness, and that the sentiment throughout the Southern States against the liquor traffic was so intensified that prohibition followed many of his meetings, and that the South at large has placed its endorsement upon his work in the great temperance movement that seems destined to rid our fair Southland of open saloons. He had so impressed himself upon the people that the mere announcement that he would lecture or preach would bring out audiences that tested the seating capacity of the largest auditoriums in the different cities of this section.

In Mississippi he held fifteen meetings, including Jackson, Greenville, Columbus, Vicksburg, West Point, Aberdeen and Meridian. At some of these places large tents were used, and at others large warehouses, cotton-sheds and wooden tabernacles were arranged especially for his meetings. Special trains were run from all parts of the State. The people came in private conveyances for twenty-five miles, and the audiences numbered from five to ten thousand. The immense crowds bewildered the people of the towns and cities in which he preached, and it was difficult to find lodging and entertainment for the crowds that the excursions brought in.

At the close of his great meeting at West Point, Mr. Jones desired to leave on one of the special trains, but the coaches, aisles, platform and steps were crowded so that he could not get standing-room, and the depot agent made arrangements with the engineer to give him a seat in the engine with him, and ride there until the cars were sufficiently emptied for him to find a seat.

In one of the great meetings in Mississippi an editor who became

enraged at Mr. Jones and came to the meeting intoxicated started down the aisle with a pistol in his hand to shoot Mr. Jones, but was overtaken by an officer and put in prison. When he sobered up he became penitent and Mr. Jones had him released from jail and he came back into the meeting and was happily converted.

At Vicksburg the great tent blew down in a rainstorm, but a number of the most wicked men in the city, who had fought his coming had gotten interested in Mr. Jones's sermons, assisted in putting up the tent, and some of them were converts of the meeting. On the way to the tent one night he noticed a man following him closely. After turning several corners, Mr. Jones stopped and said: "Are you following me?" The man replied: "I am." "Then," said Mr. Jones, "for what purpose?" The man shook with emotion as the tears came to his eyes, and said: "I have been trying to get up courage to speak to you and ask you to pray for me; my mother attended your meetings at Jackson and on her dying bed she made me promise that if you ever came within fifty miles of my home I would hear you preach. In fulfillment of that promise, I have come fifty miles that I might hear you. I am a very wicked man, but I am here to seek religion, and I want you to pray for me." Mr. Jones preached to him there, and in the great meeting that night he was converted.

In another town a drummer walked up and registered, but when the clerk informed him that he could not get a room, he said, "What does this mean?" The clerk replied, "Sam Jones is in town, and thousands of people are attending his meetings, and the hotel is crowded." The drummer said: "You don't tell me that this crowd is here to hear Sam Jones?" "Yes, sir," replied the hotelkeeper. "Well," said the drummer, "I can understand why a man would go to hear a blackguard like Sam Jones, but I can not understand why a decent man would take his wife to hear him." A sinner who had come about thirty or forty miles, and brought his wife to the meeting, walked up to the drummer and struck him in the face with his fist, and knocked him down. When the drummer recovered, he said, "What do you mean?" The man replied: "I just wanted to show you how a decent man could take his wife to hear

Sam Jones; I want to teach you a lesson." The next morning the man with his right hand in a bandage came to the meeting and gave his heart to God.

In Greenville, at the close of one of his services, the wives of three prominent business men said: "Brother Jones, we have combined together to pray for our unsaved husbands, and we want you to join us." Mr. Jones replied: "Where two or three agree as touching one thing, it shall be done. We will pray with you and expect their conversions." All three of the men were happily converted, and became most earnest Christians.

He requested all the business men to close for the day services. With the exception of two saloons, every business-house in the town was closed. One of these saloon-keepers stood in front of his saloon and cursed Mr. Jones for wanting him to close his saloon while he was abusing his business. Mr. Jones heard about it, and said in public: "I meant no harm by this invitation; it was only my interest in these men that led me to make the request, but mark my word, you will see doors closed with black crepe on them before many days." A few weeks later a copy of the Greenville *Delta* was sent Mr. Jones, with a paragraph marked, in which it stated that that saloon-keeper had dropped dead at his saloon door, just as he went to open it one morning. Those who read his words and yielded to his appeals were blessed of God, while some who hardened their hearts and resisted the calls of mercy, died horrible deaths, speaking God's approval and endorsement of the man who had warned them so faithfully.

At Meridian some very remarkable things happened under his ministry. Some of the wicked men of the city were cursing and gambling on Mr. Jones, and went down together to see who was the winner, which resulted in two of them coming forward for prayers at the close of the sermon. They were happily converted later on in the meeting, and became prominent members of the church.

The meeting changed the history of the city, and a fight had begun on the saloon business that never stopped until every saloon in the city was closed.

Mr. L. P. Brown, a prominent citizen, and a very earnest Christian of that city, in a personal, says:

"Meridian, where I have lived for thirty-eight years, with a population of twenty-seven thousand souls, has stood for fifteen years without a barroom, brothel, or licensed liquor in any form—a monument of what God can and does and will do—and at the same time memory takes me back to the help given us by Brother Jones. He spared not the curse of drink, and at the same time won the drinker and the seller. Around thousands of family altars his name is honored for his work's sake. In our household his face not only hangs from several walls, but around our hearts the memory of his presence and his life-work are in daily and hourly evidence."

The great meetings in Mississippi were the leading factors in almost freeing that State from the open saloons.

In his native State, meetings were held in Macon, Rome, Augusta, Marietta, Columbus, Waycross, Brunswick, Covington, Savannah, Atlanta, and many other towns. In all, he conducted meetings in more than fifty of the prominent towns and cities in Georgia. It is difficult to say which was the most powerful in immediate results, but perhaps Savannah and Atlanta were the scenes of his greatest work. It was in Georgia where he came into closest touch with the railroad men.

At Macon he was thrown with them in the shops, and visited and prayed with them in their homes. Here began his great interest and love for railroad men. In that city he learned of their generosity and liberality while holding revival services. The railroad men came up and extended him cordial invitations to visit them. In their homes he found their wives and loving little children, and seeing how they were attached to one another, his love grew stronger for them the longer he lived. Instead of finding them the rough, uncouth men that they had been pictured, he found many of them cultured, refined and gentle. Some of their wives were the most devoted Christians.

Wherever he went he usually held a special meeting for them in the railroad shops, and no class of men were greater admirers of him than the noble railroad men throughout the South.

In Atlanta a meeting was held for them in the Western and Atlantic shops. This brought together a great crowd, including all the employees of the company. Mr. Charlie Tillman sang "The Railroad Song," and just before Mr. Jones arose to speak, Col. W. M. Bray stepped to the front and said: "Mr. Jones, I have been requested by Mr. Lamar Collier, and the representative and substantial railroad men of Atlanta, to perform a service for the operators of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. I am here in obedience to this request, as I never fail to perform a duty when I can. I am commissioned through him, and in behalf of these railroad men, to present you a testimonial of their appreciation of your advocacy of their right. This testimonial is not like most testimonials, of little worth; but of priceless value. I present you in their name a book that is the Book of books. I believe that its principles will always be presented intelligently and fearlessly by the recipient. Here is a handsome Oxford Bible, beautifully bound, from the men of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. This is a testimonial of their great regard and love for you."

Mr. Jones took the Bible, and said: "Little did I think a moment ago, when I found that I had left my Bible at my room, that I would be supplied with one in this way. I appreciate the gift. I have always found the railroad men noble in their homes, and regarded them as a big-hearted and brave set of men. I shall leave this beautiful Bible as an heirloom to my youngest child. Now," said he, "I will preach from this book, taking as my text these words: 'But thou hast kept the good wine until now.'" Great power attended this meeting, and hundreds of them arose at the close and dedicated their lives to God.

Mr. Jones visited all the schools and spoke to the children, the young men and women of the colleges, and held many precious services with them. Every conceivable place was utilized for preaching services. He spoke at the recorder's court-room, at the police headquarters, and before every class of people brought there, he preached with such tenderness and power that the officers and criminals gave him their hands as an expression of their desire to lead a Christian life.

One of the most unique services was held on the roof of the Equitable building, at that time one of the tallest buildings in the city. It was at high noon, when the spring sun sent its rays through a rift in the threatening clouds. Nine hundred people, by actual count, by a man standing at the little door opening on the roof, came to hear him preach. Half of the occupants of the Equitable building were there. They stood on the tar and gravel and looked into the earnest face of the revivalist, while down from the streets came the ceaseless murmur of traffic and clamor of wagons, horses' hoofs, and buzzing of trolleys. Behind and around him stretched the amphitheater of the blue Piedmont hills, while in the distance were the colleges resting on the eminences which gird the city. The smoke arose from a hundred furnaces and chimneys, and rolled over the high pulpit, while the steeples of the churches were in plain view. He took for his text Mark 8:36: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." He concluded his sermon by asking all who would promise to lead better lives to hold up their hands, and hundreds of those on the roof responded.

The meetings in Atlanta not only resulted in the conversions of thousands of souls, but started a wave of temperance and municipal reforms, the fruits of which are seen to-day. The audiences in the great Moody Tabernacle ranged from eight to twenty thousand people. After the immense building was crowded part of the thousands were turned back. The meetings became instrumental in creating sentiment against the open saloons, and other immoralities, that made his work go down in history as the most powerful religious services ever held in the State of Georgia.

In Texas, meetings were held in Palestine, Tyler, Waco, Houston, Fort Worth, Dallas, Galveston, San Antonio, and other places. Large wooden tabernacles were constructed that would seat from five to ten thousand people in many places, while in one or two cities immense cotton-warehouses were fitted up. It was after one of his early meetings in Texas, at Palestine, where he had preached against the open wickedness and loose municipal affairs, that he was attacked by the mayor of the city, which resulted in a fight. The moment that the mayor struck him, it flashed upon Mr. Jones's

mind, "If I am going to preach as I do, and have such encounters as this, I must back up my ministry with physical courage. The eyes of the world are upon me, and I must let the people know that in any sacrifice or danger, I am in dead earnest." While not wishing a fight, or taking any delight in such, he immediately wrested the cane from the mayor's hand, and gave him a genteel thrashing. The city showed its approval by calling a special meeting, and making the mayor resign, while the people of the United States applauded his bravery. We give an account of this episode in a telegram that Mr. Jones sent home and to the Atlanta papers. Just before stepping upon the train, Mr. Jones sent the following telegram to his home, and the Atlanta papers:

"Mrs. Sam P. Jones, Cartersville, Ga.:

"The one-horse mayor of Palestine, Texas, tried to cane me at the train this morning. He hit me three times. I wrenched the cane from him, and wore him out. I am well. Not hurt. Will lecture to-night at LaGrange.

"SAM P. JONES."

The one sent to the *Atlanta Constitution* was as follows:

"The one-gallus mayor of Palestine tried to cane your Uncle Jones this morning at the depot. I wrenched the cane from him and wore him out. I am a little disfigured, but still in the ring. I criticised his official career last November. It needed criticising.

"SAM P. JONES."

The trouble in Palestine originated in this way: In November, Mr. Jones had held evangelistic services there. He paid his usual respects to lukewarm church-members, easy-going preachers, gossiping men and women. All these classes took the messages with meekness and approval, but when he arraigned the mayor for not enforcing the law against the liquor business, he stirred up a great deal of resentment among the city officials. The mayor was absent at the time, but upon his return to the city was informed of what

Mr. Jones had said. He had very little to say at that time, but laid his plans to get even with Mr. Jones in the future. Mr. Jones then returned to the city for a lecture, and after repeating his utterances against the loose administration, he went back to his hotel and retired for the night. Next morning he went to the station to take the nine o'clock train, when he was assaulted by the mayor. He immediately dropped his valise, and took the cane from the mayor and "wore him out." He left at once for his next appointment, and the indignation of Palestine was so aroused that the leading citizens called a special meeting, in which they asked the mayor to resign. The matter was telegraphed all over the United States, and from almost every paper came editorials approving of what Mr. Jones had done, and praising him for his manliness and fearlessness as a minister of the gospel.

In the large cities—Dallas, Galveston, San Antonio, Houston, and Fort Worth—were some of the most marvelous meetings any man ever held. They came up to, if they did not surpass, many of the great meetings that won him national fame. However, it is impossible to go into detail about these meetings. Words could not describe the wonderful scenes that took place in all these cities. It was the custom of Mr. Jones to preach to the colored people nearly everywhere he went, and perhaps in Houston one of the greatest meetings was held for the colored folks. The immense audience filled the great tabernacle, and from the platform the sea of dark, earnest faces upturned was a sight long to be remembered. He talked to them in a very plain, practical way, creating wonderful enthusiasm, and presenting the truths that they should know, in a way that the humblest and most ignorant colored person could understand. In speaking to them of politics, he said: "The Democrats and Republicans don't care anything about your vote, further than to help them into office—one thinks about as much of you as the other. The Democrats and Republicans just use you as a tool." In illustrating this truth, he said: "In Virginia there is a story told of General Mahone who, when he died, went to the gate of heaven, but St. Peter told him unless he was mounted he could not come in. The General went away from the gate of heaven, and found an old darkey, and

said to him, 'Unless you are mounted you can't get through the pearly gates,' and proposed that the old darkey get down on all-fours, and he would ride him in. The old darkey fell down upon his hands, and the General mounted him and rode him up to the gate of heaven. St. Peter said, 'Are you mounted?' 'Yes,' replied the General. 'Well,' said Peter, 'hitch your horse outside, and come in.' The General turned the old darkey aside and entered the gate. Now," said he, "that's just what the politicians do with you poor negroes." The truth so simply illustrated went home to their hearts, and the thousands of black men and women said, "That's so, boss; now you'se talking." He then urged them to live sober lives, and to be true in their homes and look to the Lord Jesus Christ as their only hope to help now and hereafter. He was always a friend of the colored people, and gave thousands of dollars to them in building their churches and schools.

At a great mass-meeting held in Houston, he suggested that they organize a Law and Order League to fight the saloons. He asked for one hundred men to come up and give him their hand and to promise to meet at the tabernacle on the following Tuesday night to perfect the organization. Instead of one hundred coming, a thousand men practically ran over each other in response to the call.

In nearly every city in the State such organizations were perfected, and the saloon element and the corrupt municipal affairs were fought until the cities regulated the saloon business. Nearly everywhere through the South such movements followed his preaching.

The most remarkable men's meetings that he ever held were throughout Texas. He frequently preached to as many as ten thousand men, and from five hundred to one thousand would come forward, promising to reform their lives and begin the Christian life. The influence of these great meetings went out into the neighboring towns and through the counties, and led other preachers to follow up the work, which resulted in thousands of conversions and crusades against the liquor traffic. It would be almost impossible to follow these influences and get any just estimate of the final results.

In many of these cities he was instrumental in raising money to build Y. M. C. A.'s and churches, the collections frequently ag-

gregating from twenty to fifty thousand dollars. As a result of his work in Texas, the great "Lone Star State" was swept from one side to the other with the tidal wave of conviction to salvation and municipal reform. It will require eternity itself to furnish a correct estimate of his work in Texas.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Work in the South (Continued).

In North Carolina he held meetings in the following cities: Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Wilmington, and Charlotte. A remarkable revival followed his ministry in Winston-Salem, Greensboro, and Durham. The saloons were made to observe the laws in Durham, and were voted out in Winston and Greensboro. These were not only great moral movements, but resulted in a spiritual awakening, which brought hundreds of the people into the different churches.

At Charlotte one of the greatest men's meeting of his entire career was held. There were eight or ten thousand men within the tabernacle. After he had preached one of his most searching sermons, strong men from the city and adjoining towns and country literally ran over each other as they rushed to the altar with the tears streaming down their cheeks begging for mercy and help. A thousand or more gave their hearts to God. This wonderful manifestation swept away all the prejudices of the most fastidious, and the meeting is spoken of in that city to-day as an epoch-making hour.

The saddest incident connected with the men's meeting was that of a bright young man, perhaps in his twenty-sixth year, who was conductor on the Atlanta and Charlotte Airline. At the close of Mr. Jones's sermon he walked down the aisle more than two-thirds of the way, and then suddenly turned and went back to his seat. It may have been the scoff of a companion, or the jeer of a friend that turned him back. The next morning he went down to the depot, and about eight o'clock he stepped on his train to leave the city. After he had run down the road a few miles he held his train to meet another passenger train, and there was a freight-box standing on the side-track, and when the passenger train backed against it he

was standing just in the rear of it, was knocked down and the wheels ran over him from head to foot, and mashed the very watch in his pocket until it was as thin as a piece of tin. Scarcely had fifteen hours passed since the sermon until he was called into the presence of God.

At Wilmington he held two great meetings. Rev. W. S. Creasy, D.D., pastor Grace M. E. Church, South, was instrumental in his going to Wilmington. The ministers of the other denominations were not at all in favor of his coming, and some were very hostile; however, Dr. Creasy, with a few of the ministers, and by the help of Christian laity, prepared for the great tabernacle movement.

The announcement of the meeting brought forth a great many criticisms, which appeared in the Wilmington papers. These were mostly from the ministers. One prominent Presbyterian minister offered four reasons why he objected to the coming of Mr. Jones. One was, he lowered the dignity of the pulpit, and the other was, the danger of confusing the people as to a true revival. Another because of his deep appreciation of the ministry of the church, and the last one, as a conscientious Presbyterian he could not endorse a man who makes a point of caricaturing what, to him, was the most precious truths of the Bible.

A prominent Episcopal rector said he could not see that any really spiritual good could possibly be gained by this community from any preaching by Mr. Jones.

A prominent Baptist preacher fought his coming from the start, and wrote a lengthy article to a religious paper, giving his reason for his position, claiming that Mr. Jones's wit was exceedingly coarse, his humor low and vulgar, unbecoming a Christian minister in any circle, and, in his judgment, a gross and grievous desecration of the pulpit.

There were other criticisms offered by some of the less prominent ministers of the different denominations. It seemed that there had been formed an alliance in Wilmington with the society element, gamblers and liquor-dealers that made the ministers fear his coming. At any rate, the society people, gamblers, liquor-dealers, and people

of that class, were in the heartiest sympathy with the criticisms expressed by these ministers, and heartily endorsed all of them.

When Mr. Jones arrived in Wilmington he began at once to overcome the opposition, and it wasn't long until these same ministers were attending his services and cooperating heartily with him in the salvation of the lost. His preaching against the worldliness and wickedness of the society people, and his arraignment of the evils of the liquor traffic wrought great reformation in the lives of hundreds, and created a mighty sentiment against the liquor business. For ten days he preached, with thousands attending his ministry, and one of the greatest meetings held in North Carolina was that in Wilmington. In view of the opposition and obstacles that he overcame, perhaps it was one of the mightiest works of his life.

In Virginia he visited Roanoke, Danville, Lynchburg, and Richmond. In Danville, where an immense auditorium was erected and named "The Sam Jones Tabernacle," he completely revolutionized the life of the people. One of the most notable results of that meeting was the consecration and call to the ministry of Mr. James E. Schoolfield, a prominent hardware merchant and cotton manufacturer. He immediately entered upon the work of the ministry as an evangelist and preached all over the South, paying his own expenses, and became one of the most successful soul-winners of his day. He attributed his change and call to the ministry to Mr. Jones. A few years ago he laid down his armor and preceded Mr. Jones to his heavenly reward.

This is just one instance of the thousands of men who were converted and called to the ministry, and afterwards entered the pastorate and evangelistic field to become honored and accredited workers in the kingdom of God. Perhaps more preachers have entered the work of the ministry through Mr. Jones's preaching than any other man living or dead.

Great results followed his preaching in Lynchburg and Norfolk. In Richmond a large tabernacle was erected on Franklin street, almost opposite the Richmond College, with a seating capacity of eleven thousand. As the tabernacle was located in the extreme western part of the city, it was difficult for the people to attend, but they came in carriages, on the street-cars, trains, and afoot, until the

great building would not accommodate them. The work was difficult at first, but in his men's meeting one Sabbath afternoon when twelve thousand men had been seated and three thousand turned away, he preached that masterful sermon, "Conscience, Record, and God." The power of the Holy Spirit came upon him, and the people, and at the close of the meeting the men were standing en masse in their endorsement of his work, and pledging themselves to be faithful Christians. As he looked down upon the scene of that victory, he said, turning to those who had been slow to believe, "What do you think of that? Thank God for a scene in Richmond like this." From that day the tide had turned, and Richmond was in repentance and seeking salvation.

In Tennessee, where he had held so many meetings, he revisited Jackson, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Memphis, and Nashville. At all these places great meetings followed, and in Nashville he continued his ministry in the great auditorium that he had inspired and raised the money for, visiting the capital city each successive year, and sometimes twice during the year, for eighteen meetings. The cause of temperance in Tennessee was always very close to his heart, and in these last meetings he preached and pleaded for the close of the saloons and general prohibition, until the State now, with the exception of four or five of the leading cities, has local option. If the day comes, and the signs point that way, when the State is entirely free from saloons, at the judgment bar of God Mr. Jones will receive much of the reward for the faithful and earnest work which closed the saloons.

In Kentucky meetings were held at Paducah, Hopkinsville, Owensboro, Bowling Green, and Louisville, and many other places. Large tabernacles were erected in these cities for the meetings.

At Bowling Green the most wonderful meeting ever held in Kentucky was under his ministry. Here the city was aroused on the subject of temperance to such an extent that they closed all the barrooms. Perhaps the hottest fight he ever had for the cause of temperance was during his meetings in Kentucky. At Bowling Green a hundred and twenty-five of the employees of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad wrote out a pledge that they would drink and curse and carouse no more.

"Do Everything You Can and Leave the Rest to God."—*Sam Jones.*

AGREEMENT

BOWLING GREEN, KY., April 10, 1893.

Be it Known by all Men, That we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, being employees of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, and residents and citizens of Bowling Green, Ky., having seen and felt and realized the sad effects of intemperance among our citizens and its fatal results to railroad men in particular, we do hereby agree and covenant with each other not to enter a saloon in Bowling Green, or anywhere else, or enter a barroom of any hotel or restaurant in said city, or anywhere else, under any circumstances, except absolute necessity requires our entrance, or we receive positive information that a person is on the inside whose name appears upon this list.

We further agree that, if at any time we find it impossible to keep this, we will get the consent of five (5) members of this agreement and have our name erased from this list before we enter a saloon door. We further agree that should we break or violate this agreement that we hereby consent and agree that each remaining member of this agreement be furnished a "card" bearing our name and the date of violation, and that it be known and said of us that we have sworn falsely and are not worthy of confidence in any business or social relation or transaction.

ENGINEERS.

C. M. Moore
A. M. Freeman
John C. Crofton
R. E. Hockersmith
C. P. Bailey
J. E. Dixon
W. F. Porter
W. E. Blackwell
J. W. Alsup
W. C. Brigham
W. H. Hawkins
F. Mulbarger
Sam Vann
W. H. Hockersmith
Wm. Wolfenberger
John Keogh
W. H. Campbell
J H. Penwick
Dock Dean
S. A. Gilson
Ed Satterwhite

FIREMEN.

T. H. Glenn
M. C. Stage
J H. Compton
W. D. Perry
Wm. Tabor
H. Porter
J. W. Neal
Frank Porter
John Albert Freeman
F. P. Looney
R. C. Johnson
S. P. Price
C. R. Smith
B I. Wallace
W. A. Stephens
W. B. Perkins
A. H. Cleveland
J. D Jesse
S. J. Everett
Mike Rogers
W. H. B. Rue

CONDUCTORS.

Randall Allen
J. L. Hockersmith
G. F. Cole
H. M. Cole
C. E. Staton
C C. Medley
W. D Haworth
L. B. Bennett
W. C. Haight
John C. Willett
J. W. Vick
B. V. Saulisbury

BRAKEMEN.

E. B Williams
J. M. Burton
S. A. Douglas
E. W. Hunt
R. L Beck
B. S. Hampton
W. B Faxon
Ben Lane
Frane Hogwood
J. J. Bracken
K. Webster
W. J. Lewis
W. S. Taylor
C. M. Huffines
C. E. Locke
Ira Ford
W. A. Cassady
W. T. Clark
J. E. Greathouse
P. H. Warren
G. A. Knox
D. Satterfield
Albert L. Crook
W. J. Wyatt
J. R. Carter
L. A. Ritter

FLAGMEN.

W. D. Buckberry
A. Dalton

HOSTLERS.

H. L. Funk
R. F. Bracken

CAR REPAIRERS.

Henry Hardwick
Ewing Morgan
J. W. Claypool
W. F. Hawkins
Chas. B. Gann

CARPENTERS.

John Starr
J. Tom Doores
John Johnson
E. S. Baird
John W. Doolin
Jerry Thomas
H. M. Mitchell

MACHINISTS.

John M. Hill
James Hamby
F. M. Roberts
James Smith
Chas. McMillon

CALLERS.

J. W. Burch
M. B. Wolfenberger

SWITCHMEN.

John Glenn
W. W. Evans

NAMES AND OCCUPATIONS.

J. H. Flowers, Baggage Master.
F. F. Baughman, Postal Clerk.
J. A. Mitchell, Local Attorney.
R. Moran, Master Mechanic.
P. J. Griffin, Baggage Master.
Thos. W. Jenkins, Express Messenger.
G. W. Thompson, General Agent.
J. C Follis, Station Baggage Agent.
H. L. Parks, Oil Clerk.
C. H. Allen, Yard Master.
W. H. Stewart, Painter.
A. B. Gilson, News Agent.

He preached in his own inimitable way, until the irreligious could stand the impact no longer, and the forces of Satan were utterly broken, and the rout was complete. It was a meting of wondrous power, the like of which was never witnessed before in that city, and may never be again. Men tried to brace themselves against the influence, but it was like an effort to breast the onrush of a cyclone, and they soon found themselves swept before the tide off their very feet and into the kingdom of God. One man said he would not hear Sam Jones, and though often importuned to go, persistently declined, and sometimes without much show of politeness. He continued in this course, until the first Sunday morning of the revival, when, strange (?) to say, he went, and when the invitation was extended, he came forward and made a complete surrender.

A prominent business man had secured a large building for a saloon, and had gotten his license. He heard Mr. Jones preach, gave his heart to God, surrendered the building, cancelled his license, and is to-day a prominent church-worker in that city.

Rev. John W. Lewis, who was pastor of the largest Methodist church, writes: "It was amusing as well as serious, to hear his arraignment of sin and witness some of the attendant scenes. But it is rather of the character and lasting effects of his work that I would write. He reached all classes from the old monumental sinner to those of tender years, and when the ten days were over, it is safe to say that there had been one thousand conversions. The first Sunday, after the 'Amen' was pronounced, I received seventy-two into the church at one time, and more for several Sundays. Many of these were among the best citizens of the city, and some few were reclaimed from a drunkard's life. Other churches shared alike.

"Did the work last? Yes, emphatically, yes. Only a short while ago I was talking with one of Sam Jones's converts at Hopkinsville (we had just heard of the evangelist's death), and he remarked: 'If it had not been for him, the devil would have gotten me, sure.' He is now and has been since his conversion, a consistent and faithful member of the church. So it was at Bowling Green and Hopkinsville. Many from both localities will rise up, in the last day, and call him blessed."

In Louisiana he held meetings at Monroe and New Orleans. He went to New Orleans on the invitation of the Evangelical Alliance, and arrangements were made for him to hold the services in the Washington Artillery Hall. His engagement lasted for a month. The principal fight in New Orleans was made against the Louisiana State Lottery. In a number of sermons he preached directly against this great crime and the spirit of gambling. The *Morning Picayune* gave him three columns the first day, two the second, one the third, and, when he made his greatest speech against the lottery, the paper refused to print a line of his notice in the city. He said: "You have been sowing these Louisiana State Lottery tickets for twenty years; you have now a harvest of gambling in this city enough to make the devil himself tremble to look at. That lottery leads to every sort of gambling, opens the gates, the gap is down, and thousands of dollars that it is stealing from the United States and the Provinces of Canada, daily breaking up homes, and bringing sorrows to mothers is something appalling. I believe that that institution could pay a tax of forty thousand dollars a day, and still make money. It spreads its wings over this city, and takes the clothes off the backs of the children, robs the poor, and yet you sit down and say nothing about it. I know that there are powers that be, that can say 'hush, and stop,' and they do hush and stop some of you; but so help me God, there is not enough money, or men, or devils in hell to crush out the honest sentiment that leaps from my heart and conscience. If I were a member of the Louisiana State Legislature, I would vote against that contemptible scheme for fear that somebody would say if I did not that I had been bought by it.

"A man who will play 'seven-up' or 'buck a faro-bank' is a gentleman and a scholar and a Christian beside a fellow that will sit down and 'buck' against the Louisiana State Lottery. I hit you that time—I could see you wince. You gamble on anything in this city, from a million-dollar wheat or a cotton deal down to a cigarette. When will New Orleans wake up? Georgia and Missouri have passed laws against the lottery, and said it is a criminal offense. The government will not allow letters to go through the mail, if they know it, and old New Orleans remains absolutely quiet, and

the balance of the Union is standing up and slapping you in the face. I would have enough pride to go and straighten myself out before the other States of this Union."

The crusade against the open wickedness of New Orleans continued, while the audiences grew day and night, until there was the greatest revival in the history of the town. No other meeting ever took such hold upon the city. All the churches were greatly strengthened, and many hundred people were brought to the Savior. The stalwart blows given the Louisiana State Lottery were the beginning of the fight which finally resulted in the infamous scheme to swindle the people being swept from the face of the earth.

In Alabama he preached in Selma, Mobile, Montgomery, and Birmingham. The same results followed in all these meetings, and in the last few days of the work in Birmingham he saw more than a thousand souls brought to the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the arduous labors throughout these Southern States, Mr. Jones's health completely broke down, and for several years he had to rest from evangelistic labors. The best physicians in the land despaired of his life, and, as he expressed it in private and in public, while suffering so intensely, "I am a dying man." Frequently he would have to take his seat while preaching, and would become completely exhausted and have to cancel his meetings. But he could not be idle. Believing that the lecture platform afforded him a great opportunity for doing good, and as the speaking was relieved of the close tension of revival work, he went all over the South lecturing. and stirring up the people again. His lectures were made up to a great extent of the reformed element of his preaching. In this way he continued to get the gospel before the thousands. It is doubtful whether he ever lectured without pungent thrusts at the liquor traffic. Letters received by him, and in my possession, and personal experiences related to him, which he told me of, attest the fact that hundreds were led to change their lives during the years when he devoted much time to the lecture field. His lectures while they entertained, always contained good and wholesome truths, which inspired men to renounce their evil ways and be better husbands and

sons. His health was regained, and he took every opportunity for evangelistic work during the closing years of his life.

In his last great tabernacle meeting, the citizens of Cartersville say they never heard him preach with such earnestness and power. This was the second greatest meeting of the work at the tabernacle. The last sermon he preached in the meeting was before an audience that filled the building, and stood within the sound of his voice, that numbered fifteen thousand or more. His text was taken from Philippians, third chapter, eighth verse: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the gospel of Christ Jesus my Lord." The people will never forget the divine presence that pervaded the assembly, and the sighs and groans that were heard while he made his last plea for temperance, and uttered his most fearful denunciations of the liquor traffic. Following the tears and sobs he spoke to them of the triumphs of faith, and of the experiences that he had been going through, and the great audience shouted praises to the great Consoler and Comforter of bereaved and broken hearts.

He went immediately to Oklahoma City, turning aside a hundred other calls to create a sentiment for temperance, reformation and godly living in the flourishing city of the new State. In a large unfinished department store he preached day and night to the throngs, with every odd against him, yet never murmuring or complaining, until the last men's meeting, when he preached to the immense audience of fathers, husbands, and sons, the most powerful sermon that I ever heard him deliver. That great men's meeting resulted in several thousand men coming to the front and promising him to meet him in heaven.

The last night he preached in the city, it was on "Sudden Death," that fearful message from the twenty-ninth chapter of Proverbs, first verse: "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy."

In speaking of how he would like to die, if it should be God's will, he said:

"I don't know where or when or how I will die. I may fall in the pulpit; I can't tell. I may die away from home; I can't tell. But this I say to you: If God will answer my prayer in this and give

me the choice of my heart, I would come home some day, worn out and tired, and lay quietly down diseased and sick, upon the bed in the family room, and there I would linger for a week or ten days under the kind ministration of my wife and children; I would look upon and enjoy their sympathy and ministrations, and as the day drew nigh that I should bid them good-by, I would talk to my wife and talk to each child; I would gather them about me daily, encourage them to love God and live for God, and get home to heaven, and on and on until the last evening came, I would take my children, beginning at the oldest, I would gather them about me and say my parting words; and then, when the doctors had turned their backs upon me and said that my case had swung beyond where *materia medica* reaches, I would spend my last moments talking to her who has been such a friend to me and who has helped me in all my life. And then, when the last moments came, I would wade down gently into the river of death, and when the river should come up to my shoulders I would reach back and kiss my wife and children good-by, and go home to God as happy as any schoolboy ever went home from school."

At the close of the personal reference the great audience was subdued, and every eye bedewd with tears, and then as if looking into the future, and seeing something that was hidden to all of us he said in the most pathetic and pitiful tone, "Men of Oklahoma City, look out, before my voice has died out in your ears, there will be deaths following this meeting that will shock this city and State, and maybe this nation."

The next day, feeling indisposed, he preached to the women, while his assistant took the evening service. The following morning he preached a sweet, tender sermon on "My grace is sufficient for thee." That day the heavy rains came, and the meeting was moved from the unfinished auditorium to the First Methodist church, where his assistant again preached. The papers had announced that the meeting would close Sunday afternoon. He remained in his room praying until the hour passed for service, and the rain was coming down in torrents. He laid down upon the bed, fell asleep, and suddenly he awoke, and turning to me, said: "Mother, if the afternoon train

MR. JONES PREACHING AT MEN'S MEETING, ATLANTA, GA.

OLD TABERNACLE AT ATLANTA, GA.

should be running late, we will go home, and not wait for the night train, as I want to get home for my birthday dinner." Going to the room of his chorister, Mr. E. O. Excell, he said: "Ex., as you are not well, I would go home; it's no use for you to stay any longer." Then going to the room of his assistant, Mr. Holcomb, he called him by his first name, saying: "We'll go home." We left on the afternoon train, but before reaching our home in Cartersville, he had gone to his real home in heaven.

CHAPTER XXXII.

His Life and Work at Cartersville.

It was at Cartersville where Mr. Jones spent much of his time in his early days, where he practiced law, and led a dissipated life. It was while living in Cartersville that he became a Christian. Taking up the work of the regular ministry, the Conference sent him away from his home. During his life in the itinerancy, he was permitted to visit his home and people frequently, and when he began the work of the Decatur Orphanage, he moved to Social Circle, where he spent a year, then returned to Cartersville, and spent his entire Christian life among the people who knew him before he was saved.

While in the early days his work at the Orphanage took him from home, and in later years his evangelistic meetings and lecture tours took him away from his people and friends nearly all the time; nevertheless, he always loved Cartersville, and the interests of the people were very close to his heart. He felt as he had led his dissipated days here, that he wanted to live his Christian life here, and, as far as possible, counteract any bad influence. He had held a number of bush-arbor meetings in the State and some in Mississippi and Alabama that had made quite an impression upon his own mind. The people in our county near Cassville, who were great admirers of Mr. Jones, were anxious for him to come and hold a meeting in their community. They told him they would build a bush arbor, and he agreed to hold a service for them. The different churches came together and erected the arbor.

Mr. Jones held a remarkable meeting there, which resulted in the conversion of some of the most influential men in the county. The entire neighborhood was wonderfully transformed. The Cartersville people had heard of the meeting, and wanted to have a bush arbor meeting here. Mr. Jones believed that this would be the best

REV. JOE JONES, MR. JONES' BROTHER.

THE SAM JONES TABERNACLE, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

Built by him on the site of

way to reach his former associates and win them for Christ. The citizens put up an immense bush arbor which would seat about four thousand people. Mr. Jones invited in a number of ministers to assist him in this first meeting. The pastors of the churches in the town cooperated heartily in the work. Rev. J. A. Bowen, whom he had assisted in a meeting at Corinth, Mississippi, came and labored with him in the services. This was in September, 1884. Great crowds from every direction came to this first meeting, and hundreds were converted to the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Jones pleaded earnestly with the men, who had lived dissipated lives with him, and had the pleasure of seeing the last one of them saved. One of the converts was his brother Joe Jones, who entered the ministry, and became a most useful and effective evangelist. He died suddenly in Mr. Jones's room in his presence.

This was one of the greatest meetings ever held in Cartersville. There were over two hundred people who joined the different churches at the close of the meeting. At that time there were eighteen saloons in the town. He had made terrific assaults upon the traffic during the meeting and created a strong sentiment against the saloon. An election was called in December of 1884, and one of the hardest prohibition fights and the closest election occurred in Cartersville. There was a carpenter in here who would go around to one of the saloons every morning, and clean it out for his morning drink of liquor. On the day of the election, he went around and did his work and had his drink. Some one said to him, "Are you going to vote for the saloon to-day?" He answered, "I am if I don't go to hell." Immediately he dropped dead in the saloon. When the votes had been cast and the ballots counted, the prohibitionists had carried the town by a majority of two. It is said that this old man's death influenced his son and others in not voting for liquor, and perhaps in the Providence of God carried much weight in freeing the town from the curses of the open saloon.

The following year the people desired another meeting, and the great gospel tent that Mr. Jones had used in his meetings in Nashville was rented for the services. It was a mammoth tent and would accommodate six thousand people. The interest of the last meeting

had not waned, and the second great campaign began with earnestness and enthusiasm. Larger crowds were in attendance from the very first. Mr. Jones had the assistance of a number of prominent ministers of all denominations and preached himself with marked power. It was at this meeting that the Rev. Sam W. Small, who was the reporter at that time on the *Atlanta Constitution*, came up to get Mr. Jones's sermon for the paper. The subject of the sermon was, "Conscience, Record, and God." Mr. Small began to make a stenographic report of his utterances, when suddenly he lost sight of his mission, dropped his pencil and tablet, and was lost in what the preacher was saying. Instead of his taking down the sermon, the sermon had taken him down. When the invitation was extended, he made a profession and began to work in the meetings, and before it closed related his experience. While the saloons had been voted out, the blind tigers had gotten in their work. Mr. Jones preached against them with all the power of his being.

On Friday night he spoke of the violation of the prohibition law. He said: "It's a shame for decent people to allow a few sneaking, skulking scoundrels, who were not fit to feed hogs, to perpetrate their crimes upon the people," and said: "I'll give you notice this infernal business must stop." On Saturday night the liquor vendors took dynamite to Mr. Jones's barn. Next morning there was found a fuse about two feet long that belonged to a dynamite cartridge. It had been fired and the explosion blew the floor out of the buggy-house, the heavy two by ten sleepers, right new, had been shattered, as if by a bolt of lightning. A new carriage and a buggy and a new wagon had been blown against the walls of the building. When the explosion occurred, the people in the tent on the hillside were awakened and saw the flash, as if a bolt of lightning had caused it. Mr. Jones and his family were awakened by the noise, but thought that it was an explosion of a torpedo somewhere in the neighborhood, as there was much blasting going on at the neighboring mines. The next morning the servants upon going to the barn, saw that it had been torn up with dynamite. Mr. Jones received a postal-card that morning saying: "If you don't shut your mouth, we will put it under your house, and blow you, your wife and your children into eter-

nity." He showed me the card, and said: "Wife, here's what they say—what shall we do about it?" We thought over the matter prayerfully, and decided, as he expressed it, "that it was just as near to heaven by the dynamite route as any," and he went to the tent and preached that Sunday morning as never before.

The next year the citizens decided to make the annual meetings permanent, and at a conference Mr. Jones proposed to the people that if they would buy the land, that he would put up the tabernacle. The lot was purchased by public subscription, and Mr. Jones built the tabernacle with his own money, which stands in our city to-day.

Year after year these great meetings continued. With the exception of one year, they have been held annually since they were inaugurated. Mr. Jones has preached some of his best sermons here, and while he has invited the leading ministers from all denominations throughout the United States, the people have heard him with more appreciation than any one that he has ever brought to Cartersville. He has always used the occasion to create a sentiment against the sale of liquor through blind-tigers, or drug-stores, or firms in Atlanta, and had succeeded in keeping the saloons out of Cartersville. They have always been seasons of great spiritual uplift and rejoicing.

His interest in Cartersville was always the keenest, and it mattered not where he was, if his service was needed he would leave his work and come home on the first train to fight the battles for the mothers and wives and daughters and citizens of his home town. One of the most remarkable incidents happened on July 14, 1890. Mr. Jones heard that some men had come from another city to make arrangements for the sale of liquor in Cartersville, through the agency of "original package business." He immediately got aboard the train and left for Cartersville, and arrived on the first train. He called a meeting of the citizens to be held at the tabernacle, which convened at eight o'clock. An immense audience was present. The chairman explained the object of the meeting, and Mr. Jones made a speech and offered the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, The original package scheme is vexing many parts of our county, and

"WHEREAS, Cartersville is exposed to this scheme, as any other respectable town in the United States, and

"WHEREAS, We are already threatened with the vexed nuisance; therefore, be it

"Resolved, first, That we do not want whisky sold in our community, or in Bartow county, in 'original' or any other sort of 'packages.'

"Secondly, It shall not be done.

"Thirdly, We propose to concentrate the sentiment of our community so that we will guarantee to make an *'original package'* out of any contemptible scoundrel who attempts to run that game on us to the destruction of peace and good order of our sober, law-abiding community.

"Fourthly, We pledge ourselves to carry out these resolutions."

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and those who had proposed to ship liquor into Cartersville took the first train and left the town.

Thus he continued the fight against intemperance until the very last.

Once we considered leaving here, that being almost fourteen years ago. Mr. Jones made up his mind to go to Marietta, Georgia, where we would be more conveniently located, and would give him several hours at home, on account of access to a greater number of trains going into Atlanta. After coming to this conclusion, we went to Marietta and purchased a beautiful residence, not making mention of this fact to any of our friends in Cartersville. After having made the purchase, we came home and talked the matter over with a few friends, and these friends were so much exercised over it that they told others, and soon it became known in Cartersville that we were going to leave our home here and go to live in Marietta, in the future. When this news was spread abroad, one of the most beautiful events of our lives happened. Its influence was so great that we could but feel its power, and although we had purchased this beautiful residence, we disposed of it.

On the day of our decision, and when it became generally known, a little after dark, I answered the ring of our front door-bell. Mr.

Jones was visiting one of our married daughters who lived near by. The front yard and the veranda were full of people, and I could not imagine the cause of the crowd. About this time a noise at the backdoor caused some one to open it, and the backyard and veranda were full of colored people.

Mr. Jones came in a few moments later. Several of our prominent citizens had appointed Col. Warren Aiken, one of our most gifted lawyers, as well as one of our personal friends, as spokesman for the white people of Cartersville. When he had spoken about twenty minutes telling us of the love and respect in which Mr. Jones was held in his home town, and urging us to give up the idea of moving away, the one appointed as spokesman for the negroes stepped forward and with a voice full of emotion said: "Mr. Jones, we colored people don't want you to move away from Cartersville. We feel that you were the instrument in God's hands in putting whisky out of our town, and we believe that if you go away from here it will come back again, that we will not be strong enough to keep it out, and we beg of you, Mr. Jones, not to go away. You have been our guide and comforter in times of sickness and distress and death, and we just don't want you to go away. But, Mr. Jones, if you are determined to go, although we don't want you to go, please don't take 'Miss Laura.' She is so good to us; she feeds us when we are hungry, clothes us when we are naked and prays with us when we are in sorrow, and we just can't let her and them children go. And, Mr. Jones, have you ever thought about it while you were off on God's business, not one time has 'Miss Laura' and the children been harmed? No one has come here to harm or hurt them, and now, Mr. Jones, if you must go, you go, but leave Miss Laura and the children." They protested against his going away from Cartersville. They plead with tender words of affection for us to remain here. They said they could not give him up. I could not in a full page of this volume give the arguments they advanced, in thus urging him to stay. Time and again they repeated the words, "We can not let you go." This appeal melted our hearts and we decided to give up all thought of ever leaving Cartersville. In succeeding years he again and again alluded to the scenes of that

memorable night. This affectionate interest was like refreshing dew to his spirit, when he was worn down with many cares and beset by worry and difficulties. No man ever had a greater number of friends and no man was ever more sincere in his friendships.

Last September he held his last meeting in the tabernacle. He invited some of his closest friends and best workers from all parts of the United States. It was conceded by all to be the most spiritual and helpful revival that had been held since the first great bush-arbor meeting. Mr. Jones preached several times, and Sunday morning he made his last address. He began by preaching a most thoughtful, elegant and refined sermon, but near the middle of his discourse he thought of the efforts being made to advertise liquor in Cartersville, and ship it in from Atlanta, and he turned aside from his discourse and spoke more powerfully than ever against the evils of the liquor traffic, and of the infamous efforts to debauch the town with the jug trade. The following account of his sermon appeared in the *Georgian,* and we reproduce it as his last utterances against whisky in his town:

"A prominent liquor dealer of Atlanta, who caused the city of Cartersville to be placarded with posters, advertising their whiskies, and which, especially at this time, are very offensive to me and the Christian people of this community. He handled the company without gloves, and many people who have often heard the evangelist handle evil-doers in a vigorous manner say that he far surpassed all his previous efforts, and that they had never before heard him administer so stinging a rebuke, nor attack any one with such blistering invective.

" 'It is impossible,' said Mr. Jones, 'for one to get a word in an Atlanta daily newspaper that would hurt a whisky man by name, as it would be to grow pineapples in frozen Alaska, or to get a bucket of water in hell.

" 'To-day poor old Atlanta is trembling in the throes of a horrible race war. She is reaping what she has sown. The greed of her citizens has licensed the saloon, the hog-wallows of hell, and these dives have been dishing out to the low, black and white, the stuff that inflames their passions and causes the negroes to commit name-

less crimes. The morning papers tell us that a large number of negroes and several white people have been killed and wounded, and that our city of Atlanta, the pride of Georgia, is now all but under martial law, trembling with fear for the lives of its men, and fearful as to the fate of its women. The Sunday morning papers of Atlanta tell us in great headlines of the horrors that have taken place in Atlanta, but not one of them will say a word against the real root and cause of the trouble, nor will they permit any one else to strike through their columns at their owners.'

"Speaking of the advertisements that have been placed upon the boards in Cartersville, Mr. Jones said:

" 'If I had been mayor of this town when they put those damnable things on those billboards, I would have torn them off if it had involved the city of Cartersville in a lawsuit that would have ended in the Supreme Court of the United States. And yet this dirty scoundrel that has the insolence to come to this town with his infernal advertising, will pay the Atlanta newspapers for a full page of advertising, inviting the ladies of Atlanta down to drink his damnable stuff. I would as soon think of permitting my negro Charlie to commit a nameless crime and then come back to work for me, as to have him to go to his place at any time.

" 'I can not understand how the men of Atlanta could let that insult to their women go unchallenged, and why they did not take the dirty devil out and cowhide him then and there. Women drinking at his store! Think of it.'

"Mr. Jones devoted most of his sermon to the denunciation of the liquor traffic and to the newspapers and politicians that were owned by the whisky interests, and when he had finished his sermon, he asked all who would endorse what he had said to get 'on your hind legs and say so.'

"Amidst deafening applause the great audience arose and gave its endorsement to what Mr. Jones had said.

"While the audience was standing, Mr. Jones turned to the reporters, who were also standing, and said:

" 'Now, Bud, you tell that firm that if it's going to get mad, it will have to get mad with eight thousand people who have stood up

and said what I have said is true, and that they endorse every word of it.'"

In many other ways, as he served the people of Cartersville by his labor of love, he won for himself a place in their hearts that time will only make larger and safer and warmer.

A letter from a gentleman in San Francisco, to the postmaster of Cartersville, was turned over to the mayor of our city for reply. After Mayor Gilreath had replied to the letter, he wrote the following one to Mr. Jones, which explains itself:

"DEAR BROTHER JONES: About a month ago Walter Akerman handed me a letter from Wm. B. Hargan, of San Francisco, making inquiry of Rev. Sam Jones, in which letter he asked if you were still alive and still preaching, and if you were still true to the cause of Christ and living right, etc., etc. I replied to the same as follows:

"*'Wm. B. Hargan, Esq., 49 Third St., San Francisco, Cal.*

"'DEAR SIR: Your favor to the postmaster here making inquiry of the Rev. Sam P. Jones was handed me by the postmaster, for reply. It affords me a great deal of pleaseure to say in reply, that Brother Jones is still alive and in good health. He is still in the ministry and still doing a great work for the Master's cause, and if it was not vain to wish, I would be glad he could live a thousand years yet. We all love him, and no man has done more for the cause of Christ than our own Sam Jones. You ask if he is a wealthy man. Will say, that he is not a wealthy man, but lives well and has plenty —but this is no more than every man and individual is entitled to who lives right, puts his whole trust in Christ and gives his life's work for the cause of Christ. Psalm 84:11: "The Lord God is a sun and a shield: the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Brother Jones lives in Canaan's land, temporally speaking. A true child of God has everything he wants, both here and hereafter. Sam Jones has given away a fortune to charity and worthy causes, and if a man has

his investments in the kingdom of God, don't you know that this stock never fails to pay handsome dividends?

Signed " 'Very respectfully,

" 'PAUL GILREATH, Mayor.'

"I send you herewith a letter which I received from this party in which he says he was converted from having read one of your sermons in print. These things no doubt do your heart good to know them, and encourage you in your work, and for this reason I am sending you the correspondence. Wishing you perfect happiness here always, and a glorious eternity, I am, truly and sincerely,

"Your friend, P. G."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mr. Jones—A Study.

After having given an account of Mr. Jones's life and work, it is fitting that I should give an estimate of the man himself, as he served his day and generation, in different ways. It is conceded by all thinkers that Mr. Jones was one of the best all-around men that this or any other century has produced. To give a critical and detailed discussion of his many qualities would demand time. To discuss him in the many capacities which he served his day would also require much space. To present him fully in his true light in these different manifestations, it would necessitate the work of a specialist in each department to do him justice.

It is not the purpose and scope of this book to furnish such a study. However, I will present him briefly, in a way that will be suggestive to the thoughtful, who wish to know more of the secret of the man who has accomplished such mighty results.

I.—The Man.

In the first place, let us think about him as a man. Some of the essentials to manhood are as follows: First, the power to choose between right and wrong. A man must have a clear conception of what is right, and what is wrong. He must be able to draw the lines of demarcation, and separate the good from the bad. We see these elements of manhood in Joshua, who said: "Choose you this day whom you will serve." In Elijah, who separated the prophets and followers of Baal from those of God. In Paul, who said: "This one thing I do." In Jesus Christ, who said: "No man can serve two masters." "He that is not with me, is against me." "He who gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." Mr. Jones's mind saw these distinctions and lines more clearly than any living man. In an

instant he could see all around a subject, and dissect it, and lay the evil and the good bare before his eyes. His natural ability in this respect was supplemented by the Holy Spirit. He had the power to choose.

The second essential is an indomitable purpose to do the right. Daniel possessed this power when "he purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself." David, when he said, "Oh, God, my heart is fixed." Elijah, when he asked, "Why halt ye between two opinions? If God be God, serve him; if Baal, serve him." No man was ever more thoroughly possessed with a determined purpose than he. It permeated his being. With the first question, "Is it right?" settled, the next was, the determination to do it, let the consequences be what they might. He has been known to literally take his life in his hand, and go before an individual, or an audience, and carry out his purpose to a finish, without a tremor or the slightest sign of fear. If he had known that the next moment after he carried out a formed purpose would bring an assassin to his feet to shoot him down in cold blood, before he would have retreated or run up the white flag he would have been shot down in his tracks. With all the temptations made strong by heredity or environment, or former dissipation, he fought off the evil, and lived the cleanest, soberest, and purest life; one that he would not ask a mother, a wife, or a daughter to surpass. Such a well-defined and determined purpose few men possessed.

In the third place, courage is another element of strength. While a man might have the power to choose, and the power to purpose, he must be courageous to obtain the highest moral culture. He has demonstrated to the world in the last thirty-five years his physical and moral courage; the personal attacks made upon him, and manly defense of his person proves to the world that he was as courageous as a lion. His attack upon vices and sins of cultured society, and his denunciations of the liquor traffic, the most omnipotent power in the United States to-day, in which he was compelled to score the officials of our great commonwealth, from the President, the Governor, the supreme judge, and circuit judge, to mayor, chief of police, and the church officials in sympathy with them, impressed the world

with a courage as strong as death. He said: "I am the only man who runs directly against the trend of present-day society. I never follow the grain, but run directly contrary to it. There are plenty of men who believe just as I do, but I am the only one who opposes every custom and practice of the people of position and brain, whose lives contradict the teachings of the Bible. I never stand before an audience but what I am compelled to cross them, somewhere, most every time I open my mouth." This was absolutely true, and demonstrated his courage.

In the fourth place, there must be downright honesty as an ingredient of manhood. In the trivial, as well as the great things of life, a man must be honest. Every one who had dealings with him, or knew anything about him, will admit that he was absolutely honest in every particular of his life.

A citizen of his own town, who had a misunderstanding with him, which resulted in blows, said of him, in the public press after his death: "The only fault he had, if such it can be called, was that he was too honest; being so honest himself, he couldn't conceive how other people could be anything else." From the most prominent man down to the humblest laborer, the consensus of opinion was his absolute honesty.

Another essential in a well-rounded character is tenderness. In his home and with his friends, and in dealing with his enemies; in the presence of the needy and repentant, in the sick-chamber, and in the presence of death such tenderness and gentleness can scarcely be found in any other life. Every expression, movement and word seemed to be the personification of gentleness and kindness, when the occasion demanded such. It was his heart that really encircled the world, and made for him the thousands of close friends. They were unconsciously drawn by his tenderness, like a needle is drawn by a magnet.

When a Governor or a President dies, he is honored because of the position he occupies, but when a private citizen passes away, if honored at all, it must be because his life commands it.

While the press of the United States gave him as much prominence, in publishing accounts of his death, as it would have done the

best beloved Governor or the President of the Union, it was because he had so impressed himself upon the people, that his death was felt to be a national loss.

II.—THE CITIZEN.

Passing from Mr. Jones as a man, he next appears as a citizen. Good citizenship is the outgrowth of manhood. No man can be a real citizen without character as the basis. Mr. Jones was pre-eminently a citizen. He possessed all the characteristics of first-class citizenship. He was interested in the material development of his own town and State. Wherever he preached or lectured, he was interested in the things that develop a town and a community. The financial good of the people where he lived, as well as the thousands wherever he labored, was always near his heart. He thought, reasoned, and devised plans for the financial betterment of those whose lives were thrown in contact with his.

He had the intellectual good of the people at heart. He believed in good schools, good libraries, good colleges, good universities, and while his clear conception of what intellectual achievement should consist in, made him fight some of the vagaries connected with intellectual attainments, he was ever ready and willing to give his influence and money for the education of the people, in his own town and wherever he found them.

But, to be the highest type of a citizen, one must have at heart the moral good of the people. And whether high or low, rich or poor, white or black, he prayed, labored and died to make good men and women out of the citizens of every town and city where he went. The people in Cartersville not only realized that they had lost a friend, a good man, and a great preacher in his death, but felt most keenly that they had lost an invaluable citizen, and the man that had done more than any other to make Cartersville what it is, and to give it its place before the world.

One of his most remarkable traits was, that you could receive favors from him, and feel sure that you would never be reminded of your obligation to him. No favor ever received from him sub-

jected you to any risk of embarrassment afterwards. His was the friendship that delighted in doing for others without any desire for a return of favors.

III.—THE PREACHER.

As a preacher, Mr. Jones logically appears next. In this capacity he was at his best. From the very beginning, he was a true pastor, visiting his flock, an inspired preacher instructing his hearers. His work continued to the end just as earnestly and faithfully as it was begun. While he did not have charge of pastorates in later years, he nevertheless did pastoral work in his home town, and in the great cities where he labored. During his last tabernacle meeting he frequently would leave the services in charge of others and take his horse and buggy and visit the poor and the sick, to cheer them on their way. He has left his hotel and gone out to the humble home of the drunkard's wife and talked and prayed, and led the father to Christ. He has visited the gambler and the saloon-keeper, and talked to them in their places of vice about their soul's salvation.

But it was in the pulpit that he found his throne. He possessed every requisite for a great preacher. He was absolutely original. He could not imitate or be imitated. He stood absolutely alone as a pulpit orator. He was characterized by moral earnestness. Much of his strength lay in his moral earnestness. No man ever preached with more sincerity and earnestness than he did. His courage in the pulpit was as mighty as his earnestness. Here is where it manifested itself in the strongest way. His perfect naturalness was one of the most marvelous elements in his pulpit work. He never posed, he never assumed attitudes, he never squared himself to look well, or thought about people looking at him. He would enter the pulpit the same man that he was in conversation. A professor in one of our leading theological seminaries said: "The secret, perhaps, in Sam Jones's preaching is that he takes the Sam Jones of every-day life into the pulpit." Every intonation of his voice, every movement of his being, every thought of his brain was as natural as a rippling, gurgling brooklet.

Another requisite was his intellectual strength. He possessed a

SECTION OF DINING-ROOM AT FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

SITTING-ROOM AT FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

great brain. At any moment that he willed, some of the most beautiful and powerful thoughts would emanate from his mind. It was the power of thought energized by the living Spirit that moved and molded the lives of his audience. His intellectual readiness along with intellectual strength was marvelous. Daniel Webster had to gather himself together hours and days before he was ready to put out his strength, but Mr. Jones could command himself at any moment, and could utilize his brain power instantly. Furthermore, he was an intellectual athlete. There wasn't the slightest awkwardness in his intellectual life. He had perfect command of all his faculties. He was the Napoleon of the pulpit. He could concentrate his forces at any given time on any given thing. His sense of prospective was marvelous. Every epigram, proverb, anecdote, had a purpose. He was an artist in this respect. His preaching was like painting a picture. He always had in mind, results, and, in this respect, he was the Edmund Burke of the pulpit. He was for winning the verdict. He had marvelous gifts of wit and humor that were windows, through which the light passed to enliven his utterances. He knew man. His knowledge of human nature was perfect. He could play upon humanity like a skilled musician, and bring forth the sweetest strains from the most dilapidated instrument. His pathos was the flood-gate through which the tides of emotion flowed. He was a proverb-maker, and gave out his wisdom so condensed that the simplest mind could understand, and the common people heard him gladly, while the aristocracy listened and wondered. He possessed the most marvelous voice that was ever lodged in a human throat. He could stand before ten, fifteen or twenty thousand people, and without the least effort speak so that every word would be distinct. It had a marvelous range. His voice seemed to be as natural as that of the sweetest songster. It had matchless qualities. If he was in a witty or humorous mood, it seemed to be made specially for that. If he was indulging in sarcasm, invective, or denunciation, it seemed to be given specially for that purpose. If he was in a tender, pleading, pathetic spirit, his voice seemed to have been keyed in the minor. There was no gift

in his possession that was under more complete control than his voice.

His magnetism was so wonderful that when he entered a building, unconsciously, it seemed the great audience took cognizance of his presence, and by the time he reached the platform every eye was centered upon him, and they saw and felt nothing else but his personality while he was before them. He was a thorough man. He understood himself, thoroughly; he was so developed that there was nothing maimed about his make-up. He preached to men out of his own heart. He knew himself, and made his feelings, emotions, fears, and hopes the basis for his preaching to others. But with all these marvelous gifts, he could never have done what he did had it not been for the baptism of the Holy Spirit that God had entrusted to him because of his consecration and faithfulness. He could have wrought untold evil, had he not been in the right. An intelligent policeman who fought the crowds back from the doors of an overcrowded auditorium, in one of the largest cities of the Southwest, and who got within the doors and heard his message, and saw how he had moved the audience, exclaimed: "Oh, what evil that man would do if he turned his powers in favor of the wrong. Had he suggested to the eight thousand men to make a raid on the saloons in the city, they would have followed him to the dives and torn down the buildings in order to carry out his mandates." But these marvelous gifts were consecrated to God, and account for the wonderful influence that he exerted for right. He was a preacher whose success could not turn his head. Praise didn't puff him up. There was no compliment or censure that seemed to have any effect on him. He was never intoxicated or affected by the laurels that he won. He was the same Sam Jones at the end of his enviable career that he was when an unknown backwoods Georgia circuit-rider.

IV.—THE EVANGELIST.

Most of his life was spent as an evangelist. He was known everywhere as "Sam Jones, the Georgia Evangelist." For twenty-five years or more he was recognized as one of America's greatest and

most noted evangelists. The United States in the last century produced just two world-wide evangelists. One was Dwight L. Moody, of sturdy New England stock; the other was Sam Jones, of Southern blood and provincialism. While they were so entirely unlike, a comparison, if such was desired, would be impossible.

In Boston, where both were engaged in great revival campaigns, which were separate and distinct from each other, Mr. Jones and Mr. Moody had a conversation. Mr. Moody suggested that he would turn his overflow crowds to Mr. Jones's services. Mr. Jones characteristically remarked, "I am not in the habit of preaching to the overflow crowds; the other fellow does that in the town where I am." When the test came on, the coldest and dreariest day, Mr. Jones's audiences far outnumbered those of Mr. Moody. He would take the opportunity of commending Mr. Moody, whom he loved devotedly, and urging the people to attend upon his ministry, and once said: "The difference between Mr. Moody and myself is this: Mr. Moody is like Peter, I am like Sam Jones." In his evangelistic work, he had no rival. He was the originator and perpetuator of his peculiar evangelism. The Bible makes a distinction between the work of an evangelist and a pastor. Paul, who was both a pastor and evangelist, said: "He gave some apostles, some prophets, some pastors, some teachers, some evangelists." In the mind of this great apostle, there was no conflict between the work of an evangelist and pastor. Their work was separate and distinct. Each had his place. He further said: "For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God." Mr. Jones, the evangelist, grew out of Jones the preacher. The gifts and graces of the evangelist were developed in him while a pastor. They became more in evidence as his field of labor increased and enlarged, until the bounds of his circuit were too small for him, and he reached out in every direction until the world finally became his parish.

While you may make rules and regulations to confine such a man, it is impossible to hold him within limitation. There were two things that made him the great evangelist that he was. The first

was, his evangelical preaching. He took the Bible as his authority. He preached it just as he found it. He had no patience with higher criticism. No evangelist has any business with such a Bible. Without the utmost faith in the simple word of God, he might preach earnestly and eloquently, but could not produce conviction. He took the Book just as he found it.

A higher critic said to him once: "Mr. Jones, you don't believe the Bible just as it is, do you?" His reply was: "You fool you, of course I do; how could I believe it as it ain't?" The great evangelical doctrines, such as the weakness of the human heart; the work of the good Spirit in convincing the mind and convicting the will; the grace of God in helping the sinner to repent, and in trusting Jesus Christ for salvation, and in the power of God to keep, and the reward of the faithful, and the punishment of the wicked—these were preached with such earnestness and faithfulness as has seldom been heard. He did not preach them in a technical way, but in a simple manner, as his Lord had done. He picked up the illustrations and incidents of life, and through them made these great truths so simple that any one could grasp them; in this way, his preaching was more like the Saviour's than any one else.

In the second place there must be the evangelistic spirit. A man may be evangelical in his preaching, and yet if he hasn't the evangelistic spirit, it is out of the question to move men. No one was ever more deeply interested in the evangelistic work than Mr. Jones. He devoted every energy to this cause. In his last years he was known to speak to his most intimate friends and preachers, saying that he was interested in who should carry on this great evangelistic work when he was gone. Among his last words were expressions of his deep solicitude for the coming evangelism. While his evangelistic work encountered much criticism, from high sources, he always numbered some of the leading bishops and most distinguished ministers as his most earnest friends and ardent admirers and truest supporters. At one time in his life some of the bishops had much to say in public, and through the press, about evangelists, having him as their target; and while he answered back from the pulpit and through the press making things rather lively, he always

held these men in highest esteem, and after some of them passed away he was among the first to aid with his influence and money to erect lasting and abiding monuments to their memory and work.

V.—THE LECTURER.

As a lecturer-orator, Mr. Jones stood at the head of the list. After his great meeting in Memphis, he was called back to the city to deliver a lecture. His subject was "Character and Characters." He began by saying: "This is the largest audience I have ever lectured to, and the most intelligent," and then let them down gently by assuring them that it was his first attempt on the lecture platform. Occasionally, between his meetings, he would lecture for the churches, and other worthy causes in Georgia, and adjoining States. Frequently, there was no charge made for his services above his expenses. But as his fame spread, he was besieged by the bureaus and committees for lecture dates. A great many of these were turned down for a number of years. His correspondence asking for lectures was immense. A close friend who sat by him one morning, while looking through a pile of mail, said: "There sat Mr. Jones, his mobile face showing the contents of each letter before he spoke, dictating in the fewest words the most kindly reply, and in better English than he has ever talked. I was reminded of what a famous man said to another, 'See here, do you know you are talking first-class prose worth fifty dollars an hour?' On he went dictating, removing letters from the big valise in the corner, which held at least eight hundred unanswered letters, to a great man like T. DeWitt Talmage, and then to a reformed drunkard, and then to a broken-hearted wife, and then he began to answer the calls to lecture offering one hundred to five hundred dollars a night. He said, 'No,' kindly, with the emphasis, 'we preach.'"

During the years of his ill health he lectured constantly and his summer months were spent at the great chautauquas. The lecture platform afforded him great opportunities for doing good. He was one of those men who could pick up his audience at first appearance and mould it with his thought. He never lectured without lifting some one to a holier and better life. The chautauqua platform was

his throne as a lecturer. After his great meeting in Cincinnati, twenty-one years ago, Bishop Vincent came down to Cincinnati and interviewed him regarding a lecture at Lake Chautauqua, New York. From that time year after year he had visited the great chautauquas throughout the West, Southwest and North. He appeared at the largest and best of them, and the oftener he appeared, the larger the attendance and more delighted were the people. He had visited some of them year after year for the last twenty years. For next season plans had been made for anniversary days in his honor. He was the celebrity at the chautauquas. The good that he accomplished at these summer gatherings will never be known in this life. One instance out of hundreds is given.

Riding out of Chicago, a summer or two ago, he was met at his destination by a young man in an automobile. As soon as Mr. Jones alighted from the train, the young man walked up, shook hands with him, and said: "I want the honor of driving you around to the hotel; when you were here last year, I was a miserable sot, but I haven't touched a drop of liquor since I heard you lecture." Such results followed his lectures wherever he went. It was on the lecture platform that he gave the freest vent to his emotions—such as wit, humor, and pathos. To hear him lecture at one of these great chautauqua gatherings was like going to see a great geyser play. He never studied, in a scholarly sense, his lecture, but would simply stand there in the presence of thousands and let nature play, and the truth bear upon the subject as he saw it rush from his soul in warm, liquid speech. While he sometimes emitted some mud, it never soiled any one. On these occasions he was at times as fearless and as oblivious to the opinions of his auditors as a cyclone is of the forest that it sweeps over. He had his own way, said his own say, but carried the crowd with him, who demanded that he should come again the next season. Before he closed his lecture he would usually stir up the emotion of his people with some beautiful and touching story that had come under his observation. At such a moment, he seemed in touch with some heavenly music which was forcing him to keep in tune with same. The great audiences forgot

themselves, and seemed to be far away listening to the heavenly melodies.

Last summer at the Miami Valley Chautauqua, where he had graced the rostrum for ten consecutive years, and had, if possible, the largest audience ever before, the contract for his presence the next year was signed before he left. In his closing remarks there he said that he had something like a presentiment that he would never speak from that platform again. Said he: "I am in excellent health, but such is my presentiment now; so, if I never address you again, good-by."

There was always a sustained interest at his lectures. People never wearied or went to sleep. Dr. A. C. Dixon, one Monday morning, met Mr. Jones on Broadway, New York, and said to him: "I see from this morning's *Sun* that you so shocked the audience at Prohibition Park yesterday that the modest women got up and left the house." Mr. Jones quietly asked: "Did the *Sun* say that anybody went to sleep?" "No," he replied. "Well, Bud," he said, "you keep on reading the *Sun,* and when it says that anybody went to sleep while I was talking, you let me know."

VI.—THE REFORMER.

As a reformer and prohibitionist, Mr. Jones was given a prominent place in the history of good government and morals. He was one of the first preachers that opened his mouth in the Southland against the liquor traffic. Everywhere he went, his strongest attacks were against it. The greatest reformations in municipal and individual life followed. Saloons were voted out of the towns, or suppressed, wherever he went, and for a quarter of a century the towns have been without open saloons. The reformations and conversions of gamblers were counted by the score—sometimes a hundred in his great meetings.

While in Little Rock, Ark., one of the most noted gamblers of the West was reformed. We furnish an account of this reformation:

"The whole gambling fraternity of the Southwest will read with wonder that one of their number has thrown down his cards and dice and bade an eternal farewell to the green cloth, with all its blandish-

ments and allurements. From Oklahoma to New Orleans, from Memphis to El Paso, from St. Louis to Galveston, no gambler's name is more generally known than that of E. E. Crutchfield. Ever since he was a boy he has been experienced at cards and dice. He has won and lost enough money to buy the Iron Mountain Railroad, with all its appurtenances and belongings. He has won thousands of dollars in a single night here in Little Rock, where he is well known and universally a favorite among the fraternity. He has followed the vocation of gambling in different cities of the great Southwest and in all the larger cities of this section. He went to the first meeting held here by Rev. Sam Jones, and never missed a solitary service, until last Wednesday night he became more and more interested and threw himself at the Savior's feet, and the kind Savior took him up and blessed him, and wrote out a pardon for all his sins and sent him forth rejoicing in a Savior's love. He arose, and gave Mr. Jones his hand, and made a manly confession of his life. He said: 'This is the last deal forever, boys, for I have given my heart to God, and shall join the church at once.' He left for his home at Jennings Falls, where he owns a beautiful farm, to convey to his wife and children the glad news of his conversion to the Lord Jesus Christ."

One of the best examples of a reformed drunkard happened while making a prohibition speech in Robertson county, Tennessee. This was one of the many remarkable instances of reformed lives. Mr. Jones spoke of it in the following way: "I was making a prohibition speech in Robertson county, Tennessee, and noticed on the right of the platform a blear-eyed, bloated fellow who was about three parts drunk. Each part a third. As I talked he would screw his fist into his eyes and wipe away the tears. After the speaking I went to a friend's house, perfectly exhausted, and lay down. The lady of the house called at the door in a few minutes, saying that a man wanted to see me.

" 'Tell him I am tired,' I said, 'and please excuse me.'

" 'That is all right, anyhow,' she said, 'because he is a drunken, ragged vagabond.'

"I said: 'If he is that sort of a fellow, let him in. I used to be-

long to that gang myself, and I never go back on them.' The man came in, and I found he was the drunken fellow who had listened to me speak.

"He said: 'Mr. Jones, I don't want any money. Money can do me no good. I am a ruined man. Drink has made me a wreck. A short time ago, I had a happy home and household. A few weeks ago I buried my wife, having crushed every drop of blood out of her heart before she died. My two boys are at the Orphans' Home in Nashville. One of them is a little blind fellow. My two girls are in Murfreesboro, and this (here he pulled a little black cap out of his pocket) is the last thing that is left to remind me that I ever had a household. It is my little blind boy's cap. Now, I don't want any money from you, but I just got an idea from the way you talked that maybe you had some sympathy for me. If you have, pray for me. Good-by.' And he started off.

" 'Hold on here,' said I, and I called up Mr. Taylor, my secretary, and said: 'Frank, go up town with this man and wash him all over with soap and put a new suit of clothes on him from head to foot and bring him back.' In an hour or two he came back, and I did not know him. I had to be introduced to him over. I took out one dollar and handed it to him, and said: 'Railroad fare in this State is three cents a mile. Here is one dollar. Now, you get on a train and ride thirty-three miles, no matter in what direction, and get the conductor to put you off in the woods when you are thirty-three miles out, and then you strike out through the woods for a new life.'

"The fellow did exactly as I told him. I got a letter from him the other day, and he said that he got into the woods and struck for a new life. He got a school, sent for his children, rented him a home and was doing well.

"A few weeks afterward a first-class tailor took me into his store and gave me a seventy-five-dollar suit. I spent about thirty dollars on that poor drunkard, and made forty-five dollars clear. Why don't some of you fellows speculate that way?"

If greatness is measured by the service a reformer does, Mr. Jones deserves the appellation "great reformer." In scores of communities throughout the land, under the spell of his preaching, the civic

conscience has been quickened, and the social and political reforms have been permanent and far-reaching in their results. Mothers' hearts breaking over their erring, wayward sons have had their mourning turned into joy. Lonely wives creeping through the watches of the night have been enabled to put on the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Discouraged and despairing men have had their vision enlarged, and their faith strengthened. For a score and a half of years, wherever Mr. Jones has gone, his services have brought about such results. As a reformer he had the boldness of a Hebrew prophet. He had the spirit of a Savanarola. He possessed the courage of a Martin Luther. He had the eloquence of a Whitfield, and the earnestness of Moody. He had the passion of John Knox. Like John the Baptist, the axe was laid at the root of the tree. His message was a vital and fundamental one for all classes, but in a peculiar sense, for those lives who needed reformation.

VII.—THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Jones had no mean reputation as a writer and an author. While his arduous evangelistic work demanded much of his strength and time, he took occasion to contribute articles to the secular press and religious papers. He often felt that it was his duty, and he desired to devote more time to literary work. There are half a dozen or more volumes of his sermons that have been printed. Any one who has read his sermons can see the unique position that he filled as a writer. For years he was contributor to the *Atlanta Journal*, and the articles covered nearly every important issue of the day. Some of his most thoughtful and prophetic utterances are to be found in those weekly letters. A number of prominent lawyers have said that they have not missed reading one of those articles since they began. Other prominent citizens have spoken of the deep interest they took in the paper, because of his contributions. During his life he was associated in the editorial work of one or two religious papers. His writings in those papers were as unique as his preaching. People were always eager to get anything that came from his pen. The royalty on his books ran up into the thousands of dollars

the first few years; however, he didn't pay much attention to the publications, and a great deal of the money never reached his hands. All sorts of publishers got out books purporting to be from him. The authorized publishers of these books were the M. E. Publishing House, South, Nashville; the Western Book Concern, Cincinnati; and the Canadian Book House, Toronto. A later book was published by a Subscription Book Concern in Nashville.

VIII.—THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Thousands of dollars that came to him as royalty was used in philanthropic work. As a philanthropist, Mr. Jones deserves consideration. While his gifts were not in large sums, to a few institutions, he contributed liberally and generously to worthy enterprises, wherever he came in contact with them. He was always the most liberal contributor in erecting great tabernacles and auditoriums in the cities where he repeatedly held meetings. He gave liberally to the schools and colleges where poor boys and girls were being educated. He was instrumental in starting a female college in his town, which was afterwards converted into a public school building. He took special delight in helping orphans' homes and such worthy institutions. He came to the rescue and helped individuals who were threatened with financial embarrassment. He helped the struggling colored people in his own town and in many places where he gave them special services. He was a liberal contributor to municipal reform movements, and to the missionary cause. The Young Men's Christian Association appealed to him very earnestly, and in many places he inaugurated movements and raised the money to build Y. M. C. A. halls. In a number of the leaidng cities where he worked, these Young Men's Christian Associations are a monument to his generosity and efforts. A great many families were educated by him, and there are ministers in the Southland filling prominent pulpits to-day who love and honor him for the support that he gave their widowed mothers, while they were struggling through college. Perhaps, for twenty-five years, or more, he made on an average of thirty thousand dollars a year, but much of it was given away, where in his wisdom he thought best.

In speaking to a friend last summer, he said: "The nearest I can estimate, I have made over seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars with my tongue." He was a generous and liberal contributor to every worthy cause.

MR. JONES AND HIS FORTY-NINE FRIENDS AT HIS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

MR. JONES' LAST PICTURE.
Taken in April, 1906.

MRS. SAM P. JONES

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Summary.

The Fiftieth Anniversary.

"Cartersville, Ga., October 16, 1897.

"To the Atlanta Journal:

"You have requested me to give you something apropos to this, my fiftieth anniversary jubilee. I have written upon almost all conceivable subjects except scientific subjects, and unless I was a scientist to the manor born and educated to the clan, I know I shall not be able to say just what ought to be said, and leave unsaid just what ought not to be said.

"I tell you it is no small thing to be fifty years old. The world is not much interested in babyhood, though the child is father to the man; and then the world is not much interested in young manhood, though character reaches from the cradle to the coffin. There is not a day in human life but that character is being builded, associations being fixed and destinies being settled.

"I was born of religious parents, taught in the ways of virtue and manhood, and escaped the evil that curses so many human lives up to the beginning of the war between the States. My father joining the ranks of the Southern Confederacy, I joined the ranks of the devil. How I pity a boy of the tender age of fourteen years in times like those! I believe the war wrecked more young men than it killed old men. From that period of age between fourteen and twenty-four I learned the lesson that the way of the transgressor is hard. But marvelous facts in a human life, I have been from the age of twenty-four to the age of fifty as honest and faithful a champion for manhood, truth and vitrue, integrity, honor and right as I ever missed the mark along that line in former years. It was not only a

revolution in my life, but regeneration in my soul that transformed me from the practice of wrong to the championship of right.

"In 1872 I began my ministerial life as pastor. From the first I wanted to get the juice out of a text. How will I get the juice out of my text? was the supreme question. And the juice is all I ever wanted out of the text. Others may deal in bones and hoofs and horns, and that which is dry and tasteless, but I always wanted the juice, and always wanted to give juice to others. I never attended a theological 'cemetery.' Till this blessed day I know nothing of systematic theology as a science. I never studied 'hermalettics,' or 'exegetics' or 'polxemics.' I never studied nor taught oratory or rhetoric. I have always believed that there were three essentials to an effective speakr: First, clearness; second, concentration; thirdly, directness. The average speaker can not be clear unless he bathes the subject in a flood of light by illustration. Let an audience see what you are talking about. Second, concentration. Put a whole lead mine into one bullet. Then, thirdly, directness; aim where you want to hit and something will be lying dead around in that neck of the woods.

"I have made the Word of God the limit and boundary line of truth. I have considered myself free to think within that boundary line. I have never been hampered by rule or schools. God's Word has been the circle and God himself the orbit around which my mind has moved. I have been called a crank, mountebank, clown, fanatic and fool; and I have gathered all these titles up and am willing to wear them with honors and cast them down at my Saviour's feet at last, emblems of my loyalty to Him and my fidelity to my convictions. Men have criticized me everywhere. If I had preached as the schools teach and systematic theology directs, and logic and grammar demand, I would have been criticized as little as other men, preached to as few people as other men, and moved in as small circles as other men. A thousand times I have preferred mental training to mental culture. The preacher who reads and studies all the week and stands on the Sabbath day and vomits intellectually that which he has taken in during the week, may please the fancy, but will never move the conscience of an audience. It is in the men-

tal world as it is in the world of physics. A man who has studied forestry until he knows all the trees, and all about trees and writes fluently on their nature and quality don't amount to much in the practical world. The mineralogist who knows the weights and names and kinds of ores and writes fluently upon that subject, may have his place in the world. But the man who sees an axe handle in a tree, and an axe in an ore bank, has the genius to put the two together and thus furnish an implement that every farmer needs, he it is the world applauds. So in the world, the man who gathers the nuggests of thought here and yonder and puts them together until he has an idea that moves consciences, builds character and fixes destiny, he it is in the mental world that is doing good, and not the mental glutton who feeds and fills his mind simply to vomit it back, because he has not the power of assimilation. The mental training that harnesses every faculty of the mind, perception, conception, memory, judgment, reason and imagination, and drives them like so many horses in a team, tapping the one that drags back, is the kind we need. I would no more carry a manuscript in the pulpit to help my memory than I would carry a bundle of fodder to urge along a lazy horse in my team. Do the faculties of the mind like the teamster does a lazy horse, lambast them, and if memory or perception or imagination does not come to time, pound the life out of them and make them come to time.

"This is the way a man fifty years old feels and thinks. I was once much wiser than I am to-day. When I was twenty-one years old I looked upon Daniel Webster as an idiot, and if Solomon had come around I would have sent him forthwith to the asylum. But I am now at that period of life when I am only able to see what a fool I was then. This much on that line.

"This anniversary is a unique one to me. It is the first jubilee anniversary I have ever had. What a royal time it is to have fifty friends and brethren to sit at the table in my own home—men from perhaps twenty different States, men whom I honor, and men who have honored me with their presence at my home. It's an honor to any man when fifty busy business men will quit their homes and business and come afar to be present on an occasion like this. It is an

honor I do not deserve and an honor which I profoundly acknowledge. Wife is the author of this unique program for the jubilee. When she first suggested it I thought she would perchance invite the friends from a distance, they would send their excuses and we would have simply a jubilee with our home friends at Cartersville, Ga. But such the friends willed should not be, and we had a jubilee anniversary with forty-nine friends sitting at our table at dinner, and all our Cartersville and vicinity friends gathered with us in the evening at an informal reception. The very thought of it makes me think more of my wife's husband and my children's father. I tell you, a swallow-tail coat, plug hat, tooth-pick shoes and red cravat fit into this occasion better perhaps than any occasion of my life. Who wouldn't don all these things on an occasion like this? As I have said before at my silver wedding, when I donned this full-dress attire and my friends laughed at me in my swallow-tail coat, I told them I never had one before, and they could see that I had it on mostly behind.

"I notice my wife showing me a little more honor than usual and my children tip their hats and bow more reverently to the patriarch and pater familias. My horse seems to move with a quicker step and the servants on the place eye me as I pass by and then look at each other as much as to say: 'He don't look like it's in him, but sho' he is a big man in his way.'

"After the trials and hardships of twenty years' constant labor this forms an oasis, pleasant occasion that makes me feel grateful to God and love my fellow man more. To the friends here and yonder who do not participate personally in this occasion, I send words of greeting and cheer, and above all things say to them that the richest reward God has given me on earth is the faithful men and women of America, who have, through criticisms and sometimes misrepresentations, ever been faithful in their prayers and good will towards me. I have not lived in vain, thank God, and while life shall last with me I shall count myself happy for the honors done me on this our jubilee occasion.

"SAM P. JONES."

Just a year before the day Mr. Jones's body lay in state at the Capitol of Georgia, President Roosevelt was in Atlanta, and learning that Mr. Jones was in the audience, asked to be presented to him. Mr. Jones was conducted to the platform, and was introduced to the President in the presence of fifty thousand people at Piedmont Park. Upon meeting Mr. Jones, Mr. Roosevelt expressed great pleasure, and said: "Mr. Jones, you, in your way, are doing for this country and the people what I am trying to accomplish in mine. I heartily endorse your good work, and hope that success will continue to crown your efforts. The next time you visit Washington I want you to telegraph me in advance, and I want you to be my guest during your stay in the Capitol City."

After Mr. Jones acknowledged the introduction, the President asked for Mrs. Jones, saying he would like to meet her. Mrs. Jones came forward, and was introduced to the chief magistrate. As Mrs. Jones shook hands with him, she said: "President Roosevelt, I am glad to meet you, and I think you are the second greatest man in America. There is the greatest," she said, pointing to her husband, as he stood with his arm linked in the President's. The President good-naturedly replied, "Ah, you don't think Sam's great."

After his death, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, LL.D., president of Temple College, and pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, wrote:

"Rev. Sam Jones always reminded me of a great cedar tree standing on the side of Monte Viso, on the northern boundary of Italy. It had been broken down by an avalanche when it was small, but had recovered itself, assuming in its growth very curious shape and immense strength. It is now so large that it holds back the avalanche which used to scour the side of the mountain and make traveling very dangerous below."

The late lamented Bishop Beckwith, of the Episcopal diocese of Georgia, and one of the most eloquent pulpit orators this country has ever produced, was never a man of extravagant speech or sensational ideas in public utterance or private talk. Praise from him was praise indeed. Bishop Beckwith said:

"Sam Jones has done more good in Georgia than any man I know. I would be happy if I could go into the presence of my Maker with Sam Jones's record."

These three testimonials, one from the President of the nation, another from one of the most distinguished ministers of the United States, who says that he got his inspiration from Mr. Jones, and the other from a distinguished churchman and bishop, with a thousand more which might be given in summing up the influence and work of his life, but we prefer to let Mr. Jones's own words close the chapters, covering his work as a preacher, evangelist, and lecturer:

"Like Saul of Tarsus, I was turned right about, and now for thirty-four years, I have been obedient to the heavenly call. I spent eight years of my life as a pastor upon different circuits in the North Georgia Conference. Then I took the agency of the Orphans' Home, and fed and clothed and cared for the orphan children during my evangelistic work for more than twelve years. I have been out of the pastorate for seventeen years, and my life has been given almost wholly to evangelistic work, covering almost every State in the Union and most of the principal cities and towns. I do not affirm with absolute correctness, but I estimate that I have seen five hundred thousand people turned from the error of their ways into a better life under my ministry. I have preached, perhaps, to more than a million of people a year for the past twenty-five years. I have known as many as twenty-seven hundred people to join the churches in a series of meetings, and frequently as many as a thousand. I have been but an humble instrument in the hands of God in this work. His has been the power, so to Him shall be the glory. Reckoning outside of the grace and power of God, I do not understand my own work. But God tells us that with Him all things are possible, and that he has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise, and that this treasure is in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of man.

"While my life has been one of continued toil, carrying me away from home perhaps eleven months in each year for more than twen-

ty-five years, yet looking back over these years, I can but say if I had a thousand lives I'd consecrate them all to this work, for the highest post of honor and the grandest work mortal man can do is to be in a position where God will help him, and then do faithfully the work God would have him do. Profoundly convinced from the start till now that the grace of God had wrought a mighty change in my own heart and life, and with an ever-growing faith in the power of Christ to save all men, I have gone unflinchingly on with my work proclaiming what I believed to be the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. I have been criticised much—sometimes justly, but always criticised. It is part of the penalty awarded to success, and as I have frequently said, the train that raises no dust, makes no noise and kills no stock must have run very slow or been side-tracked along the way.

"Amid it all I have borne nothing but the kindly spirit toward all mankind. I have never stickled for creeds, nor been an expounder of dogma. I have simply championed that which I knew was right and denounced that which I knew was wrong. In this work God has given me a thousand friends for every enemy that I have found and a freedom of liberty which few men have enjoyed. In all these years I have gone where I pleased, staid as long as I pleased, said what I pleased while there, and left when I pleased. Sometimes they have threatened to drum me out of town, but I have always answered back, saying: 'Boys, I've got the drums; I won't lend them to you. I am going to drum you out before this thing is over.'

"I am profoundly grateful to God that at this moment of my life I can lay my hand on my heart and turn my eyes into the faces of the millions of people who live to-day and say that I do not cherish an unkind feeling toward any man alive. Looking over these years I can see the mistakes of my life have been many. I can see where, in a thousand ways, I might have improved lost opportunities and shunned breakers upon which I well-nigh foundered. But with the years behind me and whatever God may allot to me in the days and years to come in this world, I have no disposition to go back and pull the same hills and fight over the battles again. I have no disposition to ask for an armistice; I have no desire to compromise.

I shall never change my methods or alter my plans until better methods and truer plans shall be given me of God. The myriads of approving faces and warm handshakes and kindly God-bless-you's which I have received all along the way make up the sweetest memories that I carry with me to-day. I wish for humanity all peace and happiness here and a crown of everlasting life hereafter.

"My faith in God and my faith in humanity grows as the years go by. I believe in God with all my heart, and never had more faith in humanity than I have to-day."

REV. SAM P. JONES' HOME, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF REV. SAM P. JONES

PAUL, MARY, ANNIE,
LAURA, JULIA, ROBERT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Dead Soldier of the Cross Comes Home."

The last home-coming of Mr. Jones can not be told of better than to quote from his home paper, the *Cartersville News:*

"Rev. Sam P. Jones, the great evangelist, is dead. He died on Monday.

"What a pang of sorrow this announcement has caused. Not alone to the people of Cartersville, his home town, is the knowledge that he is no more a source of deep gloom, but to the people all over the Union, which was his field.

"The news of Mr. Jones's death when it first reached the city through the Western Union telegraph office, was not believed. Almost every one who heard it thought there must be some mistake about it. It said he was found dead in Louisville. His whereabouts had been pretty well known to most of the people. He was supposed to have been on his way home from Oklahoma City, Olklahoma, where he had been holding a meeting, but his supposed itinerary did not include Louisville. However, the doleful news was later confirmed by a private telegram. When the people began to no longer doubt the awful truth, then there was great manifestations of sorrow among all, every eye looking into every other eye with a distressed cast which meant with no mistaking, an overpowering common sorrow. Many there were who could not mention the event without breaking down in a flood of tears. The force of the great loss to the community pressed down with great weight upon the hearts of all.

"The particulars of Mr. Jones's death as finally obtained were about thus: He was on his return from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. He had been holding a two-weeks' meeting there. He was coming home over the Choctaw division of the Rock Island Route. The

train reached Perry, a small town twelve miles out from Little Rock, Ark., where a freight wreck detained it. On the train with him were Mrs. Jones, his two daughters, Mrs. Annie Pyron and Miss Julia Baxter Jones, his assistant and secretary, Mr. Thomas Dunham; Rev. Walt Holcomb, of Nashville, Tenn., who has been assisting him in his meetings; Prof. Edwin Smoot, who has been assisting him as vocalist. They were all aboard the sleeper. At about six o'clock Mr. Jones arose from his berth and put on his clothes. He then sought the porter of the car and had his shoes shined, joking the porter in a light vein the while. He woke his daughter, Mrs. Pyron, complaining of a collicky feeling, and a pain about his stomach. He asked her to prepare him a cup of hot water. While the water was heating his daughter sat down beside him on the seat in the open space in the sleeper. He seemed to continue in pain, and Mrs. Pyron called Mr. Holcomb. Then the others of the party were called. As Mr. Holcomb, with Mrs. Pyron, was ministering to the sick man as best he could, Mr. Jones fell suddenly over the seat, striking the hard part and causing a small abrasion of the skin on his face and hands. He evidently tried to speak, but made no audible utterance. He died practically in the arms of Mr. Holcomb. A physician was summoned, but reached the train too late to be of avail. Heart failure was supposed to have been the cause of his death, but this was doubtless superinduced by an attack of acute indigestion, to which Mr. Jones was subject, and from which he had suffered greatly.

"At Little Rock the body was under the care of an undertaker, embalmed and prepared for the homeward journey. Mr. Tom Dunham says that the sorrow, when it was known that Mr. Jones was dead, was wonderful to witness. At Little Rock men, weeping, pushed their way to where the body lay, saying they had been converted under Sam Jones's preaching and expressing what wonderful things he had done for them, individually, and as it was there, so it was at every stop that was made where the people could get access to the presence of the sacred remains. All along in the towns and the country, people stood with bared heads on the side of the track in respect to the great man, whose corpse was passing. At Memphis,

Nashville and Chattanooga the interest and sorrow manifested was especially great.

"Mr. Jones's remains arrived at his home on his birthday, a birthday, too, that had been planned for as a happy occasion, where the members of the family and the relatives would gather. A birthday dinner was to be a special feature. The big turkey had been killed and all the preparations for a home feast had been made. It was the evangelist's fifty-ninth birthday, and enjoying it with his friends and family, he was to have gone on to Holly Springs, Miss., there to open a meeting, assisted by Rev. Walt Holcomb and Prof. Smoot. Alas! that death should have destroyed the plan!

"Mr. John W. Thomas, Jr., president of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railway, like his father, has been for some time a warm personal friend of Sam Jones. When he knew of his friend's death, and the place and circumstances, he immediately interested himself in the matter of assisting to get the remains to their intended destination. He sent a special engine and coach to bear the remains from Memphis to Cartersville.

"At one-thirty o'clock Tuesday afternoon the special bearing the remains of the evangelist reached Cartersville. Bulletins, telling the whereabouts of the special at different times after it left Chattanooga were posted in public places, and the announcement had been made that the fire bell would be rung for twenty minutes before the arrival of the special to give the people notice. As soon as the first solemn peals of the bell were heard, and even before, the people began to gather about the depot, and by the time the train arrived practically the population of the entire town had gathered. On the train with the remains were:

"Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Pyron, Miss Julia Jones, Mr. Thomas Dunham, Rev. Walt Holcomb, Prof. Edwin Smoot, Mr. Ruohs Pyron, Mr. B. C. Sloan, Rev. French Olliver, Rev. J. A. Bowen, Rev. G. W. Duval and Mr. Sam P. Jones, Jr.

"The body was removed from the special to the city park, where the box was removed from the beautiful casket. The casket containing the remains was then placed in the hearse by Mr. J. W. Jones. A procession of citizens was then formed to escort the re-

mains to the home. The hundreds of men that gathered all formed a line. The mayor and council were present in a body, and formed a part of the escort. The solemn procession moved toward the home and made a touching spectacle. All through the gathering and in the march people of both sexes, and all ages, were seen weeping. The love and appreciation of Sam Jones in his own community was never more fittingly exhibited than in the manifestations of grief shown when the last that was mortal of the great man had reached the confines of the town.

"At the home the procession of citizens formed a single file on each side of the walkway and in the space between the files the body was carried into the home. A loving invitation was then given for everybody to go in and view the remains.

"In single file the hundreds that gathered moved into the west parlor, where the remains lay, and going by the casket took a last look at the familiar face of the man they so loved. In through the front door went the thousands of white friends, while from the rear came the hundreds of colored people who almost worshipped "Mars' Sam," and the two files met and passed at the casket of their beloved friend—stood uncovered and equal in the presence of the mighty dead."

One of the truest pictures of perfect devotion was that of Mr. Thomas Dunham, who never left Mr. Jones from the time he died until he was placed in the vault at Westview. Tom Dunham had only two objects in life for the past twenty years—to be near Sam Jones and to be of service to him, and when the object of that unfailing devotion died he felt the world to be a void. He was converted under Mr. Jones's ministry in the great Cincinnati meeting, and since that day has been one of his most devoted friends, and a real "body-friend." While his devotion during Mr. Jones's life was something remarkable, it was not until his death that it was perfected. All the way from Memphis he stood at the head of the casket, and, without eating or sleeping, gazed upon it almost every moment.

DEAD SOLDIER OF THE CROSS COMES HOME.

SPECIAL FUNERAL TRAIN LEAVING CARTERSVILLE

BOOK THREE

The End

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Funeral Service.

The funeral service of Mr. Jones was conducted in the Cartersville Tabernacle. There was no church large enough to accommodate the thousands that had come to pay their last tribute to his memory. It was very appropriate that this service should be held in the Sam Jones Tabernacle, as Mr. Jones had built it, and for twenty years had held annual evangelistic services there.

Two special trains bearing Atlanta people arrived about noon. Every regular train which arrived in Cartersville was crowded with persons from all parts of the South. Among these were many prominent people and personal friends.

The funeral march was completed a few minutes after two o'clock, and soon began to move towards the Tabernacle. Delegations from secret orders to which Mr. Jones belonged composed the honorary escort and led the procession. The Rome Commandery of Knights Templar and local lodges of Masons and Knights of Pythias were well represented.

Following the fraternal orders were the honorary pallbearers, which followed the hearse, lined on each side by the active pallbearers; then the carriages, which were arranged in the following order as far as the seventh:

The first five carriages contained the immediate family and relatives and close friends. The sixth and seventh carriages, Bishop Galloway and the ministers who were to assist in the funeral service.

The line of march was direct from the residence to the Tabernacle. A block from the home several hundred schoolchildren entered the funeral procession, accompanied by the members of the school board.

The ministers of the town were the honorary pallbearers. The

active ones were John S. Leake, L. S. Munford, W. H. Howard, Jno. H. Wikle, Jas. W. Knight, J. W. Vaughn, Dr. R. J. Trippe, Robert Milan, J. C. Wofford and Mayor Paul Gilreath.

The great Tabernacle was appropriately draped, and presented a sad spectacle. Every available seat was taken by those who had been thronging the city all day from all sections of the country, and from various parts of the county.

Special provision was made at the Tabernacle for the colored people. Many of them failed to get a seat, and stood around the building. The colored people of Cartersville loved Mr. Jones as devotedly as the white people, and they were glad for the privilege of attending the service. When one of the preachers mentioned his triumphant entrance to glory, some of the faithful old servants were heard to shout "Glory to God."

The casket was placed on the platform, where Mr. Jones had delivered his last sermon a few weeks before, and was covered with flowers which had been sent by loving friends.

The Scripture reading, as the remains entered the Tabernacle, was by Rev. G. W. Duval, his pastor. The first song was "How Firm a Foundation," which was announced by Rev. McRee, his presiding elder.

The Old Testament lesson was read by Rev. J. E. Barnard, pastor of the Cartersville Baptist church.

The New Testament lesson was read by Rev. W. E. Cleveland, pastor of the Presbyterian church here.

The prayer was made by Rev. J. A. Bowen, of Winona, Miss., a life-long friend.

The quartette, consisting of Mr. E. O. Excell, Charlie D. Tillman, French E. Oliver and Edwin R. Smoot, sang Mr. Jones's favorite gospel song, "The Old-Fashioned Way."

The first address was made by Rev. Walt Holcomb, in which he gave an account of his last work and death.

The next tribute was delivered by Rev. Geo. R. Stuart, who spoke of the years of his association with Mr. Jones.

By special request, Judge John W. Akin, of Cartersville, Georgia, one of the foremost lawyers of Georgia, sometime President of

the Georgia Bar Association, Representative for five years from Bartow county and Senator-elect from the district in which Mr. Jones resided, then spoke of "Sam Jones, the Citizen," as follows:

"The Dead Soldier of the Cross comes home."

"From churches, splendid and lowly; from tabernacles and bush arbors and amphitheaters; from the lecture platform and the pulpit; the 'Dead Soldier of the Cross comes home.'

"From the soft winds of Florida, which blow through the jasamine and the magnolia; from the far white fields of Canada, where the Ice King reigns; from the Empire of the West, where the mighty Pacific breaks on Californian and Oregonian shores; from the snow-crowned peaks and wondrous beauty of the Rocky Mountains; from where the blue-green flood of the great Columbia rushes through the Cascades down to the caverns of the deep; from the Rio Grande, pouring its yellow flood into the emerald bosom of the Gulf of Mexico; from Minneapolis and New Orleans; from New York and San Francisco; from Chicago and St. Louis and Cincinnati; from the throbbing capital of the new-made State, the thriving, bustling, busy Oklahoma, where his last great work was done; from the hundreds of cities and towns and villages and hamlets where unnumbered multitudes hung upon his words and were moved to better things; from the far, wide fields in which with shield and sword he fought stout battles for God and humanity; from all these, the 'Dead Soldier of the Cross comes home.'

"He comes to his own people; to those who knew him longest and who knew him best; to those, as may be seen from the tearful eyes and heard in the muffled sobs of this mighty throng before me now, who loved him as Friend, as Companion, as Brother.

"He comes to the old county of Bartow in the older State of Georgia; where the ashes of his father rest; where his kindred and friends who dropped by the wayside before him have gone to sleep; where the beautiful Etowah ripples and murmurs through hills and valleys; and where old Pine Log Mountain, a silent sentinel voiceless but grand, stands out against the rising sun like some giant sapphire, cameo-cut, in the reddening glory of the opening day.

"To this, the 'Sam Jones Tabernacle,' his own handiwork, from beneath whose ample roof thousands have gone forth quickened to higher impulses and moved to a nobler life; to white-haired men; to women tottering with age; to those in the full strength of mature years; to young men and maidens blossoming out of youth; to little children, their prattle hardly ceased; to these thousands of all ages and conditions, stunned into the numbness of grief by the shock of his sudden death within one moon of that last Sunday of the last of his twenty-one Tabernacle meetings on this spot, where the largest audience ever gathered here saw him, strong, sturdy, full of life and vigor, with wondrous voice and flashing eye, and heard him preach as only the one Sam Jones could preach; to this vast throng and to this hallowed spot, the 'Dead Soldier of the Cross comes home.'

"I would that I might speak of him as one may speak of another whose years of neighborly intimacy and friendship have made him know that other's mind and heart. I would that I might tell the instances in his life, showing the many-sidedness of the man; of his qualities as husband and father, friend and neighbor, lecturer and preacher. I would that I might tell of the pleasant and, to me, instructive social intercourse between us; of our interchange of thought on things temporal and eternal; of the new revelations of his brightness, his wisdom, his goodness, his genius, which our friendship gave me occasion to know, as I saw more and more of his inner mind and heart. But the limitations of this hour forbid.

"I am to speak of this Shakespeare of the pulpit in his character of Citizen.

"It is a great word—'Citizen.' The ancient Romans had some idea of the greatness of the citizen when they formed from the same root the two words, Citizen and State. The multitudinous oppressed and despised of France had some notion of its importance when, in the blood and fury of the Revolution of 1789, they sought to abolish all titles except this one—'Citizen'—which they decreed should be bestowed alike upon all. So, when we wish to dignify

the office of President of this great Union, we speak of him as the First Citizen of the Republic.

"To be a good citizen is to contain within one's self the sum of all the virtues. One may be a good father, husband, brother, son, church-member, neighbor, friend, without being a good citizen; but no one can be a good citizen without being all of these and more. The good citizen obeys the law and practices all civic and personal virtues, helps others, strives to raise not only the individual but also the mass, puts his shoulder to the wheel of every enterprise designed for public good, interests himself in the Republic, the State, the county and the town in which he lives, selects the best candidates and the best platforms and helps to vote them into office, condemns public wrong and sustains public right, is willing to fight—aye, if necessary, to die—for his country and the right. It is of such stuff that heroes are made; not only those who die in battle, but also—what is often harder—those who, amid difficulties and dangers and conflicts, to struggle for the bettering of the people and the uplifting of the State.

"Few men can bear this test. Many—I believe, the majority—strive to reach some such ideal. Most, perhaps all, fall short of this goal of the Perfect Citizen.

"Measured by this standard, tested with this rule, this remarkable man whose tenement of clay lies before us draped with the white-and-black emblems of death was of lofty stature. If not the Perfect, he was at least the Commanding and Conspicuous Citizen.

"Some men, illustrious away from home, are at home inconsequential figures. Some indeed are greater the farther from home they are. But Sam Jones, the Citizen, was greatest here—in the homes and on the streets of Cartersville, amid the people of Bartow county.

"What shall I say of him as Citizen? Ask the men who stood for law and order in this county in times bygone, when activity, zeal and courage were needed most for the public weal. Ask the men, in the church and out of it, some of whom yet bear scars of that conflict when the great fight was being fought out in this county, victory in which drove barrooms from the soil of Bartow

forever. Ask those friends and fellow battlers in that cause who know what dangers he risked and faced at the hands of misguided men, who later recognized his valor, his faithfulness and his righteousness.

What shall I say of him as a Citizen? He stood for the right, as God gave him to see the right, in all departments of human life and endeavor. He hated sin, public and private. He hated stinginess and meanness and smallness in the private citizen as well as in the public official. He may have made mistakes. He may have misjudged parties and policies and their representatives. He may have been deecived by men and associations of men. But he tried to see the right; and in that effort of mental vision, he had an instinct for truth and good far beyond that of most men.

"He loved rightness and he hated wrongness. His perception of the moral qualities of human conduct was so keen and sharp as to seem instinctive. And perhaps it was instinctive. We know not, in its entirety, the source and cause of the individual consciousness of right and wrong. But reason, no less than human experience, demonstrates the fact that, in spite of environment and education, there is in some men more than in others a born intuition of such principles. This born intuition as to right and wrong differentiated the moral perception of Mr. Jones from that of the vast majority of mankind.

"Armed with this marvelous intuition, he recognized as a citizen the expression of right and wrong in the conduct of men. He saw this, as it were, by the lightning flash of truth through the storms and clouds of men's passions.

"And when he saw it, he never faltered or wavered. At once he reached down a helping hand to lift up the right and the right-doer. At once he struck out boldly at the wrong and the wrong-doer. In neither case did he aim at the individual except as the individual was the means through which right was to triumph or wrong was to crush. Thus it is that wrong-doers whose evil works he denounced in pulpit or on platform with tongue of fire, while often for the time-being enraged, in the end frequently—nay, with practical unanimity—came to like him and to admire him. His life's

work is full of illustrations of this truth. It is absolutely true that nothing of personal animosity against the individual who did the wrong inspired his invective or rankled in his breast. It was the thing he aimed at—not the man. It was wrong-doing and evil-living and such misconduct as flows from a life dominated by these things—it was this, and this only, which he abhorred and despised even unto the white heat of righteous indignation. Like the Master whom he served, he hated the sin, he loved the sinner. And when the sinner turned about and set his face to the light of righteousness, he had no more kind, sympathetic and helpful friend than Sam Jones.

"It is of these principles put in action by him as a citizen that I would speak to this vast and sorrowing throng, so many of whom knew him, admired him, loved him. And, as related to his character as a citizen, I would speak of one other phase of mind and heart in which he was remarkably like some of the greatest men of all times. It is this: While he was sometimes mistaken in the man, he rarely misjudged the mass. While he was occasionally deceived by the shrewd and designing as to their real character and motives, yet he never misjudged human nature in its entirety nor as to its tendency. It is needless to seek reasons for this psychologic attitude. One familiar with biography will recall many remarkable examples of similar trend. Who can forget the numerous instances where the great Napoleon selected for his deepest confidence and his most important offices men whose real character, as shown by subsequent events, he entirely misjudged. Yet who more clearly and instinctively than Napoleon perceived the real nature, the real desires, the real passions, the real tendencies and the real character of that great nation which bore in victory the Eagles of the Empire on every battlefield of Europe?

"Let me add that the one evil which he fought hardest and longest and bravest was the monstrous evil of whisky. He denounced all the concrete sins. He was an enemy to gambling, social and commercial, to lewdness of thought and of life, to covetousness, to profanity, to immorality of every sort. But never did he wield sword so deadly or give blows so vigorously, so un-

compromisingly, as when he struck at the unmitigated and inexpressible evils of whisky and whisky-drinking. In this he spared no opponent, improved every chance of attack, drove to the hilt his sword, asked no quarter, and refused all compromise. Whatever the future may have in store for the liquor traffic, its defenders and apologists may rejoice that Sam Jones's voice is hushed and his tongue silent. And yet, like the spirit of the martyrs, this voice will not be silent; for in the memories of those who heard him, and in the minds of those who will read his sermons and lectures and speeches, now that he is gone, the Lucifer of Rum may yet find an Archangel Michael, the brightness of whose sword and shield not even the gates of death can entirely obscure.

"Once more I ask myself, what shall I say of him as a citizen? Alas, alas, how vain are words! And yet I can not leave this platform without saying something about this loved and loving man which comes very close to the hearts of many in this hushed and reverential throng who felt not merely the greatness, but the sweetness and tenderness of this, the First Citizen of our county and our town. His labors kept him away from us most of his time. When here, it was generally for a few days only. Yet he did not come home without asking as soon as he came who was sick, who was in trouble, who was afflicted and sorrowful among the people of his own community. And when he found the homes into which death or sorrow or sickness or affliction of any sort had come, he straightway knocked on the door of that home. He entered that home. He brought brightness and cheer and comfort and good-fellowship to that home. He soothed the sorrowing. He comforted the afflicted. He read the Bible to the sick and prayed for them.

"Not only this; but these Christ-like attentions to men and women and children were not confined to those who lived in fine houses and wore fine clothes. He entered the homes of the poor, the humble and the lowly. He went into log cabins with puncheon floors, and cracks in the walls through which the winter wind whistled. He put his gentle hand on fevered heads resting sometimes on a straw mattress without a pillow. In such homes he left not only kind words, but bread and meat and medicine. He not

only prayed, but he sent the doctor. Of many such cases I know myself. Of others I have heard—rarely from him, and then only incidentally.

"Social generally he was not. He had no time. His life was filled with other and greater things. But while he neglected—for very lack of time, if for no other reason—what some may call the requirements of social life, he did not neglect those who needed his visits, his attentions, his kindness.

"Of Jesus we read in the Gospel that 'the common people heard him gladly.' If this be the test of the divine character of one's message, then the message delivered by Sam Jones was divine; for surely nowhere for many, many years has there been one whom 'the common people heard' more gladly than they heard Sam Jones. He understood them. He sympathized with them. He had compassion upon them.

"And this compassion expressed itself not alone by word of mouth in pulpit and tabernacle. It made itself felt in the gentle, unobtrusive ministrations of which I have just spoken.

"You will forgive me for thinking, as I speak these words, of how he came to me and to my home when I was so long under the shadow of affliction; of how his visits brightened and cheered; of how his humor beguiled away pain of body; of how like one of God's ministering angels he was. Is it possible that I shall not hear him speak again—that I shall not behold the flash of his wonderful eye, nor see him smile in that way of his so charming, nor shake his hand? Ah, Science stands helpless and heartless at the grave. But there is something stronger and higher than science and reason. Faith speaks, and I listen!

"This is no time to take his measure. It is not needful; and if it were, we do not know as yet how to measure him. He is too close to us. We can not even realize that he is dead, as men say. We must see him in the perspective. Perhaps we shall not see his perspective at all. Perhaps this will be left to other generations.

"Those who live at the foot of the mountain rarely look upon it or think of its beauty, its grandeur and sublimity. They can not. They are too close to it. The Swiss cottagers, dwelling as their

fathers did before them among the Alps, never think to look up toward the heavens and see the white beauty of the Matterhorn's icy peaks piercing the blue of heaven and reflecting the red glory of the setting sun, after night has fallen and the stars are shining down upon the simple peasants in the valleys far below. They are too near to the Matterhorn. They have lived too long in sight of its surpassing beauty.

"May it not be so with us, as to the character and attainments of this man whom we memoralize to-day? It is, as it were, but yesterday that we heard him speak, that we shook hands with him, that we met him on the street, that we talked with him and that he talked to us. It is only a few years—so swift does time run by—that he was unknown beyond the limits of the first humble circuit which he traveled as a Methodist itinerant. Even while applauding multitudes have grown and grown in numbers as his fame deepened, broadened and widened; yet it is but truth to say that few, if any, have yet read and studied with sufficiently thoughtful criticism his sermons, so remarkable for their simplicity of thought and word, and also for the hold which they take upon the reader; of his witticisms, maxims and proverbs, the pungent strength of which may not be seen without reading and rereading; of the philosophy of his thought upon things religious; of the wondrous versatility of his talent; of his undoubted genius.

"We may be the Swiss peasants living far down in the valley, looking on the commonplace things of life, seeing only the lines of local environment. We may now and then glance upward at the mountain and wonder, perhaps, how high it is and how far above us are its dazzling caps of snow; and then turn back to the narrow current of our lives.

"And so I ask myself the question, will not multitudes yet unborn look upon this Matterhorn and see it towering up, and up, and up, far away into the skies, and gaze with rapt vision upon the splendor of its lofty crest, white and beautiful beyond our power to see or know?"

The funeral oration was delivered by Bishop Chas. B. Galloway,

a life-long friend and a great admirer of Mr. Jones. His splendid tribute is given in full.

"I am here not to eulogize the distinguished dead, but to lay a flower upon the grave of a personal friend, and pay grateful tribute to the memory of a most remarkable man. I have come 'to weep with those that weep.' A great State has lost its best known citizen, a great church its most popular and powerful preacher, the nation its most noted evangelist, and the cause of public morality one of its mightiest and most fearless champions. In the strength of his years when his sun was at the zenith, before his powers had begun to fail, or his voice to lose its charm, this great man in Israel has been summoned to his rich reward.

"What strange paradoxes were wrapped up in that masterful man and his brilliant career. He was a genius without eccentricity, a great personality without peculiarities, unique without being erratic, a wonderful orator without the graces of oratory, a marvelous preacher with little concern for the rules of homiletics, and a philosopher without the aid of a pale guide and a student's lamp.

"He had all the gifts, without the cultivation, of a great philosopher. What he lacked in learning was made up in the keen penetration and clear discernment of a student of human nature. If limited in his familiarity with history, he knew the forces that make history and determine destiny.

"Had his knowledge of books equaled his acquaintance with men—had he known the history of the human heart as well as he knew its great motives and subtle passions—he might have commanded a much larger place in the story of his times.

"He had many rare qualities and attractive virtues, but one great gift—the gift of commanding utterance. And upon that his fame will rest and his influence abide. His pre-eminence was as a preacher. God anointed him to be a prophet in Israel, and clothed him with a power seen but a few times in a generation. He was not called to wield a pen, but to be a voice crying in the wilderness. He might have succeeded at the bar, but his throne was the pulpit, and his mission the redemption of his fellow men.

"And what a master of assemblies he was! Measured by the

multiplied thousands that crowded again and again to hear him, and by the dead consciences he awakened, and the penitential tears he started, and the high purposes he inspired, and the reforms he instituted, and the converted souls he led to his Lord, he must go down in history as one of the most conspicuous figures of the last half century.

"Were I called upon to state, in a few words, the qualities that gave greatness to this master of assemblies, and enabled him to sway with the wand of a magician the vast thousands that crowded to his ministry, I should say they were his philosophical insight into the secret springs of motive, his power of lucid and luminous statement, his rare, genial humor, the breadth and wealth of his genuine love for humanity, and the marvelous qualities of his wonderful voice—all under the domination and inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

"He said more quotable things than any man of his generation. There are few homes in which some saying of his is not repeated. He had a genius for proverb-making.

"I believe that one secret of his strange power as a preacher was the fact that all his appeals were directly to the human conscience. His theory was that the conscience was on the same level, whether in a philosopher or a child—whether in a scholar or an illiterate. And that the message needed to arouse the one could not fail to awaken the other. Therefore, like St. Paul, he felt himself a debtor to the Greek and the barbarian, to the wise and the unwise.

"He demonstrated the fact that the day of the preacher and public speaker had not passed. The living voice is as potential to-day as ever in the world's history. The printed page may inform the mind, but the living messenger is necessary to kindle passion and urge men to action. The preaching function of the priesthood can never lose its authority. As in the olden times, when Isaiah's voice was heard in Israel, and Paul preached on Mars Hill, the divinely called man with a message will ever be the mightiest force in his generation.

"His life of almost unexampled activity was dominated by one

high and holy purpose—to do good to his fellow men and faithfully serve his generation by the will of God. From that purpose he was never deflected, and from God's service his heart never felt the slightest alienation. To that high aim every ambition was subordinated, and every energy put in commission.

"Believing that Providence had clearly indicated his field of largest usefulness, to be unconfined by the narrow limits of a local pastorate, he retired from the regular itinerant ministry, and made the nation his parish. Whatever the judgment of others as to the wisdom of that course, he never doubted that God had ordered it and His blessings would approve it. In every State of the Union his voice was heard by eager thousands, preaching with the same fearless fidelity and Christly sympathy as to the humble friends and neighbors on his first Georgia circuit.

"Without attempting any recital of the facts of a brilliant history, I shall merely mention a few features of a noble character.

"First of all, because above all and best of all, our honored brother was remarkable for the strength and solidity of his moral character. There was granite in its foundations, and every living stone was polished after the similitude of a palace. Flaws there may have been, but no fissures—discolorations, but no suggestion of disintegration. The storms of life sometimes strained, but never moved it. The rains descended, the floods came and the winds blew, but when the sky had cleared he stood unshaken and majestic as a mighty mountain. However much men may have criticised his utterances, or questioned the wisdom of his policies, no one ever doubted the integrity and purity of his character. Had there been in it any serious weakness, some curious or critical or envious eye would have quickly discovered it and loudly proclaimed it, but throughout his brilliant career, every hour in the fierce public glare, his mission and methods as a reformer inviting and encountering stubborn hostility, he fought and wrought and finally died, without the faintest shadow on his beautiful character. There were notches on his trusty blade, but not a blur on his noble name.

"He genuinely loved his fellow men, and never lost hope for humanity. He believed in a gospel that can redeem a world, and like

his Lord, he went out to seek and save the lost. And no poor prodigal ever got so low or wandered so far as to be beyond the reach of his hopeful message and helpful sympathy. And that made the world love him so. There is nothing more divinely attractive than the radiance of hope, and nothing more cheerless and forbidding than the notes of discouragement and despair. Tell a poor, blasted, blistered soul that there is hope for him, and his wailings will turn to pleadings, and his despair into the tones of prevailing prayer. It was this ever-reiterated gospel for the worst sinner that helped to attract the thousands to his ministry.

"The bells of St. Michael's, in Charleston, S. C., that have chimed the hours of morning and evening prayer since Colonial times, have a strange history. They have crossed the Atlantic ocean five times. During the Civil War they were shipped to Columbia for safe-keeping. But on a certain famous march to the sea they were burned and broken into fragments by the hands of a vandal. Every sacred piece was gathered up, and all shipped back to the foundry in which they were originally cast. There they were made anew and brought home to the tower of St. Michael's without the loss of a single note or the lowering of a single majestic tone.

"Thus, this good man believed God could do with every sinful, broken human life. Gather up scarred and scattered fragments, make them anew in His image, and put cathedral music into the redeemed soul.

"His moral courage was nothing less than sublime. What he conceived to be the path of duty he would pursue, though a lion crouched in the shadow of every tree. No threat of man, or fear of all the legions of darkness, could stay his course or hush his imperial voice. And yet there was in him nothing of rashness, and he never spoke without premeditation. His was not a harsh, but a gentle nature. He had a strong, soft hand. The tones of his voice were authoritative, but the undertones were gentleness and love. Though he sometimes showed the sternness of a Hebrew prophet, he really had the tenderness and sweet persuasiveness of an apostle. Who but this master of the human heart could unite such startling and overwhelming plainness of speech with lyric

tenderness and irresistible persuasiveness! With a sternness that was at times as awful as Sinai, he united a pathos that made every eye a fountain of tears.

"If he sometimes used the muck-rake, it was not simply to expose the rottenness of society and the wickedness of the world, but that the healing light of the truth might shine upon and cure it. He uncovered sin that it might be destroyed. He rent the robe of hypocrisy that its ghastly deformity might cease to deceive. But for every penitent he had a mantle of charity, and for every home-coming prodigal a joyous welcome.

"He was free from the weaknesses and vices of narrow natures. His great soul was too generous for jealousy and too broad for bigotry. Envy found no hiding-place in his brotherly and sunny heart. He coveted no man's position or possessions, and envied no human being his fame or his fortune. It never occurred to him that any rival stood in the way of his attainments or achievements. No Mordecai sat in the gateway of his noble soul. He rejoiced that the world is wide, with an inviting field for every honest toiler, and ample reward for every faithful workman; that there is a chaplet for every heroic brow, and a throne for every really royal soul. While deeply appreciative of his large place in the nation's esteem—pardonably proud of his wonderful and long-sustained popularity—he generously rejoiced in the honors and success of every worthy man. I never heard him speak a disparaging word of any mortal who had high aims and a serious purpose. His generous hand would have withered had he attempted to pluck a star from another's crown. Such magnanimity is one of the final tests of true greatness.

"But time fails me to speak more at length of my glorified friend. We would fain have kept him longer, but the Lord knew best. His was a life that can not go out; it will go on.

"The end came, not exactly as he had hoped, but as beautifully and triumphantly as any heart could wish. It was just after a great revival in which, as on so many notable occasions, God had wonderfully honored his ministry. With the tears of a penitent still gladdening his eyes, the tired preacher was told that it is time to

rest. Between a revival and an expected family reunion, the angels met him and carried him to the house of many mansions. In that heavenly home may there be no vacant chair!"

At the close of Bishop Galloway's address the quartette sang "My Heavenly Father Knows."

The closing prayer was by Rev. John D. Culpepper, Iuka, Miss., who was associated with Mr. Jones in some of his evangelistic meetings.

Bishop Galloway pronounced the benediction.

After the ceremonies the remains were carried back to the home and remained there until Friday morning, when his body was removed to Atlanta.

ATLANTA MOURNS AT THE BIER OF SAM JONES.

ARRIVAL OF BODY AT CAPITOL IN ATLANTA.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Body Lies in State in Atlanta.

The Atlanta people, who felt such a loss at Mr. Jones's death, desired an opportunity to see him before his burial. The General Council of the city met and adopted the following resolutions:

"Whereas, We have learned with profound sorrow of the sudden death of Rev. Sam P. Jones; and

"Whereas, He was much beloved by our citizens, because of his constant interest in the upbuilding of our city and his many efforts to advance and improve its social and moral condition, and our people desire to pay tribute to his memory and to testify to their regard for him and his work; therefore, be it

"Resolved, by the Mayor and General Council, That we extend to his family this formal expression of our sincere sympathy, and that we feel a personal bereavement by his death; be it further

"Resolved, That we request his family to permit his body to lie in state in the Capitol of Georgia that his thousands of friends may view his remains and give expression to their appreciation of his life and service."

On motion of Councilman Wikle, the following committee was appointed to go to Cartersville to attend the funeral:

Councilmen Wikle, Patterson, Martin, Terrell and Foster, and Aldermen Quillian and Harwell.

In response to this earnest request, his body was carried to Atlanta the morning after the funeral.

The special train left Cartersville at eight-thirty o'clock. Mr. John Welch, the engineer, upon whose engine Mr. Jones had ridden so many times, and who himself was one of Mr. Jones's oldest friends, pulled the throttle. Mrs. Welch rode on the engine with her husband. They had draped the engine in black and white, and

in front of the engine, just under the headlight, was a life-sized portrait of Mr. Jones appropriately draped.

The casket was borne to the train by the pallbearers who assisted at the funeral, and who accompanied the remains to Atlanta.

At least two thousand people were gathered at the depot when the special left. A great many close and intimate friends from Cartersville and Atlanta followed the remains to the city. As the train started off many were in tears. Mr. Jones was something more to Cartersville than the great revivalist; he had been a friend and neighbor.

All along the way at each station great crowds assembled to see the train go by.

At ten-thirty o'clock the party arrived in Atlanta. Two hours before the arrival of the train a throng of people began to gather. They stood about the depot, on the streets, and lined up on the viaduct under which the special train passed. As the muffled whistle announced the arrival of the train, the people uncovered their heads and stood reverently around the station, on the viaduct and in the streets.

The local ministers and a committee of the Council appointed to have charge of the body while in Atlanta met the train. The committee stood on each side of the depot entrance, the ministers to the right, and the prominent citizens to the left. The floral offerings, consisting of roses, chrysanthemums, orchids, and many other flowers, had been fashioned into wreaths, crosses, and other designs, were first removed from the baggage-car. Through the passageway the pallbearers bore the casket, covered with floral offerings, to the hearse, which Mr. Patterson, the undertaker, had waiting outside.

The family and friends of Mr. Jones was then directed to carriages. Mrs. Jones and the family were driven to the home of Mr. R. P. Milan, while the body was taken to the Capitol.

The cortege proceeded slowly through a dense crowd up Pryor to Decatur street, thence to Peachtree, along Whitehall to Mitchell, and across Mitchell to Washington street and the entrance to the Capitol.

All along the streets people bowed their heads out of respect to the memory of Mr. Jones. Waiting at the Capitol was even a greater throng than that which had been at the station, and upon the streets. One of the most touching scenes was when Rev. H. L. Crumley, Superintendent of the Decatur Orphan's Home, with a dozen or more little girls wearing the blue uniform of the institution, walked down from the Capitol to the street with their arms full of flowers. The pallbearers removed the casket to the Capitol. The orphan children followed close by. The casket was placed under the great dome of the Capitol, where hung the life-sized paintings of Toombs, Stephens, Grady, Hill, Gordon, and other distinguished men. Mr. Jones had been personally acquainted with many of these great men of Georgia, and held them in the highest esteem, while they appreciated his ability and work as a minister.

When the casket was placed in the center of the Capitol building, while the thousands of people filled the rotunda and every entrance, waiting for a chance to take a last look at the quiet features of the beloved dead, Rev. French E. Oliver, of Chicago, a co-worker of Mr. Jones, and an intimate friend, standing at the head of the casket, paid the following tribute to the memory of his departed friend:

"Rev. Sam P. Jones was the greatest admixture of contrast that ever combined in one human being, so far as my reading, observation or personal acquaintance can gauge. He had the dauntless courage of a thousand brave men, and the sympathy and tenderness of the sweetest woman. He was the great diagnostician, studying the pathology of the pandemics, endemics and epidemics of mankind, morally and religiously. Then he became a master surgeon, driving the scalpel into the diseased parts, causing excruciating pains to the one into whom he drove the instrument—but he was in the next moment the soft-handed, sweet-voiced nurse, administering the balms and tonics to the suffering sinner.

"He was a whole fearless regiment, sweeping across the battlefield with cyclonic fury, leaving the field strewn with the wounded and dying; then he was the whole Red Cross society, following in the wake of the caustic cataclysm, bringing the comfort of a thousand loves to the aching hearts. Brother Jones never gave a thorn

without a rose; he never gave honey-comb without the honey; he never hurt a man in this world, in his great ministerial career, but for the purpose of tearing off the mask and allowing men to see themselves.

"To him the pulpit was no gilded prison cell in which to palaver, palliate or pander. He had no fear of poignant persecution, no bow to make before a reprobate task-master, ruling a degenerate company of pulpit puppets with a rod of gold. While some pulpits dealt in painted fire, Sam Jones dealt in real fire. Irrevocable conviction swept him into a relentless warfare, where he did more to strengthen the backbone of the American preachers than any man who has ever labored in this country. To him—as he told me a few weeks ago in his home—the pulpit was a throne, whereupon he was called to sway his scepter of righteousness, love and faithfulness.

"He had the conviction that he was sent of God—I know he was! To this age when cowardice, superficialities, poltroonism, policy-seeking and infidelity surged like billows over the religious as well as the political life of our nation, he was as truly God's prophet saying, 'Thou art the man' as was Nathan in his day. His strength can only be measured by the burden he bore. The cross that he bore was heavy; he suffered pains which would have made a giant crouch and cower like a belabored hound—but he bore them as a prince of Israel, which he was. I heard him tell recently how the sorrows of the grave encompassed him, and when it seemed that his goal was despair, God seemed to speak audibly to him these words:

> " 'When through the waters I cause thee to go,
> The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,
> For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless
> And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.'

and when he turned and told his precious wife the answer of God to his heart, she said: 'My darling, God gave me the same words at the same moment.'

"I know how mellow his great heart was. I have prayed and wept with him in his own home, where the evidences of weakness or

strength in any man are exhibited. He showed that he was a tower of strength; he fought a good fight; he finished his course. The intrepid warrior has faced earth's last battlefield. To-day he is wearing a crown which God gave him when he lifted the cross from his tired shoulders. He has met Jesus Christ and God the father, and now he may be talking with Daniel, or Abraham, or Paul or John. He has kissed his mother, and grasped his father's hand. His little babe which went before him has welcomed him into the city. Let an object pass one inch earthward or skyward at the point of equipoise where is registered the limit of the earth's attraction, as well as the limit of the sun's attraction, and instantly it will move earthward or sunward. Brother Jones reached that point in the spiritual firmament, for there is that point of spiritual equipoise between earth and heaven. Heaven's attraction drew him home to God forever."

The body remained in the Capitol from eleven a.m. to four p.m. The people began to pass through the building, and there was a constant stream of humanity for five hours. As they took the last look at the man they loved many tears flowed down their cheeks, and with deep emotion they passed by, frequently speaking of how he had helped them in their lives. One good, earnest Christian woman, as she took her last look at him, said, "Oh, I can't stand it," and as she walked away she fell to the floor. She was hastily carried into the office of the Comptroller, and was laid upon a lounge, but was soon dead. She was a personal friend of Mr. Jones.

It is estimated that at least thirty thousand people looked into his face during the hours. Finally the doors were closed, and the Capitol grounds were soon crowded again, when the doors were reopened, and for ten minutes the people passed by the casket. If his body could have remained there during the evening hours, after the day's work had ended, there would have been not less than one hundred thousand people who would have looked into his calm and blessed face.

The body was removed from the Capitol to the Westview Cemetery, the last funeral rite was read, and the casket placed in the vault to remain there until removed to the family vault in Cartersville.

SAM JONES IS HOME.

Across the fields the light is softly stealing—
Sam Jones is home!
Though at the cross of pain sad ones are kneeling
In sorrow's gloom,
'Round God's great throne joy's songs are loudly pealing—
That he is home!

States on his bier their wreaths of fame are placing;
And Time its home
Has opened and Fame's fingers, his name tracing,
Write him her own;
But Georgia's arms for all time are embracing
Her son—at home.

Sin-shattered hearts that knew him here are feeling
The shadows lone—
But, ah, look up ye, who in grief are kneeling,
Ye hearts that mourn—
Above the clouds which round you now are stealing—
Sam Jones is home!

O. G. Cox.

BISHOP CHAS. B. GALLOWAY.

REV. GEO. R. STUART.

Memorial Services

A public tribute to the character and work of the late

Samuel Porter Jones

Ryman Auditorium

Sunday afternoon, October twenty-eighth

One thousand nine hundred and six

Two-thirty o'clock

Nashville, Tennessee

24 sj

Programme

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, Chairman

Mr. Allen G. Hall, Vice-Chairman, Presiding

I.

Music

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Wm. T. Haggard

II.

Orations

"The Preacher" . . . . . Rev. R. Lin Cave

"The Man" . . . U. S. Senator Edward W. Carmack

Music

III.

Three-Minute Addresses

Rev. W. F. Tillett — Prof. J. W. Brister

Prof. J. J. Keys — Hon. John Bell Keeble

Music

IV.

One-Minute Talks

Limited to those converted under Mr. Jones's preaching

V.

Address

"His Last Days" . . . . . Rev. Walt Holcomb

Music

VI.

Invitation . . . . . Dr. R. A. Torrey

Doxology — Benediction

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Memorial Tributes.

There were memorial services held all over the country in honor of Mr. Jones, and beautiful tributes paid him by devoted friends. It has been impossible to speak of all these services, and publish the many tributes. We mention the services in Nashville, Chattanooga and Atlanta. These memorial services were held in the largest auditoriums in these cities. The immense throngs began to pour into the buildings soon after dinner, and sat from two to three and a half hours. While every available space was occupied, the people were turned away by the thousands at each place.

The *Nashville American,* in speaking of the memorial services at the Jones-Ryman Auditorium, said:

"No more magnificent tribute has ever been paid to the memory of any man, citizen, or soldier, by the people of this section, than the expression of love and honor to the life and character of Sam P. Jones, which they voiced at the Jones-Ryman Auditorium on Sunday afternoon. The number who came to pay tribute to this great man of God, to drop a tear upon his grave, to express a personal sympathy at his death, to testify to the great work for man and Christ that he had wrought upon the people, was limited alone by the capacity of the building in which the exercises were held.

"The meeting was called to order and presided over by Dr. Allen G. Hall, moderator of the last General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church. The invocation was offered by Rev. Wm. T. Haggard.

"Rev. Lin Cave, of the Christian Church, was the first speaker, and paid a tribute to Mr. Jones as a preacher. He said:

" 'My heart prompts me to say I speak to you with feelings of

emotion. He to whose memory we pay grateful and loving tribute to-day was my friend, always ready to do me a kindness. Though not thrown into close social contact with him as were some of you, I loved him with a strong and steadfast affection. Death paints our loved ones in softer and fairer colors, and brings us to see, as we did not see before,

"Their likeness to the wise below,
Their kindred with the great of old."

" 'And so to-day, with an affection sanctified and strengthened by sorrow, we appreciate his life and labors more highly than while he lived. I have been asked to speak of him as a preacher, and in doing so it is just and safe to say he stood among the foremost of his time. He was the best-known evangelist in this country, and ranks with the two or three best-known in the world to-day. He was wonderfully endowed by God, and has blessed and helped to save more people of all classes than perhaps any other preacher of this generation. He enjoyed unusual and widespread popularity, especially with the common people, and was greatly loved. While his body was in the Capitol at Atlanta for a few hours, it is estimated that fully thirty thousand persons came and looked on his face. If all who had been cheered, blessed and led by him to a better life could have followed his body to the grave, the cortege would have been one of the largest ever seen on such an occasion. It is justly claimed that to be a useful preacher, one must have piety, natural gifts and skill. By this measurement Sam Jones was one of the greatest and most useful preachers of any age. He was a good man, pure in heart and life, rich in natural gifts and unexcelled in skill and tact in the use of them. He was in no sense a theologian; he rather hated theology. He cared little or nothing for creeds and the doctrines of men, but he loved Christ and Christianity. Theology, he said, was man-made. Christianity was of God. If I misrepresent Him, my brethren, call me down, for I have no desire to do Him any injustice. This enlarged his usefulness and gave him such great power, far greater than I can fully describe. Let me give, instead, the estimate of a leading secular

journalist written some years ago: "If we were asked to analyze the power of Sam Jones we would say that the chief elements are clear mental vision, fearless soul, kind heart, and unbridled, witty tongue. His good eyes enable him to see the world just as it is—its sad things, its funny things, its sham things, its brutal things, its terrible things, its beautiful things. His fearless soul leads him to describe what he sees, and the immense force of truth and realism becomes his ally. His kind heart enables him to denounce, yet not drive away; to chastise, yet love; to punish, yet win the culprit. His want of reverence for others, their ways of speech and of life, unchains him from the shackles of cant, custom, routine, and conventionality. It frees him from imitation. He thus gets room for his own individuality to grow, his foundation to play. Being freed entirely from the chains which enslave so many thousands of public men, his genius shines like a star—inexhaustible, radiant." There never was but one Sam Jones. In speaking further of his great success and his influence as a preacher, I wish to say he was absolutely fearless, a man of both moral and physical courage. He was ready at any time, and in any presence, to say what he believed God wished him to say, and he would have said it in front of the cannon's mouth had he known that while speaking his body would be blown to atoms. I think we may apply to him the famous eulogy of Regent Murray at the grave of John Knox, "There lies he, who never feared the face of man." He was at the same time very humble. Notwithstanding his widespread popularity and vast personal influence he had the spirit of humility, and was always ready to yield his place if there was any one who could do better than himself. Again, as a preacher, he was intensely practical and used present conditions and occasions with wonderful effect. He was thoroughly earnest. Abrupt, terse, vehement, fiery in style, his simple sentences at times were flashes of lightning in a dark night, his words volcanic explosions from a fire long burning within, and all who heard them always felt their tremendous power. Some one who has drawn a distinction between Cicero and Demosthenes says when the former spoke people said, "How well Cicero speaks," while, when Demosthenes spoke, they said, "Let us

go against Philip." We may draw the same distinction between him and many other preachers. When people hear them they say, "How well they speak," but when they heard him they were aroused and moved to say, "Let us go and fight the devil and all forms of sin." I have heard him at times in pathetic exhortation show such bursts of passionate grief for lost souls that men who had been untouched and unmoved by others were made to tremble and weep as children. Finally, he was loving and full of sympathy for lost humanity, and all mankind. To strike and spare not, was the motto with which he faced the sinner. To help and rescue, was the second motto which redeemed the fearless first. He was as swift to succor as he was to smite. He was as tender in healing as he was terrible in arousement. He was full of the milk of human kindness, and was the enemy of no man. He loved God and his fellowmen, and those who abused him most bitterly will find out some day that he was their real friend, and always aimed to do them good. Some have criticised him for lack of refinement and his use of ridicule and irony. Elijah is a striking example of the use of ridicule in sacred discourse. He mocked the priests of Baal before all the people. Ridicule was to him a fair way to expose the absurdity of idolatry. All irreligion has aspects and elements that are absurd, and it is allowable and useful to show this by irony and ridicule. In Proverbs it is condemned as folly, and depicted with the keenest sarcasm, and there are slight touches of irony and scorn in the epistles of Paul. In my estimate of him, I do not forget the well-known words of Cowper in his description of the preacher, Paul would hear, approve and own. "He that negotiates between God and man, as God's ambassador, the grand concerns of judgment and of mercy, should beware of lightness in his speech. Tis pitiful to court a grin, when you should woo a soul; to break a jest when pity would inspire pathetic exhortation." He consecrated humor, ridicule and wit as few, if any, have ever been able to do, and tried always to use them only for God.

" 'May God bless and sanctify this service to the salvation of every unsaved person here."

"Following Dr. Cave's tribute, Dr. D. B. Towner and wife, of

Chicago, sang a very sweet and effective duet, entitled 'He Knows.'

"The next address was delivered by United States Senator, Edward W. Carmack, who spoke of him as 'The Man.' Senator Carmack's loving eulogy is printed in full:

"'*Ladies and Gentlemen*: There needs no excuse for the appearance of a layman to participate in the exercises of this occasion, for Sam Jones belonged to all the people, and the scope of his influence was as wide as the whole field of human life and activity. And so I have come to pay my brief and simple tribute to the memory of one whose death is an affliction because his life was a blessing to mankind.

"'The world has often made heroes of its own worst enemies, has called him greatest who has done most to multiply its sorrows, has builded its monuments to the destroyers and not to the savers of men. The time is coming when men will find some other standard for human greatness than genius linked with selfishness and ambition, when the world's memorials will be wrought for those who have served it best. When that time comes, few men will have or deserve a higher monument than Sam Jones.

"'There can be no nobler epitaph written above the dust of any man than to say that the world is better for his having lived, and only the records of eternity can reveal the magnitude of the work that Sam Jones has done for his fellow men.

"'With mental gifts that would have won him distinction in any field of endeavor, he chose to devote all his powers to the services of his Master and of mankind. He fell, a self-devoted victim in the midst of his labors. We often say that the days of martyrdom, when men died by the stake, or the fagot, for conscience sake, have passed. But Sam Jones was as truly a martyr as any of old. His own will bound his limbs to the stake of duty and his spirit kindled the flame in which his body was consumed. Because he had no patience, no sympathy, with evil, the thoughtless or malevolent have charged him with a want of charity. But he laid down his life for humanity, and "greater love hath no man than this." It is a strange aberration of reason that finds a want of love for mankind in a hatred of everything that is injurious to man. That was the only hatred that ever found its way to the heart of Sam Jones.

" 'There has been much speculation as to the secret of his marvelous success as an evangelist. In the early days of his fame, it was freely predicted that he would prove a nine-days' wonder, whose popularity would wane with the novelty of his style; but, though he never changed his manner or his methods, he steadily grew and increased in power, and death found him not yet at the zenith of his greatness.

" 'The real secret of his success lay in the fact that Sam Jones the preacher, never effaced Sam Jones, the man. He never made himself an intellectual hermit whose mind lived apart from the world and busied itself only with ethical abstractions. While the basis of his nature was spiritual, he was intensely practical, intensely human. While a careful reader of his sermons could not fail to see the deep thought of a powerful mind, he prepared himself for his work, not so much by secret meditation in the closet, as by keen observation of what was going on in the world. His mission was that of a wise and faithful commentator on the daily doings of men. He sought to enforce the lesson that to be a good Christian you must be a good man, you must lead a good life. In his phrase, "Quit your meanness," he summed up his conception of practical repentance. "Cease to do evil, learn to do well" might have been the text for every sermon he preached; and what was evil and what was good he portrayed with objective vividness of treatment by illustrations drawn from actual experience and the daily life of the people. By direct and particular application, he gave life and meaning to general precepts and invested his preaching with a human and immediate interest such as no mere exegesis of Scripture, however learned and eloquent, could ever command. He thundered against the actual, visible manifestations of evil. He held up to the public gaze the common vices of the time. He waged war not against the devil in hell, but against the devil in this world.

" 'He was often criticised for the extreme aggressiveness of his methods and the severity of his language. But Sam Jones wrought with a rare knowledge of human nature. To treat the evil-doer with too great tenderness and respect often serves only to flatter his sense of self-satisfaction and confirm him in his evil ways. Sam

Jones dealt with vice as a thing utterly detestable, and he would admit no excuses for the vicious man. He covered him with the hot lava of his scorn, he lashed him with ridicule, he made him mean and contemptible in the sight of men. He thus humbled the pride of the evil-doer, made him despicable in his own eyes, and drove him to reformation of his life as the only means of recovering his self-respect.

" 'He cared little—perhaps, too little,—for forms of doctrine. His theology was expressed in the lines,

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

" 'Even an avowed infidel was not so repulsive to him as actual wickedness. He often said that the horns and hoofs belonged not so much to the theoretical infidel as to the man who denied God, not with his lips, but in his life.

" 'He once said that a poor sermon with the power of earnestness behind it was more effective than the most powerful sermon without the spirit of earnestness. One great secret of his own power as a preacher was the intense earnestness, the manifest sincerity of the man. All the powers of his splendid intellect could not have made him the great evangelist he was if his words had come cold from the brain instead of hot from the heart.

" 'In the earlier years of his career he was made the target, not only for injudicious criticism, but the calumnies of the vilest character. He was not insensible—no man can be entirely so—to these malevolent attacks, but he bore them with outward composure and gave to slander its most crushing answer—a pure, upright life.

" 'He was sometimes criticised for overstepping the proper limitations of a preacher's calling, and for dealing with matters foreign to the pulpit. But Sam Jones was the man always as well as the preacher, and his alert and active mind was interested in everything that concerned the welfare of man. These criticisms were doubtless sometimes sincere, but for the most part, these proceeded from men whose way of life would not bear a particular application of general precepts. These always prefer the kind of preacher who drones

vague abstractions to a somnolent congregation and deals with sin in such a way as not to disturb the repose of the sinner. It was because he was the reverse of this type that Sam Jones was such a power for good in this world.

" 'But beneath all this bluntness of speech and manner was a heart overflowing with love and charity. It was because he loved the sinner that he hated sin. He but expressed his devotion to the welfare of humanity in the intensity of his loathing for the vices of his time.

" 'To those who knew him, he was a man easy to love—frank, open, kindly, "with malice towards none, with charity for all." To those who did not know him thus, we only need to point to the fruits of his ministry. Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. A corrupt tree can not bear good fruit. Only a great and good man—a man great in his goodness and good in his greatness—could have yielded to the world so great a harvest. And finally, if he who saves a soul from death covers a multitude of sins, how trivial, even in the eye of divine perfection, must seem the failings of Sam Jones when he appears at the great bar encompassed by a throng of human souls rescued and redeemed through his ministry.'

"Dr. W. F. Tillett, Dean of the Theological Department, Vanderbilt University, was the first of the number selected to make three-minute addresses. He said that he was glad to be permitted to bring a rose from Vanderbilt and lay it on the grave of this great man.

" 'As I sought the character and work of him we loved to call Sam Jones, it seems to me it was he who struck the point where our modern civilization needed attention. He touched the greatest blot in our modern life, intemperance and the gambling-dens. Is there a work that our reformers could do, that would be greater than eliminating these evils? That strong and mighty sentiment against the open saloon that is growing greater every day, is due in no small degree to the work of our friend and brother. This was one of his greatest works, and I believe it will survive.

" 'I rejoice to be able to say that the man to whom we pay honor

never delivered a message that the audience could not say that behind his eloquent sermon was a pure Christian life. While many times I grant he called forth a laugh at the expense of education and theology, but if I had a boy at Vanderbilt University struggling to get an education, and I had only to mention the fact to Sam Jones, he furnished the necessary money to educate that boy. When all things are considered, Brother Jones must be pronounced one of the most remarkable, original and gifted men that Methodism has ever produced. We may write his epitaph "He purchased deathlessness with death."

"The next three-minute address was delivered by Professor J. J. Keys, of the Nashville High School. He said:

" 'The secret of Sam Jones's great power was his love for humanity. He did not have to tell you that he loved you. It was not necessary. He made you see yourself as you really were. I first heard of him twenty years ago in Michigan, when a newsboy passed through a train selling copies of his sermons. I devoured the book at one sitting; little did I dream then that some day I would be called upon to take part in a great service like this in his memory. Let us send up a prayer of thanksgiving that it was our blessed privilege to sit at the feet of this great man and through him learn the way of life.'

"Professor J. W. Brister, of Peabody College for Teachers, made the next brief address:

" 'The whole nation, especially the South, mourns his loss. Nashville grieves, and rightly so, as over the departure of an own son. For here he did some of his most notable preaching, and here he scored many of his greatest triumphs.

" 'From that first great meeting held yonder on Broad Street, twenty-one years ago, his friends multiplied, and his service and its benefits to our city increased with cumulative effect.

" 'Hardly a home in all the community but has indirectly felt the influence of the mighty work he here wrought; and thousands of them have been directly benefited and blessed. Hardly a church in all the section but numbers among its members one or more Sam Jones converts, and in many churches they may be counted by

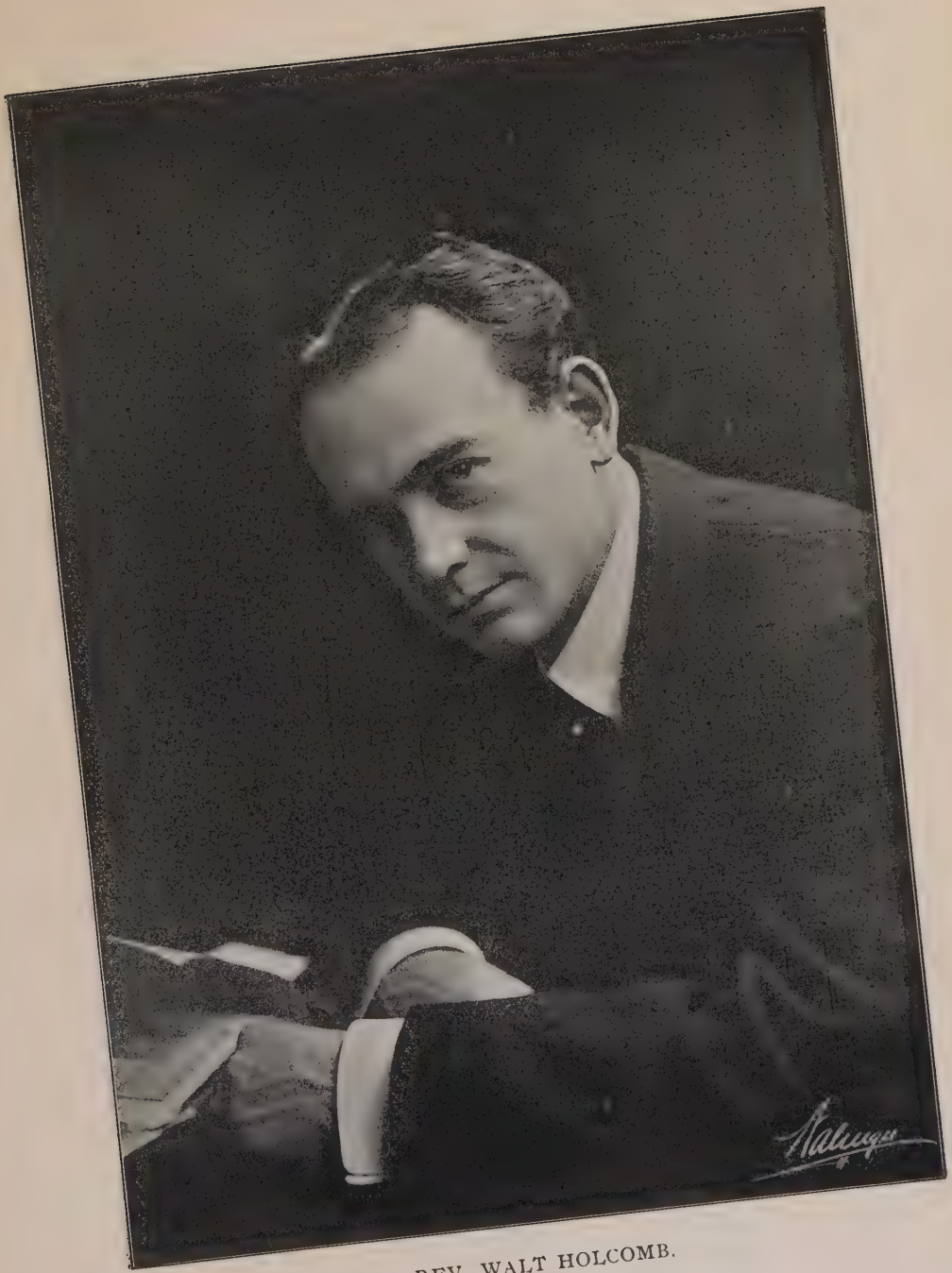
the score. And these converts, many of them, stand in the forefront of Nashville's religious leaders, faithful in building up and strengthening the church, ready and zealous in every charitable work, powerful in every movement for civic reform.

"'Nashville owes him an incalculable debt. At her hands he deserves all honor and praise. This splendid auditorium ought to be rechristened the Jones-Ryman Tabernacle; and on either side of the great organ, some day to be installed, ought to be placed a life-size statue—one of Sam Jones, who inspired the building; the other of Tom Ryman, his follower, who labored with unflagging zeal and invincible faith towards its erection.'

"The last of these short speeches was made by Hon. John Bell Keeble, of the Nashville Bar. While it was very brief, it was one of the most appropriate speeches of the afternoon. He said that 'the common belief that the day of oratory was passed, is a fallacy. The spoken word was one of the most potent powers for good, and would always be. God has always used the voice of man to effect His work on earth. John the Baptist, Paul, Jesus Christ were all great orators. Sam Jones had the brain, the heart, the wit, humor and pathos that set fire to the words that went from his mouth. His eloquence opened the doors of men's money-safes, and caused them to turn loose their money for the glory of God, and the belief of men. The best of all, this man never prostituted his gifts of oratory, but used them to bring men to God, to revitalize their lives, to show them the cross of Jesus Christ, and so portray Him as to cause men and women to yield to Him their services and dedicate their lives to His cause.'

"After these brief addresses, Mr. Charles Butler, soloist in the Torrey-Alexander meetings, sang 'The Glory Song.' A number of persons who had been converted under Mr. Jones's ministry in Nashville made one-minute talks, while many stood in all parts of the building testifying in that way the appreciation of the man who had led them to the Savior.

"The last address was delivered by Rev. Walt Holcomb, of Nashville, who was with Mr. Jones at the time of his death. Mr. Holcomb spoke on 'His Last Days' as follows:



REV. WALT HOLCOMB.

"'*Mr. Chairman and Friends of Brother Jones*: From Cartersville I bring the love of the bereaved family, to the thousands of friends of our glorified brother, who are gathered this afternoon to pay honor to the memory of the truest friend Nashville ever had. [Turning to Bishop Fitzgerald.] And to you, my dear Bishop Fitzgerald, Mrs. Jones sent special love because of your great love for her late husband. Of all the cities where Mr. Jones labored, there was none other that he visited so frequently, and spoke with deeper solicitude and more tender affection. He loved Nashville. When I look upon this sea of faces and follow the hundreds who were turned away, and have watched you sitting here for nearly three hours, I feel sure no city loved him better, and has suffered a greater loss at his untimely death.

"'I have been asked by your committee to speak on "His Last Days." It was during his latter days that I knew him personally. I shall never forget the first time I met him. It was at Charlotte, N. C. I was in the Southern station waiting for a train. I heard a conversation going on between a telegraph-operator and the man who was sending the message. After the operator had counted the words and looked at the signature, he threw up his eyes and said, "Is this Mr. Sam Jones?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "that's my forgiven name. How much do I owe you?" "Well," said the operator, "you don't owe me anything. You can't pay for a telegram that I send." I walked up to him, extending my hand and giving my name, and called attention to a Bible conference that I was connected with at Montreat, N. C. He looked at me from head to foot, as if he were sizing me up, as much as to say, "Kid, where were you jumped up, anyway?" I tried to explain to him our conference, while showing him the announcements. He said, "Well, thank you, but I can read." Then he gave me a hearty grasp of the hand and an earnest "God bless you," and boarded the train for home. That day I was drawn to his kindly heart.

"'A few months later he went to Wilkesboro, N. C., for a revival meeting. On Thursday before the meeting began on Sunday, I received a note for him, in which he said, "I can not go to Wilkesboro before next Monday. I want you to go up Saturday and

'hold the fort' until I come." Saturday I went to Wilkesboro, and along the way people from towns and the surrounding country were at the depots to get a peep at the great Georgia preacher. Sunday morning came, and the large tent was crowded with people to hear him preach. I preached the best I could to a disappointed audience. From then till preaching to his last audience in Oklahoma City, I never refused a request he made of me. Mr. Jones always looked upon that meeting as the most marvelous, next to the memorable meeting he held here, twenty-one years ago. The liquor traffic was so entrenched in the county that its grip upon the people was something appalling. He pitched into that infernal business, and at the close of the meeting Wilkesboro was practically a temperance town, and Wilkes county, a temperance county. I shall never forget the last service. Business had suspended, people were there from far and near, and Mr. Jones took for his text, "Lord, what wait I for?" He took up the sinner and discussed the various excuses that they offer for not becoming Christians. Such sarcasm, invective, ridicule, I never heard in all my life. Such wit and humor was never crowded into an hour; and, when he finished preaching, he had literally, by the help of the good Spirit, ridiculed and laughed them out of their sins. When the invitation was extended they ran over each other to get to the altar. I shall never forget his radiant face. He had been sick, weary and worn for months. He said, "I am a dying man." But that morning heaven and earth seemed to meet, and he clapped his hands and stamped his foot, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed, "Thank God for a scene like this; there hasn't been such a happy soul in my body in the last twenty years."

" 'One of Mr. Jones's favorite texts was "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." He was a real Christian soldier, and fought the battles of life more manfully than any one whom I have ever known. His faith was as simple and mighty as that of a little child, and it was lost in the personality of Jesus Christ. None ever entered the Christian race who kept his eyes more fully upon the goal and strove harder to win the crown.

No man ever lived who tried harder to get to heaven. His home-going must have been as happy as a schoolboy running home. A friend had this dream the night before his death. He dreamed that he was in heaven with Mr. Jones. He saw him standing in one of his characteristic attitudes near the pearly gate, with one of his expressive and significant smiles covering his face, shouting, "I got here at last; I pulled some of the steepest hills of any man that ever reached the gates of pearl, and by the good Lord's reaching down and snatching me away, I was saved from pulling steeper ones."

" 'When I think how the devil tried to ruin his young life; how he tried to cripple him in his ministry; how he tried to defeat him in the end, and had he succeeded, what a victory it would have been for the devil and his kingdom, there comes to my heart peace and joy that lift me above the indescribable sorrow and peculiar grief I have felt.

" 'A prominent citizen of his town said to me, "I had just finished reading Mr. Jones's last letter in the *Journal,* written from Oklahoma City, in which he said how he was fighting the world, the flesh and the devil, when the telegram announcing his death was received. While my heart was aching, I couldn't refrain from shouting 'Glory to God, he has quit fighting the devil and gone to playing with the angels.' "

" 'Last Monday morning, on a Rock Island train from Oklahoma City, just fifty-two miles beyond Little Rock, Ark., we were blockaded by a freight wreck. This was about four o'clock in the morning. Mr. Jones arose and dressed about half-past five. He sat and talked to the porter who was shining his shoes. Then suffering from nausea, he called to his daughter to arise and hand him a cup of water. While waiting for the water, they were engaged in conversation, when suddenly he collapsed. She called me, saying, "Oh, Mr. Holcomb, hurry to papa, I believe he is dying." In a moment I was by his side with his hands in mine, drawing his noble head to my heart, saying, "Oh, Brother Jones, what's the matter?" He looked at me and attempted to speak, but the words died in his throat. Then I realized that the fatal stroke had put

an end to all that was mortal, to the best friend I ever had. His noble wife, two of his daughters, Mr. Dunham and myself, had clustered around, while a serene and heavenly expression formed in his face. Without a struggle he left us as peacefully and quietly as daylight ever glided away into eventide. We knew that his white soul had slipped off to a brighter world. Perhaps God, in His infinite mercy, caused the train to stop long enough for His wearied, tired and faithful servant to lie down and die.

" 'Mr. Jones lived on trains more than any other man. He loved railroads, steam-engines, fine cars and Pullmans. He loved the railroad men from the president of the road down to the humblest porter. Among the most beautiful illustrations that he used were stories of railroad life and scenes. Next to his beautiful home, in what place could he have passed away that would have been more like home to him?

" 'We watched over his sacred body until we reached Little Rock, where it was turned over to the undertaker. The railroad officials of the Rock Island offered every courtesy—even their own private cars—to carry his body and family home. Upon our arrival in Memphis, the president of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway had a special train at our disposal. All along the way men and women stood around the station with bleeding hearts, moistened eyes, and uncovered heads, paying a silent yet mighty tribute to the man they loved so well. Never was a train pulled more gently, and seemed to be on a more sacred mission than the one that took him home.

" 'Mr. Jones has always said that he wanted to die "in the harness"; that he wished to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and if, perchance he should see fit, to lead him through the hardest-fought battle of his life, and after that, go home. Surely, this wish was granted.

" 'In speaking to me he said, at the close of the Oklahoma meeting, "This last year I have had three of the hardest campaigns of my life." He then spoke of the arduous work in Cincinnati, in his last great meeting, when victory crowned his labors. Then he spoke of the difficult campaign in Evansville. Then in Oklahoma

City, when he had more to contend with, humanly speaking, and yet through it all never murmured or complained, and had overcome more than ever before. The last thing he said about it was, "My hands seem to be in the mouth of a lion. I will pull them out as gracefully and manfully as I know how."

" 'That evening on the train he was in a very happy mood. For several hours he sat and talked with us. After supper he spent an hour or more in conversation with some commercial men. He was talking to them about the sins of men in general, and said if a man had real respect and love for his mother, that he always stood a fair chance of reformation, but when a boy allowed the love for a good mother to die out of his heart, he was ordinarily beyond the reach of God's love. He was preaching as earnestly to that handful as he had done a week previous to one of the largest audiences of men that ever assembled in Oklahoma City. Leaving the men, he joined the family circle again, and in a little while kissed each member good-night.

" 'His attention was called to a poor consumptive with his broken-hearted wife, who were in the day-coach. He immediately called the Pullman conductor and had them assigned a berth. He said, rising to his feet, "Captain, here is the money for the berth. If that poor fellow should pay it himself, perhaps he wouldn't have anything left when he reached Memphis. So I'll pay it, and I'll have something left over." May I ask, "What had he left over?" Before we reached Memphis he had gone to his reward. Here is what he had left over: "For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me. Then shall the righteous answer him saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee; or thirsty, and gave Thee drink; when saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in; or naked and clothed Thee; or when saw we Thee sick and came unto Thee; and the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I had rather be called to

heaven after having done a kindly deed like that than to leave any other finished work in the world.

" 'Before retiring he went to the berth of the sick man, then uttered the last words I ever heard him speak. He bowed by the berth, taking the man by the hand, saying: "I'm sorry to see you suffering so. I am glad that we found you, and can serve you. I hope you will sleep well to-night. If you should need any help, don't fail to call me. I shall be glad to come to you." Then turning to his wife, he said, "When we reach Memphis, I'll see that you get transportation to your home."

" 'After Mr. Jones's death, I found some money on his person, and recalling his last words to her, I went to the berth and said, "Pardon me, but I heard Brother Jones speak of getting your transportation, and wish to know if you have sufficient means to get home." The tears came into her eyes, and she said, "That's one thing that has been troubling me. We haven't enough money to get home." I handed her the money, explaining that it was Brother Jones's, telling her I would finish for him his last act of kindness.

" 'I have related to you my first impression of him, and recounted some of the incidents of his last days. Now, I shall speak of him as a man and preacher, as he appeared to me during his last days.

" 'In making a sympathetic study of Mr. Jones, we must consider him first of all, as a man. I am proud of the respect given the ministry, because of its high and sacred calling, but I am prouder when the world respects a minister, because of the manhood that lies back of his profession. God never made a bigger nor grander thing than when He created a man. I say it reverently, He can not make a preacher out of anything but a man. And, if I were to start out in search for the most manly man, I would not stop until I came into the presence of Mr. Jones. Taking him as he daily lived, in all the transactions of life, he was the most exemplary character I ever knew. To my mind, he was the cleanest, noblest and grandest spirit that has lived. I never saw him do a small deed; never heard him speak an unkind word, and never heard him offer an uncharitable criticism. While his conviction of right and wrong were the strongest, his contempt for shams and hypocrisies were the keenest, and

his determination to do right the most indomitable; yet he had the kindest, gentlest and most forgiving heart that ever throbbed in the bosom of man. When he spoke of the people who did not come up to his ideal of life, there was always such considerateness and tenderness in his criticisms, that all the sting was extracted from his words. He was as free from sensitiveness and jealousy as an angel. As a man, I do not hope to see his like again.'

" 'As a preacher, he was the greatest that ever stood before an American audience, and I believe that he will go down in history as one of the greatest and most marvelous ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have heard his most objectionable utterances, and I wish to say that never for a second, did the words of the man influence me, but for God. There was a peculiar power that he wielded in his most denunciatory words that made a man see the pure and the good, and kept mere words from influencing the mind for evil. I always went away from his preaching and lecturing loving God better, with the Bible more real and precious to my heart, and with a sweeter and truer love for mother and home.

" 'His great gifts in speaking were wit, humor, sarcasm, pathos, all under marvelous control, and completely concentrated upon the effect that he wished to produce. Never was there a day that he did not create smiles and drive away the burden from the hearts of his fellow men. He started waves of laughter and merriment that encircled our nation. His pathos was the rarest and sublimest ever given to man. It was never more in evidence than the last night he preached, in which he said, "How I would like to go to heaven." The entire audience wept like broken-hearted children. His sarcasm and invectives were of such keenness and sharpness that no surgeon's knife has ever served him better than these weapons served him. His oratory, unlike that of other men, will go down in history as the cleverest, most winsome and powerful of any man living or dead. From generation to generation his unique and matchless words will be handed down in private conversation, and it will require no printed page to preserve them. They will be repeated again and again by those that are to follow us.

" 'The great audiences that attended his ministry for nearly

thirty-five years outnumbered those addressed by any man since the world began.

" 'At a Western Chautauqua he dropped in to spend a short while with his family. When it was noised abroad that he was on the ground, there was a general request that he preach. The director of the Conference arranged the program so as to give the people an opportunity to hear him. He was tired and worn out from a long lecture tour, and refused to speak in the open air at the Hillside meeting. Finally the rain drove the people into the auditorium, and he was asked to address them there. The Rev. John McNeil, the distinguished Scotchman, had been announced for the eight o'clock hour. Mr. Jones preceded him, with the understanding that he should speak as long as he felt impressed to, Dr. McNiel standing in the rear of the building while Mr. Jones was swaying the great audience. The Scotchman seemed to forget that his time was being encroached upon, and was watching the performance and the scene with the greatest pleasure and delight. Just before nine o'clock he walked up on the platform, and instead of being angry, as some preachers would have been, he spoke in the most extravagant terms of Mr. Jones's address. He said in substance: "I have crossed the Atlantic, and returned to my Scotch people many times," and, then, looking at a thousand or more prominent ministers, gathered from the leading cities of the United States, he said: "Not once have my people asked about any of you men, but they have always asked 'Did you see or hear Sam Jones while in the States?' I shall take great pleasure upon my return in telling them that such an opportunity had been given me." After reading the thoughts of many before him, he said: "Now, you preachers will say that anybody can talk like Sam Jones. Well," replied McNeil, "I would advise you to try it; if you have anything up your sleeves that will draw the crowds, hold them, and move them, as this man does, you begin at once. Whatever you have up your sleeve, shake it down next time you appear before your people." The great "Scotch Spurgeon," as he is known in the old country, realized that behind the wonderful things that Mr. Jones had said was a strong will, a big heart, a ponderous brain, and a powerful personality, consecrated to God,

with the anointing of the Holy Spirit, which accounted for the wonderful power that he had wielded over the audience.

" 'In all of his ministry and work he had encountered many critics. Some of them were really jealous of him, which was back of every fault they found in him. Others were too fastidious in this day of great wickedness, in high and low places; however, during his long ministry most of them changed their minds. Perhaps nine-tenths of them passed away before he died. The other tenth has been converted in his death.

" 'Last fall in the Cincinnati meeting a prominent minister left the great Music Hall in company with an unsaved man. As they walked down the street, the preacher was critcising Mr. Jones unmercifully; the sinner was silent. They came to the parting of their way; the unconverted man took the minister by the hand and said: "It seems that the sermon didn't affect you like it did me. All the time he was preaching I felt that I was the meanest sinner that ever lived, and realized that if God didn't help me that I was lost for both worlds." On the way home the minister asked himself the question: "How much of my preaching would it take to make a man feel that way?" The more he thought about it the more he became convinced that Mr. Jones was right and that he was wrong. I noticed in the Cincinnati *Times-Star* that he makes a manly confession of his mistake, and writes a beautiful tribute to the memory of Mr. Jones.

" 'I feel that I have lost the truest, noblest and best friend I ever had. To say I loved him, expresses it mildly. God only knows how his love and interest in me and my work have helped and strengthened me. His memory will ever be fresh, sacred and sweet to my heart. I am a better man for having known him and gone with him through sunshine and shadow. May his great mantle fall upon a thousand ministers of the gospel. God's richest, sweetest and best blessing be upon his precious wife, and the children that were dearer to him than life. In the language of another, I would reverently say:

"Sleep on beloved, and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Savior's breast,
We loved thee well, but Jesus loved thee best;
Good-night; good-night; good-night."

"Dr. R. A. Torry, who was conducting evangelistic services in the city, closed the memorial services with an earnest appeal to the unconverted to come to Christ. He said: 'It was my privilege to speak the closing words at a memorial service in Northfield, Mass., of the late Dwight L. Moody. It is now my privilege to speak the closing words at the memorial service of another great evangelist. Sam Jones is now on the other side of the river saying to all the unsaved of Nashville, "Come over here."

" 'While thousands in this city yielded to his appeals during his ministry, there are others who resisted his tender entreaties, but now his voice is calling louder than it ever did before in this tabernacle. I don't believe that Mr. Jones would feel that this service was complete unless an opportunity was given to accept Christ, and I am going to ask those of you who will become Christians to rise to your feet.' Quite a number arose, and then Dr. Hall asked Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald to pronounce the benediction."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

(Memorial Services—Continued.)

The Memorial Service at the Auditorium, Chattanooga.

The citizens of Chattanooga have always claimed that there was no city in which Mr. Jones and his work were held in higher esteem than Chattanooga. He had conducted several meetings there, and had appeared frequently on the lecture platform. The Chattanooga papers had a great deal to say at the time of his death, and the people were very generous in their words of expression and love. It was soon suggested that a great memorial service be held in the Auditorium, October 21st. The many friends and admirers of Mr. Jones carried out the suggestion and arranged for the service.

Early in the afternoon great crowds were seen going towards the Auditorium, and before the hour appointed for service people were being turned back by the hundreds. The great Auditorium was too small for the audience who came to participate in the service. It was an audience made up of distinguished citizens, lawyers, physicians, politicians, bankers and business men The audience was also composed of the clergymen and Christian laity of the different denominations. The platform was crowded with the pastors and choirs of the city.

The opening song was "Nearer, my God, to Thee," led by Mr. E. O. Excell, of Chicago, who was Mr. Jones's chorister for twenty years, and was with him in the last meeting he held. The great audience joined reverently in singing the grand old song. This was followed by a duet, sung by Mr. E. O. Excell and Mr. Oscar Seagle. The song was written by Mr. Excell, and entitled "I am Happy in Him." This was followed by a prayer, when Mr. Seagle sang "The Ninety and Nine." Mr. Seagle sang this song a number of times

in Mr. Jones's great evangelistic meetings, and it was one of his favorite songs. Dr. J. S. French, of Centenary Church, read a scripture lesson, which was the last one that Mr. Jones read in public. Mr. Excell sang the song that Mr. Jones loved best, "The Good Old-Fashioned Way."

There were a number of brief tributes, but the leading address was made by Rev. Geo. R. Stuart. Mr. Stuart was the constant companion and co-worker of Mr. Jones for years, having gone from the pastorate of the Centenary church, Chattanooga, to assist Mr. Jones in evangelistic work. It was very appropriate that he should make the principal address at this service. He said:

"My friends, an occasion like this has two objects, if properly observed; the first is to pay proper respect to a great character, the second is to bring to God those who are present.

As I come to you this afternoon I feel that I could not properly represent the life of this great man, if the second point were not the prominent one. It would be a difficult thing to make the name of Sam Jones any broader, to make his life any better known, or to bring his work forward in bolder type than his life has written it.

We have met at this hour, in common with other great gatherings all over this country, to pay our tribute of respect and love to a really great man.

He was great from every side of greatness in a preacher. First, he was a good man. For sixteen years, I was at his side; we roomed together; we slept together; we prayed together; we walked together; we planned together; we traded together.

This is one man whose heart and life I know, and I say to the glory of God, and to his honor, that I write him down in my heart as the cleanest, truest, straightest, best man God ever permitted me to know.

On this platform stands Prof. E. O. Excell, of Chicago, who in all these years was with us, and was even with him before I knew him intimately, and, as we talked together the past four days we have looked into each other's tearful eyes and said: "The greatest man this country has ever known has passed away." He was a good man; not only good, but he was great.

I have been with him before every class of audience this country affords. I have stood for a month with him in the city of Boston. I have stayed with him in the great tabernacles preaching to the colored people in the South. I have stood with him in the great country districts of our land. I have stood with him in every conceivable place almost, and heard him talk to almost every conceivable class of people, and before them all he was marvelously great.

The culture of Boston hung on his lips like the illiterate colored man of the South, and he was the minister of righteousness to all alike. The Supreme Judge sat side by side with a twelve-year-old boy and their faces shone alike as he preached.

There are three things which make a man great: His goodness, his inherent powers of greatness, and his service to the people. No man has served his country for God like Sam Jones.

Standing by the side of his casket in the Capitol of Georgia at Atlanta, I watched the thousands of people pass by. I said to a man standing near: "Open your watch and see how many pass by in a minute; I want a correct record of the people who look upon his face."

After he held his watch a minute, I counted through the period and estimated that thirty thousand people looked upon his face in the few hours I remained there.

And as they passed by, hurrying along, I looked at the great, the poor, the rich, the white, the colored, the little boy, the old man, the little girl, the old woman, the strong, the feeble, and as I saw them pass they wiped the tears from their faces, and I said to a man standing beside me: "He preached marvelously while he lived; but his cold lips preached to the greatest audience before whom he ever stood."

He was not accidentally great; he was great by the facts and qualities which make men great.

There are four things which make a great preacher; natural gifts, and character to back up these gifts; a gathering of these gifts together and the Holy Ghost to make these gifts sufficient.

Sam Jones was naturally gifted; he had a great mind; he was a great student, not of books, but of men; of current events and

moving social affairs. He was one of the best-posted men on the great issues of this country that the country ever had. Going into a great city, he would stand up and preach his two or three sermons and the people would say, "Who has been talking to him?" and they would say, "Who has been reporting the situation to him?"

He could go into a great city and lay his fingers on its pulse, and, like a skilled physician, tell the great disease prominent in its social, moral and civil life.

He knew the great men of this country; knew their lives; knew the great advances of this country and knew their trend. He knew the great moral movements of this country and how they were set in motion.

Never a morning came that the daily papers were not in his hands, and when he passed over a paper you could not call his attention to a movement in this country he had not studied—a marvelous mind, studying the marvelous movements of the age in which he lived.

He was a marvelous judge of human nature; this was not accidental. When God makes a great man he begins early to make him.

A man who accepts God's conditions and God's circumstances, and works out with God, God crowns with greatness his efforts.

He was marvelously endowed with natural wit, and humor bubbled and sparkled naturally with him. What a marvelous instrument it has been to him; how it has attracted the people, and how, attracting the people, he has done honest work for God.

But all of these natural gifts would have been worth little to that man having not been backed up by a great character. He had a moral character which stood like a solid rock—he was the most honest man I ever knew.

Think of him! In a long life before the people, with his enemies digging him up at every corner, there has never been revealed to the world a solitary dishonest act. And how often he has said: "A man who throws as many stones as I throw could not live in a glass house."

Think of how the men have dug at his character, and dug at his

life. Where is the man who ever dug up a black act connected with him?

Many have criticised him because he received large sums of money, but, to me, the disposition of the money which has come into his hands, through all these years, has been the most marvelous thing connected with the man.

He talked like a bosom friend to me, as he was; his life is an open book to everybody. Almost every step of his life has been published.

I can say what will surprise you, but I believe I tell the honest truth when I say I don't believe he ever invested one single dollar but that he invested it to help somebody else. He so often preached the doctrine, too, that God will take care of those who take care of His cause, which is singularly illustrated in his own life.

But God has in a strange way blessed him. He was one of the most liberal, the most charitable men I ever knew. No man ever came to him, in all my acquaintance, and reached out a hand and begged for help that he did not get it.

Honest in his transactions, honest in his dealings with God's money, honest towards the world, honest in friendship—no man ever had a truer friend. There was no sham, no hypocrisy. I never saw him do a thing for show in my life. He was sincere, honest, and candid from beginning to end.

The characteristic that made him the greatest of all, probably, was his indomitable courage. I never saw him cower. I never saw him wince. I have sat with him in the hotel when men would come in and say: "There are a hundred armed men organized who are going to shoot at you when you go on the platform to-night." When they were gone he would look at me and smile and say, "They are all scared."

We would get in the carriage and drive out to the tabernacle and he would go in and step out on the platform. He would go as calmly and quietly as I ever knew a man, and enter upon his invectives of sin; and, in the very midst of his terrific arraignment, he would stop and say, "Now is the time to shoot."

I have seen men come in and sit down in his room and say,

"Brother Jones, it will not do to touch upon this, and that, and the other subject in this town; it is so organized, so fortified, that to stir it up will ruin everything." The first time he got on his feet in that town he would put his crowbar under that very thing and turn it upside down.

I never saw him stop a moment for fear of public criticism, or human opinion of what would happen. He asked one question, and, having answered it, he moved straight ahead. His question was, "Is it right?" Having settled that, there was no other question for him to answer.

God teach us a lesson from that.

But, with all these characteristics, Sam Jones would not have been great but for another—that was the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. That is the thing which made him great.

His faith was as simple as a child's faith. I never saw him raise a question about the truth of the Bible, or the authenticity of the Bible, the existence of God, or the divinity of Christ.

He walked upon these great truths, and planted himself. He believed God would rule and control.

Many a time, in our hard-fought battles, when it looked to me as if everything was going to burst, he would turn his calm face to mine, and say, "George, God still lives; He will see us through."

I thank God that I ever came into contact with such an humble and simple, but marvelous faith as that man had. He was consecrated to his work.

I have read his mail and seen him turn his back upon Bureau letters, in which there were thousands of dollars offered for lecture-courses, and talk with a plain preacher from a backwoods district and take out his little book and write down the very dates for which the Bureau called and give them to this humble place, and leave the preparation and remuneration entirely to him.

In all my years of experience with him, I have never known him to make financial conditions, but to one man, and he always regretted that—the preacher said he would not do it in any other way. They were afraid they were going to be robbed by him, I suppose, and he let it go.

Brethren, we stand to-day on this platform to offer this tribute to a man who will be greater fifty years from now, in the minds of the people, than he is to-day.

A Cartersville man, as he stood in Atlanta watching the great throng passing by, whispered to me and said, "George, we didn't know what a great man was living in our town; he has lived and died before we found out how great he was."

This country has not yet found out how great he was. He has talked to more people than any other man who ever lived in America. There is no man to-day who has moved more people to better lives than he.

He has led more people to consecration to God, and reformed more men in their personal lives, and more communities in their civil and moral conditions, than any man who ever spoke on the American platform.

And I stand in my place and say to-day, that I do not believe any preacher has ever died in America who is as sincerely and broadly known as Sam Jones.

As I have passed up and down this country, railroad men, merchants, citizens, preachers—every class of people have gripped my hand and almost invariably a tear would start in their eyes and they would say, "We have lost a great friend and a great man."

The last thing I want to say is this: "I want to thank God for ever being associated with a man so honest through all his life, so brave in all his conduct, so clean in all his transactions, so consecrated to God's service, so simple in his faith, so baptized by the Holy Spirit, and so marvelously useful to the cause of God and humanity.

This country will never forget the fact that Sam Jones lived and denounced every wrong, and stood for everything right. May God anoint men in this country to be true, honest and consecrated, grave and fit for the work of God.

This one personal thing: I have felt for four days as if one whole side of my being has been turned out. The loneliness has been crushing—just to think that I will never see the man or hear his voice again, or put my heart close up to him again. What a loss personally. And the nation and the individual feels the loss almost as a personal friend.

Let us to-day pledge God a better life. Let us to-day in our own lives reach out towards something higher, so that some bright day we may go to the heaven in which he believed, and meet him, with loved ones, in that better country.

God help us."

CHAPTER XL.

(Memorial Services—Continued.)

Memorial Services in Atlanta.

The Atlanta people not fully satisfied with the honor they had conferred upon Mr. Jones, decided to have a special memorial service for him. As the Baptist Tabernacle was the largest auditorium in Atlanta, and where Mr. Jones had preached so many times of recent years, it was decided that the service should be held there. The building had already been decorated for the homecoming of Dr. Broughton, and while the decorations might have been out of place for memorial services to any other man, yet we believe that the brightness and cheerfulness of the decorations would have pleased Mr. Jones.

In the centre of the rostrum was a vacant chair, just above it a life-sized picture of Mr. Jones. Just to the right of the pulpit was this inscription: "Sam P. Jones, Georgia's Beloved Dead." Aside from this there was no sign of mourning. There was an outpouring of the people. Early the building was full to overflowing, and thousands were turned away. Row after row of earnest faces, young and old, rich and poor, high and low, with a sense of the sacredness of the hour listened attentively amid smiles and tears, to the words of the speakers.

Mr. William D. Upshaw opened the exercises with a very beautiful tribute to Mr. Jones, and then turned the services over to ex-Governor Northen, who presided. After prayer by Dr. C. E. Dowman, of the First Methodist church, Governor Northen spoke briefly of Mr. Jones, saying he stood for three things: First, for a strong conviction of duty; second, for a great purpose in life; and third, for a remarkable individuality. He labored for God and humanity, said the Governor, and labored in his own individual way. He was al-

ways himself and never tried to be anything but himself. He was unique in the service of God and humanity.

There were brief addresses by Mr. Reuben Arnold, Mr. J. K. Orr, Dr. Chas. O. Jones, Chief Henry Jennings, Dr. C. E. Dowman, and Rev. Walt. Holcomb.

The service was interspersed with several beautiful gospel songs, which were some of Mr. Jones's favorites. Mr. Edwin R. Smoot sang "I Want to Go There"; Mr. Charlie Tillman sang, "Unanswered Yet"; and Messrs. Tillman and Smoot sang, "Saved by Grace."

REMARKS OF REUBEN R. ARNOLD AT THE SAM JONES MEMORIAL.

"Lives of great men are the strongest lessons humanity can have. It is for this reason biographies are written. It is for this reason we scan with close scrutiny the birth, the environment, the growth, the characteristics, the successes and the failures which mark the careers of the illustrious dead. Well has it been said that the proper study of mankind is man. The history of the world, so far as it entertains or instructs us, is only the history of the human race.

"While it is said that no man's life can be truly chronicled until the impartial hand of the future historian lifts the veil, still it is a glorious sentiment which calls us together over the bier of a departed brother to discuss his virtues and glean from his life its teachings. In his life Sam Jones has been so recently a part of our country's history, that under the inspiration of these surroundings, under the spell of this music, I feel that he has burst the cerements of the tomb to be with us again.

"Sam Jones was a pioneer in his particular field of evangelistic work. No narrowness of creed held him in its grip. His soul was as broad as the universe. No denomination could claim that he belonged peculiarly to it. In death, as in life, he was the common property of us all, and before he was surrendered back to the earth, it was meet that his body should lie in state in the marble halls of Georgia's Capitol, where the people he loved so well could take a last look at his mortal remains.

"Mr. Jones's career shows the remarkable possibilities of American life. The opportunities afforded in our republic bring out all of merit that there is in every citizen. With no training for the ministry, Mr. Jones rose to heights that few men, bred to the cloth, can ever hope to attain. As I listen to the story of his life, it reads like some dream. And his was not a career that shot up suddenly, and as suddenly, like a rocket, shot down again. He became a fixed star in the firmament, and his lustre grew brighter with the years.

"His career shows that strong traits of character will assert themselves and break through all environment. He began life as a lawyer, but that calling did not suit him. His life as a lawyer ended with a short period of dissipation. But though dissipated for a short season, Sam Jones never could have been anything but a good man. This straying away before taking his final step for good made him all the stronger when he turned his face towards the light. It was impossible for him to have wandered except for a brief season. The Arabian philosophers applied to those who were possessed of mental vagaries this test: 'If thou be such by the will of God, then remain as thou art; but if thou be such as the result of mere passing conjuration, then resume again thy former shape.' Sam Jones fairly rushed to his great work for which he was, above all men, fitted by nature.

"His methods were not artificial. He talked in simple language, as do all great men. He imitated nobody. He realized the great truth that if a man is to have force it is by being himself. He spoke great truths in a line which other men would take pages to cover. He reached men whom the more scholarly could not impress. There is no calculating the good he has done.

"He was absolutely fearless. Like Brutus, he was armed in his honesty that the threats of the vicious passed him by as the idle wind which he heeded not.

"And yet with all the force, with all his denunciation of crime and vice, there was not the slightest touch of bitterness in anything he said. Those who differed with him, respected him. He exemplified the great truth that vice and sin are to be denounced, but the poor

erring mortals who succumb to them are to be pitied and reformed—not hated and driven further from the path of right.

"He had wonderful balance, common sense and judgment. In reading his newspaper articles, I was struck with his knowledge of politics, economics and other material questions.

"But the crowning glory of Sam Jones's method of discourse was his never-failing sense of humor. It was this power which attracted other men and first got their attention. He was then enabled to drive home his great truths.

"In conclusion, let us hope that long may the memory of this wonderful man live in our country; and I am thankful for the privilege of being able to say a word in praise of his virtues."

Dr. Len G. Broughton, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church, made the closing address, which is as follows:

"Perhaps there is no man in Atlanta to-day who feels just the same kind of sorrow that I feel. Sam Jones and myself were very intimate in our relations. I do not know why he should have condescended to be such a close, personal friend to me, but he nevertheless was one of the best friends I ever had. Two years ago he stood on this very platform on the occasion of a welcome service arranged for me by my people upon my return from two months' preaching engagements in London. Those of us who were present at that time will never forget his humorous and at the same time beautiful words welcoming me back to my place and to my people.

"It seems a bit strange that to-day being my first service after my return from another preaching engagement in London that I should be standing here speaking these words in a memorial service to him. It is one of the hardest tasks that I have ever had to perform. I first heard of his death off Sandy Hook, as my ship cast anchor, and the pilot came on board bringing the mail. The news was conveyed to me by my wife. She had just heard it, and hastened to write me. I shall never forget the feeling of my heart as I read the sad words: 'Sam Jones is dead. He died on the train near Little Rock, Ark. Sad! sad! sad!' I went immediately to my cabin, shut the door behind me, and cried like a child. As soon as I got ashore I hastened to a telegraph office and telegraphed his good wife, saying:

'My heart is with you to-day. I leave on the next train for home. Can I serve you?'

"I had no idea at that time that this memorial service in our Tabernacle was being arranged, so I telegraphed my assistant, Mr. E. H. Peacock: 'Arrange for Sam Jones's memorial at the Tabernacle Sunday night.'

"As I came along down through the States I got the Atlanta papers, and they told me of this memorial service which was arranged to be held this afternoon, and that I was to be one of the speakers. I knew then, of course, that Mr. Peacock would not arrange for the service at night; that this would do for us all.

"In speaking of Sam Jones, I wish to do so under three different heads:

"First, Sam Jones as I first knew him; second, as I last knew him; and, third, as I shall know him.

"Sam Jones, as I first knew him, was a curiosity. I came in touch with him just after I entered the ministry. I was attending a convention in Goldsboro, N. C., and he lectured at the opera house. He gave his lecture, 'Get There and Stay There.' Well, to say I was impressed does not express it. To me, as I now remember him, he was the funniest man I ever saw; and then, too, he was the most pathetic man I ever saw. He made me laugh, and he made me cry. One thing I shall never forget, and that was a story that he told. He said when he was a circuit rider in the mountains of Georgia an old preacher came to him one day and said: 'Sam, you know I can out-preach you any day, and yet the people of my circuit are leaving me every Sunday and coming over to hear you preach. I want you to tell me why it is, and, if you can, tell me how to prevent it; for it has come to pass that I never have more than a baker's dozen to hear me.'

"Sam said: 'My brother, if you will do what I tell you, it will not be so. You will have no trouble in keeping your crowd.'

" 'Well," said the old preacher, 'I will try.' 'No,' said Sam, 'you must promise to do exactly what I tell you.' 'All right," said he, 'anything to get a crowd.' 'All right,' said Sam; 'next Sunday when you go to church begin promptly at 11 o'clock; announce

your hymn, read your text, and then stop. You will probably see some of the old bench-warmers sitting on the front pews about half asleep. Double up your fist, strike the palm of your hand, and say: "Boo!" Say it just as loud as you can. If nobody moves, do so again, and again; and still if nobody moves, jump off the platform and grab the first one that you come to by the back of the neck and pitch him outdoors heels over head. Get back on the platform, look out over the house, and you will see the last man going out, and he will do what the last man always does, look back to see what is taking place. Just as he looks back, double up your fist, strike the palm of your hand again and say "Boo!" as loud as you can. He will then jump up twenty feet, and light on the ground. Then, you make for your old gray mare, say as you go through the yard, "Brethren, I will preach here again next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock." If any one starts to you, just say "Boo!" Go home and lock yourself up in your room.

"'In a few hours' time the reporters from Atlanta will be up. They never heard of you before, but they will be there to interview you and to see what has come over you. Do not let them into your room whatever you do. Finally they will begin to beg, and when they do, you put your mouth to the keyhole and whisper, "Boo!" Tell them all you have to say is you will preach again next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at the same old stand.

"'Those reporters will at once leave, and next morning in the Atlanta papers there will be great headlines—"Boo! Boo! Boo!" etc. Think of it! Two columns on the front page in the Atlanta papers all about you! They have never heard about you before. Next Sunday morning go to church, and when you get there you will find five thousand people. They will be from all sections round about, and at least half a dozen newspaper reporters will be in the crowd.'

"'Oh, pshaw, Brother Jones,' said the old preacher, 'hush your foolishness. What on earth will they be there for?' 'Yes,' said Sam, 'that is just exactly what I expected you to ask. That is just what I wanted you to ask. They will be there to see and hear a man who has done something. That's what they will be there for.

The trouble with you, brother, is, you have said enough, but you have not done anything, and what this world wants is men who do things.'

"I say I shall never forget this story. I am sure no one else ever will after they have heard it. It made a great impression upon me, especially coming as it did at the very time I entered the ministry. I am sure I profited by it more than I will ever be able to tell, for from that day until this I have tried to *do something*. I have failed in many respects, indeed in most of them; but it has not been because my intentions have not been good. I thank God for that story and for the blessing that it brought into my life. This was Sam Jones as I first knew him, and through all the years that have intervened he has been the same practical, common-sense philosopher. I have never seen a day since then that I have not believed in him. I have preached with him many a time, and have held meetings with him. He has held meetings with me. This pulpit has always been open to him. He knew it. Whenever he wanted to come to Atlanta he felt perfectly free to write me and say: 'Announce me for Sunday. I will be down to preach for you.' One time I remember his calling me up over the 'phone and saying: 'Don't you think your people need a little stiffening in their backbones? If so, announce me for Sunday. I will come down and do my best.'

"He was always my friend. By pen and by word he always spoke a good word for me. Sometimes I have felt that he did it under protest, for I did not see how any man could so completely ignore my mistakes to exalt my virtues; but he was always charitable enough not to criticise me for my mistakes. No man ever had a greater, braver and truer champion than I had in Sam Jones.

"I want now to say a word about him as I last knew him. It was just before I started on my recent trip to England. We met on the streets of Atlanta. We talked awhile, and then separated. He said to me: 'Broughton, you are going to London. Preach old sermons while you are there. Take a rest as far as possible, for if you don't mind you are going to kill your fool self. You know,' continued he, 'you haven't got much sense, and you are working what

you have got mighty hard trying to make up for what you "hain't" got.' Everybody knows that this was just like him. He was always free with those he loved. They understood it, and thoroughly enjoyed it. I remember during that conversation another thing he said. We were talking about our work at the Tabernacle, and especially about our Tabernacle Infirmary. He said: 'I know you are always in a strain to get money for your different institutions, and especially the hospital, but don't worry about those things. If you get in a tight, call on me. Take it easy. I am going to be dead some day, and I want you to be here to fight when I am gone.' This is how he appeared to me when I last knew him, the same jolly, joking, optimistic character, full of wit as keen as the point of a needle, yet deep in sincerity and forceful in application.

"He went with the harness on, the same old harness that he had worn these years. Unlike many men, he had retained his individuality, the same individuality that characterized his early life. He seemed to have been cut out for a definite work, and God kept him straight at it until the day of his death.

"I wish now to say a word about him as I shall know him, for I truly expect some day to strike hands with him again. What a great meeting that will be! How interested we will be in each other's story! He will be telling me how he has found it in heaven, and I will be telling him how things went on after he left us. It will be a great meeting time, for we shall not lose any of our friendship by reason of the separation. It was too true for that. True friendships are not interrupted by separation. They abide forever.

"But I find that I can not trust myself to speak on this line. Only let me give you these words. They seem to suit just here, because they draw a contrast between the two worlds, earth and heaven:

"Down below a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing from the woods and on the shore;
Burdened with a grand, majestic secret,
Which keeps sweeping from us evermore.

"Up above, music that entwineth,
In eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

"Down below, the grave within the churchyard,
And the anguish on the young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Rocking to and fro with long, sad wail.

"Up above, a crowned and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in light and love forever,
Ordered in his place among his peers.

"Oh, the sobbing of the winds of autumn!
Oh, the sunset streak of stormy gold!
Oh, the poor heart, thinking in the churchyard,
Night is coming and the grave is cold!

"Oh, the rest forever, and the rapture!
Oh, the hand that wipes the tears away!
Oh, the golden homes beyond the sunset!
Oh, the God—that watches o'er the clay!"

TRIBUTE BY THE REV. A. W. LAMAR.

The death of Rev. Sam P. Jones was a national loss. No man who has lived in America has ever spoken to so many people as he. For thirty years he went up and down the land preaching civic righteousness; preaching temperance; preaching family religion; preaching salvation. He gathered and held longer greater audiences than any man of whom history tells. There was a charm to his wonderful voice; there was a fascination in his quaint and homely way of putting things; there was a keen edge to his sarcasm; there was a spontaniety to his wit that astonished; his repartee was in-

vincible; his humor disarming; his reasoning cogent and unanswerable; his philosophy was deep, underlying even his most trivial utterances; his eloquence was often sublime and overpowering. He had the eye of the eagle for seeing things afar, and the heart of goodness to love the truth seen. He understood human nature in all its moods and tenses, and he knew how to play upon every string of the harp of a thousand strings. He understood, as few public speakers understand, the uses of *humor* and *pathos* in public address. For this reason his spiritual surgery amputated more limbs than any other spiritual surgeon, and killed fewer patients.

Princely soul! Generous! Gentle! Fearless! Gifted above the millions of men, yet full of true humility! Lover of God, and lover of men—will this earth ever hear again the voice or throb to the footfall of another like him?

CHAPTER XLI.

Appreciations from Distinguished Men.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald.

One of the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South.

Sam Jones! that is what we loved to call him while he was yet with us. That is what we love to call him now since he is gone. The familiar name—a household word in all this land we love—meant so much that was dear and sacred to us. It meant more than can be known fully by any man who did not know Sam Jones.

Sam Jones! The name with us stood for a courage that stood all tests. In its mildest manifestation that courage amounted to audacity. In its highest sweep it reached a moral sublimity that it would not be easy to describe in words. Sam Jones fought real evils that had strong defenders. He knowingly roused the wrath of enemies who hated him for his cause's sake. Every evil thing felt weaker when he was in the midst.

The coming of Sam Jones always made a stir! It meant a fight between darkness and light. Sam Jones in Atlanta, Nashville and elsewhere was like Paul at Ephesus: the men who sold the whisky, shuffled the cards, and ran the faro banks in these American cities acted like the makers of the shrines of the goddess Diana. They attacked Sam Jones for the same reason; their craft was in danger as long as that voice of the man of God was left free to speak the truth. That voice burnt in their consciences like fire.

Sam Jones! To us that name stood for a faith like that described in that precious eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, telling us of "the elders who by faith obtained a good report." When the telegram went from lip to lip in Nashville saying, "Sam Jones

is dead!" great was the shock in all circles. It seemed to me almost as if an audible voice whispered in my inner ear: Another name for that list of worthies who by faith obtained a good report.

Sam Jones's faith was the secret of his power. He had the faith that took Jesus as the way, the truth, and the life. His faith was choice: the way was plain, the truth was clear, the life was real. If Sam Jones ever had doubts, he never carried them into the pulpit. No, no! he carried them to God in the secret place, that God who sees in secret and rewards openly his faithful servants. If a poor, bewildered, despondent soul came to hear the gospel as Sam Jones preached it, he felt the touch of a man with the power of a mighty faith in God.

Sam Jones spoke the language of certainty in the pulpit. Conversion as he knew it brought a great peace to the pardoned soul. Consecration as Sam Jones knew it and preached meant a complete self-dedication to God that brought from God a joy that was divine.

Sam Jones, when he drew the line between the church and the world, describing the joys that last in contrast with the things that perish with the using, had in his testimony the note of victory from a man who had fought that battle and won it. That note of certainty in his preaching was the outcome of an experience that was all his own. What he had felt and seen with confidence he told.

Sam Jones did verily possess that power of faith that produced its fruits as described by the apostle Paul in Hebrews xi. 23, 24: "Subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises."

The victories of Sam Jones were the victories of faith—the faith that chooses Christ, the faith that believes Christ, the faith that obeys Christ, the faith that receives with holy gratitude the peace, the love, the power that Christ imparts to the receptive soul.

Sam Jones was so very human that he got close to all sorts of people. That humanness in him made his pathos irresistible. Sam Jones was akin to every one who had known trouble. And that took us all in, for none have escaped. He was a follower and an apostle of that Christ who to those that were able to bear it made sorrow the badge of discipleship and the door of entrance into the larger liberty and clearer light promised to those who are told that if

they suffer with Him here they shall also be glorified together with Him.

Sam Jones's gospel was a glad gospel. His Saviour was a Saviour mighty to save.

But Sam Jones, it goes without saying, was not blind to the tragic side of this world whose mysteries we can not fathom, this world whose tragedies were deep enough to bring to its rescue the Son of God, this lost world which He came to seek and to save. Sam Jones's conception of sin was bitter; he had felt its sting! He had wrestled with its mystery; he had groaned under its intolerable burden. He looked upon sin as the enemy of God and the destroyer of men. To Sam Jones Satan was no abstraction or creature of the imagination, the imaginary head of a shadowy kingdom of darkness. No, no! The hell against which Sam Jones warned his hearers he described in New Testament language. It should not be thought strange that those warnings, thus expressed, were so often attended by that strange power of conviction accompanying New Testament truth expressed in its own very words. Yes, truly, Sam Jones believed in a God who hated sin. The lurid pictures he drew of the sinfulness of sin, and of the doom of the sinner unrepentant and unpardoned could not have been drawn in milder colors by an honest preacher who believed what Sam Jones professed to believe. He was awfully in earnest, and that earnestness expressed itself in the language of the Book itself—and this was a secret of Sam Jones's power.

But the secret that lay deepest of all is found in the fact that the Holy Ghost bore witness to the truth as it is in Jesus, according to His own promise, and in the use of His own marvelous methods. To Sam Jones the Pentecostal dispensation meant the coming of Pentecostal power whenever and wherever it was invoked under Pentecostal conditions. Sam Jones was a battery charged, and trailed directly against the forces of evil. Bless his brave, true heart! His answer to the threats that were sometimes made against him was usually expressed in terms of mingled defiance, ridicule and pity toward those who threatened.

That last element of Sam Jones's power—a pity that was like the

pity of the pitying Christ for sinners—was the chief element of his power as an evangelist. That pity can have but one Source. It can not be counterfeited successfully. It can not be resisted by even the coldest and hardest hearts. The preaching that lacks this pity, whatever else it may have that might commend it to the carnally-minded, is only a sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal. The love of Christ constrained Sam Jones. That love he expressed mostly in Christ's own way, reciting to the people in Christ's own words what He had said, or illustrating His love by Christ's own acts.

In one of Sam Jones's evangelistic gatherings there was usually that which reminded us of New Testament times and doings. The great crowds, the tenderness that melted all hearts, the satire that made sin look so cheap and silly, the methods that broke over all conventionalities—what came with Sam Jones was something like what is here described. It got to be so that where he came at the call of any community, a great stir of this sort was looked for, and there was no disappointment—for God was with him. The notes of victory in his last battle were still in his ears when he started to his home in the Georgia hills, but, as it proved to be, to that home prepared for him by his Lord up yonder where sin and sorrow can not enter. To that home Sam Jones had directed many in the name of his Master. They are together with Him now.

Among the readers of this chapter those who know Sam Jones as I did will repeat with me the words we find in 1 Corinthians 15: 57: "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Nashville, Tenn.

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN., D.D.,

Secretary General Assembly's Committee on Evangelistic Work.

It has been my privilege to know Rev. Sam P. Jones for a number of years. I first heard him in 1887 when I was a pastor in Albany, N. Y., and he was conducting meetings with Prof. E. O. Excell at Round Lake, not far from Saratoga Springs. I heard him preach a sermon on "All things work together for good," and I can still repeat the outline, and remember the sermon as if it were preached

yesterday, and the impression it made upon me. I came away from that service with one of the most distinguished preachers in our country, and I heard him say after he had listened to the same sermon: "I have heard to-day the greatest preacher which it has ever been my privilege to hear."

I consider Sam Jones one of the most remarkable men of his generation. He was peculiarly called to God to rebuke sin. His wit and his wisdom came from an inexhaustible source of supply. He was not always understood. Now that he is gone, however, the references of all the newspapers to him, almost without exception, say that he has made his place in church history, and the followers of Jesus Christ, not only to-day, but in days to come, will rise up to call him blessed.

He loved God, as was clearly indicated in his preaching, and he loved men. Some of the greatest sermons that have ever been delivered to men flowed from his lips and rose from the depths of his heart. God not only gave him wide observation and a great experience, but he trained him through trial and suffering to be the man that he was.

And yet I am told that no one knew Mr. Jones until they had met him in his own household. I have a vivid picture in my mind now of his being at the World's Fair at St. Louis with the most of his family, and it was a constant delight to me to look across the dining-room of the hotel and see his face wreathed in smiles as he talked with those whom he loved.

A friend of mine who was recently his guest, says that he was a veritable priest in his own household, and that the members of his family loved him with a passionate devotion. He was as true as steel, and as honest as the day is long.

He was the most generously paid man on the platform to-day, and yet he was constantly giving to those who were in distress. It was his delight to work beyond his strength that he might have wherewith to give to those who needed it.

Two of my friends who have labored with him constantly, each said the same thing, without knowing that the other said it—"Sam Jones was the cleanest, whitest and purest man in all this world." Personally, I thank God that he ever lived.

CHAPTER XLII.

Appreciations from Distinguished Men.

Sam Jones Dead!

HON. JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

If the brief, startling message of the morning wires be verified by later dispatches, Sam Jones, of Georgia, the most famous evangelist of modern times, has been gathered swiftly and suddenly into reward and rest.

If it be true—and there are few possibilities of mistake—the end has come as Sam Jones would have it come. In the full flush of a glorious and militant life, on the march, in full harness, with eyes bright, with record clear, with the conscience clean, with the echoes of applause and laughter and cheers yet ringing in his ears, the dauntless evangel, the vital reformer, the militant preacher, the eloquent orator, the unequaled humorist, without suffering, without waiting and without anxiety, answers the instant roll-call and is dismissed from present service and promoted to a higher and a nobler sphere.

A brave man physically, Sam Jones was a brave man morally, and spiritually without fear. The problem of death had faced him as an imminent issue more than once during the years of feeble health about him, and we may be sure there were no coward tremors and no shrinking back when the death angel swooped with his sudden summons to the great tribunal where men must give account.

And the great evangel had small need to fear the verdict of the Supreme Justice who presided there. His was a faithful and a

fearless life. He had been true since the plighting of his faith to Christ. To strike and spare not, was the motto with which he faced the sinner. To help and rescue, was the second motto which redeemed the fearless first. He was as swift to succor as he was to smite. He was as tender in healing as he was terrible in arousement. And the terror of many an awakened sinner had been softened in the tenderness of a penitent's forgiven tears. And through terror and through conscience, through tenderness and tears, he had fought the Master's fight, he had gathered the Master's people, and roused and comforted, and wounded and healed, and in the crowds that followed him, and in the multitudes which heard him, as they heard his Master, gladly, he had justified the commission which had been given him to preach a real gospel to a dying world.

If in the darkness and loneliness of a night upon the rushing rail, the brave, bright soul of the evangelist went out to meet its Maker all alone, we may be sure that the tears and the tenderness, the love and the laughter, the fear and the faith, the hope and the heartfulness of the thousands who had followed him through life, were crowned by the "well done" of the Elder Brother who held his hand as they walked through the last shadows to the light and beauty of the Father's throne.

BY HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

"Sam Jones, the famous evangelist, died last week, and his death removes from the scene of action a man whose life-work resulted in great and permanent good to the world. His earnestness, his evident sincerity and his plain, common-sense way of putting things, made him a favorite with the people. No one ever was in doubt as to where Sam Jones stood on any question confronting the people, and many of his quaint and blunt sayings have passed into proverbs.

"Many years ago Sam Jones was engaged in a great union revival meeting at Plattsburg, Mo. One of the visiting ministers asked him one day why he did not use better language and refrain from so many 'slang' expressions. 'My dear brother,' replied Mr. Jones,

'I am a fisher of men. I judge the efficacy of my bait by the results I get. When one of your soft-spoken, namby-pamby little preachers can show a bigger string of fish than I can I'll try his kind of bait.'

"For a quarter of a century Sam Jones was a prominent figure in the pulpit and on the lecture platform, and if life is measured by what men put into it, instead of what men get out of it, then Sam Jones's life was a success.

"Sam Jones had a great mind, directed by a great heart; an eloquent tongue enlisted on the side of humanity; a marvelous energy employed for the improvement of society."

IN MEMORIAM—SAM JONES.

BY HON. THOMAS E. WATSON.

"That was bad about Sam Jones, wasn't it?" he asked, meaning, of course, the sudden death of the great evangelist on a railway car.

No, it was not bad. It was, in many respects, an ideal departure from this terrible world. He had lived his brightest day, had done his best work—and he fell in the midst of his renown, before the benumbing murmur began to buzz in his ears, "He is not what he once was."

He had just closed a great series of religious meetings. For days and days he had been doing the Master's work, living face to face with the Most High. Not lecturing for money. No! Preaching the Gospel of the good life, of the salvation free for all.

With the benediction on his lips he passed away. With a prayer in his soul, his great heart ceased to throb.

Like the soldier who falls in the battle-line, after he has fought a good fight and won the field, so fell Sam Jones.

Bad? No, by the splendor of God! It was a glorious death, a beautiful death, an enviable death.

The night before he was killed, Cæsar heard his companions discussing the question of what kind of death was most to be desired. He was busy with affairs of state, but he paused in his work to express his opinion of the death which was most to be desired: "That which is least expected." Next day he got it.

Think of what was spared to Sam Jones. There was no heart-rending torture of protracted pain. There was no dreary martyrdom of bedridden sickness. The wife of his youth was at his side; the infinite peace of God was in his heart.

What more? There had been no pitiable decay of intellect, no saddening decline of influence, no loss of the ear of the world, no dropping away of friends.

Yet he must have known that, if he continued to live, from year to year, inexorable Fate would drag him nearer the bleak regions of Old Age wherein one's Joys steadily diminish and one's Sorrows remorselessly multiply.

Bad? No, it was not bad. Providence let him win success when it was still sweet to the taste, and then mercifully took him away from the horrors of that pathetic decay, that appalling process of going back to childhood—that second childhood which has all the helplessness of the first, with nothing to disguise, alleviate or offset its repulsiveness.

Did I not see the once lordly Robert Toombs totter about in the care of a man-servant, too feeble of mind and body to be trusted to travel alone? Did not Alexander H. Stephens linger upon the stage until it gave one the heartache to hear him try to make a speech?

Would it not have been a mercy of heaven if the stroke of paralysis which struck down William H. Crawford at the height of his fame, and powers, had stretched him dead? What did it leave of that greatest of Georgians but a broken mind in a broken body?

Ah, give me that beautiful death which saves me from the unutterable miseries of senility and decay.

God knows there's little enough in life, even at its best; but the cruelest weakness which nature curses us with is the timorous clinging to life when there's nothing left to live for.

Marlborough in his dotage—too melancholy to contemplate!

Dean Swift a driveller and a show—the mind recoils from the spectacle.

Sir Walter Scott still trying to write when all the force and fire and creative genius were gone—pitiful to the last degree.

Napoleon in captivity, fat to unwieldiness, querulous, vainly beating his broken wings against the bars of his cage, garrulously holding forth upon the glories of his past—it is too sad for words. Better, a thousand times better, had he died at Waterloo with his face to the front—spur on heel, blade in hand.

Mozart died beautifully—while they chanted the Requiem which marked the high-tide of his genius.

Mirabeau died grandly—while he still stood in the midst of the French people, an Atlas bearing social order upon his back.

William Pitt died enviably—in the prime of his strength, while still the uncrowned monarch of Great Britain.

Stonewall Jackson died gloriously—with the praise of his chief warming his heart, the shouts of victory gladdening his ears, and the faith of a Christian robbing death of its sting.

Henry Grady died a lamentable death—for he seemed to die too soon. His serious life-work seemed just begun. To be stricken down and consigned to chill darkness and forgetfulness when his youthful strength was so abundant, his blood so warm and eager, his feet so ardent for the march, his arm so strong for the fight—it seemed a hard, unmeaning fate.

But Sam Jones was nearing threescore years. The heat and burden of the day were behind. The best of his strength was spent. The glory of the afternoon had come—and the twilight could not be far away. Better that he should wear out and not rust out, better that he should fall with his armor on, victorious to the last, than fret and pine away amid the shadows of mocking memories.

To me, then, it seems that he died as he would have chosen to die—in a blaze of glory. Sooner or later the few, the very few, who really love us must weep at our graves—a difference of a few days, or a few months, will not lessen the sorrow. Not all the preaching since Adam has made death other than death; and the grief of those who survive the beloved dead is a burden which humanity allows no affectionate soul to escape.

God pity the bereaved wife! God pity the stricken children.

As to Sam Jones himself, he had lived a great life, and he met a glorious death. No braver soldier of the cross ever stormed the

citadel of sin. No uniformed follower of Lee or Grant ever marched with greater purpose or fought with greater pluck. Against vice in all its forms, he brought every weapon known to the armory of right, and he used them with a force and skill and tireless energy which made him the most powerful evangel of Christ that recent history has known.

Brilliant, witty, wise, eloquent, profound in his knowledge of the human heart, no man ever faced an audience who could so easily master it.

From laughter to tears, from indifference to enthusiasm, from levity to intense emotion, he could lead the multitude at his will. Under his magnetism and will-power the brazen libertine blushed for shame, the hardened criminal trembled in fear, smug respectability saw its shortcomings, sham Christians forgot to be self-complacent, social hypocrites fell upon their knees, and the miser opened his purse.

I met Sam Jones in 1879, when he was poor and unknown. He came, unheralded, to conduct a revival in our town. I heard him preach a few times, recognized a genius, and predicted his renown. His wonderful career, afterwards, was no surprise to me. Since that day, in 1879, when we took each other by the hand—two poor and unknown young men—I have been his admirer, his friend, ever glorying in his rise.

Yet, in all our passing to and fro, we met but twice in the subsequent twenty-seven years, and then for a moment only. Now and then we hailed each other from a distance, through the newspapers, but we met no more. He moved in his orbit, I in mine, and each had his work to do. And now his is done, and well done.

He was the greatest Georgian this generation has known; the greatest, in some respects, that any generation has known.

"Duty is the sublimest word in the language," said Robert E. Lee, himself the flower of Anglo-Saxon manhood.

That Sam Jones fell at the post of sacred duty—died with the Master's message to erring man fresh from his lips—seems to me beautifully fitting, superbly appropriate.

Once he said, touchingly, "When all grows dark and doubtful—

human wisdom failing—and I can not see my way, I lift my helpless hand, and pray: 'Father, take Thou my hand.'"

Somehow, somewhere, it must be that heroic souls find, in better worlds than this, tasks which are worthy of their diviner gifts. All this, and more, some day we'll understand. "Father, take Thou my hand," the loyal soul prayed; and now, in His own good time, He has taken it.

BOOK FOUR

Sayings

CHAPTER XLIII.

Sayings of Sam P. Jones.

"Our church don't forbid dancing," exclaims one. Which is your church? All of the grand churches of the land are outspoken against it. If any church sanctioned dancing I would not stay in the little thing long enough to get my hat—I would run out bareheaded.

I wouldn't give the spirit of the old negro woman down South for all of the alleged faith of some Christians. She was coming down the street with a big basket of clothes, singing happily as a lark, when a citizen said to her: "Good morning, aunty; you seem to be happy as a lark this morning." "Well," said she, "I is, boss." "Have you any money laid up?" "No, boss, I hasn't." "Have you a home?" "No, boss." "Well, how do you live?" "I washes fur it," said she. "The Lord is my shepherd and I ain't gwine to want."

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." When God's dinner-bell rings all you want is an appetite, and you can walk in and there's a place for you.

I despise to see a man who knows more than everybody else in the community, and who does not know enough to behave himself. Some men have not got sense enough to be decent.

Don't imagine that because you have burned up no meeting-house and killed no preachers you will get in at the fool's door.

Don't allow your boys to learn gambling at home, and then you, in a hypocritical old age, go around bewailing their fate. A woman in Chicago told me her husband worked hard all day, and she played cards with him every night to amuse him. I told her to ship him to an asylum, for there they play cards for amusement. A game of cards is the game of starvelings, mentally and spiritually. Sisters,

you who have such husbands, I tell you what to do: Buy him a tin horse and a tin horn. Make him straddle the tin horse and blow the horn for him. Sister, don't let the children laugh at him. Tell the children that their little papa has worked hard all day, and wants to be amused. Sister, sister, get him a tin horse.

GOD have mercy on men who have not got sense enough to be faithful to the vows made to their wives!

I CAN stand anything better than I can stand a hypocrite. I always did have a hatred for shams and humbugs and cheats, and of all the humbugs that ever cursed the universe, I reckon the religious humbug is the humbuggiest.

Now the general pulpit style of America is about like this: "Here I am, Rev. Jeremiah Jones, D.D., saved by the grace of God with a message to deliver. If you repent and believe what I believe, you will be saved, but if you do not, you will be damned, and I don't care much if you are."

I AM sorry for the preacher that has got so low down in his theology that he is trying to establish the fact that there is no hell. I know of men trying to establish the fact that there is no hell. A gentleman said to me a few days ago that the fact was nearly established. I said to him: "When did you start your exploring party down there, and when will they return to report?"

THE infidelity that is hurting the church in this nineteenth century is not theoretical infidelity; the infidelity that is demoralizing the church and the world is practical infidelity: the fellow that believes the Bible and won't do one thing. Now you have got a fool and a rascal mixed in one compound. It is the most awful compound that Christ ever tackled. He believes in prayer-meetings, but he has not been to one this year; he believes in the missionary cause, but he gets out with the least he can give; he believes in family prayer, but you can't prove it by his wife and children. He goes on the principle that he that believeth not shall be damned, and he believes in everything. If your sort was put on the market and everybody felt toward you as I do, you would not bring much—you would not.

THE church of God is the last place to be solemn in, provided you have lived right. If I have lived a true and upright life, when I meet Christians I will smile. If I have been swindling widows and dishonoring my God and myself, when I come to church there will naturally be the solemnity of the graveyard.

I HAVE met with hard old sinners who have said that church members have stood in their way. I don't wonder at this. Why, some church members gouge each other. Some borrow money from each other and never pay it back. Some backbite each other. No wonder they go for old sinners. I never call any names, brothers, but each fellow knows his number when I hit him. Let's get right, and there will be found enough water in the fountain of life to wash away every speck of dirt.

THERE are old money-lenders in this city who, if they were to get to heaven, would not be there three weeks before they would want to set up a sort of corner-lot business.

QUIT your meanness, and tell God you mean it, if you wish to be saved. You need not be skipping around the Lord with the devil's old musket on your shoulder.

GOD pity the man that is boarding with his wife in a fifty-thousand-dollar mansion, and is cheating the widow and orphan!

"I HAVE doubts," says one. Well, you just quit your meanness and you will quit doubting.

I'LL tell you one thing, riches you get wrongly will not only curse you, but will curse your family after you are dead and gone. I was talking this evening about the ill-gotten gain of some man in ————. A poor family was found by a reporter starving to death and nearly frozen in the late cold spell, and when they came to find the cause it was found that they were making garments for a house in ———— that was paying fifteen cents a dozen. That sort of money will turn into brimstone, and you will carry enough brimstone to hell with you to burn you forever, if that's the way you get your money. I will tell you another thing: Fifteen cents a dozen for making garments is communistic fire that will burn this country up some of these days.

WHAT is hell at last? It is the very quintessence of selfishness and selfishness is hell. There is not an element in hell that does not enter into selfishness, and the supremely selfish man has already lighted the fires of hell in his soul that shall burn forever.

SIN is the one thing in the universe that permanently damages a man and eternally damns him. Disappointment may worry him, and grief may sadden him, and adversity may bring hardship and hunger to his life, but blessed be God, sin is the only thing in the universe that can leave its permanent mark on character—a mark which shall last forever.

ONE sin is enough to cut the soul adrift from God. I've seen men who were not afraid to die; but I never saw a man who was not afraid of the judgment-bar of God.

THERE is nothing in grace that will make you a sober man with a quart of whisky in your stomach.

LET us quit drinking, boys. A dram-cup in my hand broke my father's heart. Quit drinking, boys. It'll drive the roses from your wife's cheeks, and they will never come back again.

FROM a governor down to a dog pelter, I would not vote for a man that touches, tastes or handles whisky to save my life, and you can never redeem America with a legislature whose breath is tainted with whisky.

I HAVE never seen but one man in America that would stand up and say he drank whisky and never told his wife a lie about it. Have you got one here to-day? Is there a man who drinks whisky that never told his wife a lie about it? If there is, stand up. I want to see you. I expect some of you would have stood up, but your wives are with you and you don't want to be caught in a lie.

THIS liquor traffic has come down to where it is a question of blood and death and hell. These women are getting tired of seeing their husbands go down to drunkards' graves; these mothers are tired of seeing their sons go to a drunkard's hell.

I WENT down into the dirt to bring back a wayward son to a good woman, and she turned up her nose at me. God help you to turn

up your noses at your drunken husbands and boys, and not at the man who brings them back to God.

WATCH the association of your children. Do not allow your boys to go with young, rich debauchees simply for the money. Why, some of these scoundrels can get drunk on Saturday night and then on Sunday evening go to church with the sweetest girl in the family. We need some old-fashioned daddies who would meet these young bucks at the door and kick them clean out into the street. Some girls in a Southern city married a lot of fellows to reform them. That town soon had a batch of whippoorwill widows.

WE are all created on a common platform; we are all redeemed on a common platform. When God gave one a chance he threw the gates open to all.

IF God will empty your heads and hearts of all the error you have packed away in them, I will preach enough truth to save you to-night.

THAT old Colonel will sit out there on the street and pronounce his opinion, so and so. Young men will say, "It is my opinion." They got that from the old Colonel, and he got it fresh from hell. They all say, "My opinion." Very few men think. One or two great minds do the thinking for Europe. One or two great minds do the thinking for America.

A MAN incased in his own opinions is beyond the reach of the power of God. See the old farmer in the house smoking quietly: a storm gathers, and a cloud loaded with electricity is overhead; the lightning strikes the rod on the chimney and throws itself into the earth, and the farmer sits and smokes as if nothing had happened. The gospel of Christ flashes above the heads of the multitude and descends with sin-killing power, and strikes this outside incasement of every man's own opinions, and runs off into the earth.

THE less sense a fellow has, and the less he thinks, the more opinions he has.

WHAT is culture worth if it is but the whitewash on a rascal? I would rather be in heaven learning my A Bc's than sitting in hell reading Greek.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Sayings of Sam P. Jones (Continued).

If a man hasn't enough religion to pray in his family, he hasn't enough to take him to heaven.

Take an ordinary Methodist, now a backslider, and strike him down with a six-weeks' spell of typhoid fever, and you can do more to get him better spiritually than by preaching five hundred sermons. Shake a sinner over a coffin and turn him loose and he will hit the ground running a mile a minute.

Going to church is like going shopping: you generally get what you go for—no more and no less. A woman will go into a store with a hundred thousands dollars' worth of goods all around her, buy a paper of pins and walk out; that is all she came for.

At every conference you notice delegations going up to the bishop from the leading churches. One delegation will go to the bishop and say: "Bishop, we want you to send us a preacher this year that is popular with the young people." Another delegation will say: "We want you to send us a preacher that is popular with other denominations." Another crowd will go in and say: "Please send us a preacher that is popular with sinners." Another crowd will say: "Send us a preacher that is popular with everybody." But I tell you that I never heard of a delegation going up to conference and asking the bishop to "Please send us a preacher that is popular with God Almighty."

I am willing for anybody to have more money than I have, and more land than I ever expect to have, and more stocks and bonds than I can ever get, but I am not willing for any man that walks this earth to have more religion than I have. I can get as much as a soul full, and that's about as much as an angel can get. If I am a Chris-

tian I will be a Christian; if I am a Methodist, I will be a Methodist; if I am a Presbyterian, I will be a Presbyterian, and if I am a Baptist, I will be a Baptist. I am going to be one all over, through and through, but I wouldn't be a little old dried-up, knock-kneed, one-horse, shriveled nothing anywhere.

I DON'T care what a man says he believes with his lips; I want to know with a vengeance what he says with his life and actions.

DID you ever look at your heart until you saw it? You have glanced at it. The hardest thing a fellow ever tried to do in this world is to be good with a bad heart. A man was once trying to cleanse out his spring. He was working and tugging away, when a stranger came along and said, "Say, look here; take that hog out of the spring, and all will be well." Many a man is trying to cleanse the spring of his life with the devil wallowing in the fountain.

THE best way in the world to kill a fellow is to love him to death; then you don't have to bury him.

YOU turn the lovable side of your character on everybody else, and everybody will love you. You turn the unlovable side of your character to every one, and they will do the same. I moved into a settlement once, and the man I lived next-door neighbor to was not liked by anybody, and he did not like anybody. I went in there and turned the lovable side of my character to him, and he did the same to me. I found out that when he came there he had turned the unlovable side of his character to every one, and every one had turned their unlovable side to him.

I'VE heard it said that God loves good people and hates bad people. Glad it's a lie. God loves the meanest man that curses this world to-day as much as he loves the best man on earth. A mother has five boys. Four of them are preachers, the other is dissipated, godless, bad. You can go to that mother's house and say what you please about those preachers, but don't you say anything against poor John. If you do the mother will jump on you in a minute. She doesn't allow anybody to say anything about John.

LOVE is not only the divinest and sublimest, but the most omnipotent power in the world.

HE who loves the most is the one who's got the immortal capital. God give me love for a millionaire field in heaven. You'll have plenty of elbow-room there. Thank God I've not got anything in this world to forgive. I shall never get mad with any man unless he treats me worse than I have treated the Lord Jesus Christ.

IF everybody on earth loved God supremely and his neighbor as himself, then we would have a heaven on earth, and we would need no more restraints on earth than they need in heaven.

YOU goody-goody church folks are going around the whole Christian world to-day singing,

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing."

and you have sung it until it has got to be true of you. That is just about the way the whole thing has come out—just nothing. If you want to be nothing, just lam in. I don't! I want to be a man, and I want to be something, and somebody, and I want to go somewhere when I die, and I would rather go to hell than to go nowhere.

"GENTLENESS." Beecher once had a horse brought to him for a buggy-ride, and he asked, "Is that horse gentle?" And they answered: "Yes, sir; he is not afraid of anything in the world, and he will work anywhere." And Beecher said: "I wish I had one member in my church like that—not afraid of anything, and will work anywhere." I saw a great big fine bay horse once that would not work anywhere except to a light, striped buggy. These Sunday morning eleven o'clock Christians are striped-buggy fellows. Some of you have not been to church only at eleven o'clock Sunday morning for years. That is the dress-parade crowd. These striped-buggy fellows! If you were to hitch them up to a prayer-meeting they would run away. If you were to hitch one of them up to family prayers he would kick the buggy all to pieces. A liberal, cheerful, working woman is worth her weight in diamonds to any community.

GOT another class. The class that will go out to battle and the very first shot that hits them—"Ouch!"—and they're gone.

Sometimes a captain gets shot. "I ain't going back any more and get shot."

God will never take this world with the gang He has got on it now.

IF you'll give me one thousand people who have religion like Peter, James and John I'll take this town. There's plenty of people in this city who will come up and say, "Stick it to them, Brother Jones. You can't lay it on too hard," and when I ask them to come on, they say, "My wife is more feeble than ever before; my three children are down with influenza, and I think one of them has got heart trouble."

That's the way of it.

THE wedding over, the honeymoon passed, and years of happiness come. One day the husband began to drink. There is a volume of ten thousand pages in that very sentence. If woman knew what it meant. If every man could see into the future. He could read it and would not go on.

THE spirit of gentleness and the spirit of temperance. Be not only temperate in regard to liquor, but be a total prohibitionist on that subject.

I WANT to tell you, brethren, that it takes more money to run one old red-nosed drunkard than it does to run any member of the church in this city.

EVERY signature put to a license in this city by the authorities stamps the concurrence of every voter in the city in the nefarious business. The bar man sells the drug to feed his wife and family, and the revenue derived from licenses goes to defray some petty matter of lighting or cleaning the streets. The bar man is a gentleman and you are the guilty parties. If I were going to sell whisky I would come to Toronto, the nicest city in the world, and get a license from the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians in authority. When I died I would tell my wife to put the license in my

coffin that I might have it when the Angel Gabriel sounded the last trumpet to awake the dead to judgment. When God called me to account I would pull out my license, signed by the Christian people of Toronto, which I paid for, and which authorized me to sell whisky, and do you know God would send the whole shebang into hell together.

I WANT to see a man who drinks whisky and never told a lie about it.

THE girl that will marry a boy whose breath smells with whisky is the biggest fool angels ever looked at.

IF your husband loves whisky better than he loves you, you had better get away from him—the sooner the better.

SEVERAL told me that they drew a long breath of relief when I announced that I would carry on a prohibition meeting.

They say: "I tell you, I think barrooms are better than blind-tigers." They want saloons and let hell flourish and heaven rot.

This is the plain English about the matter.

What do you think of an elder who has to think of the question about barrooms before he can answer? When you ask a preacher he says: "Why, I consult my board, and if they are, why I are too."

How many people do you know who would go to the front ranks and spill their last drop of blood for the salvation of these people here in this city?

I DON'T want to be a gentleman if I have to get drunk. Do you?

No man can be a Christian and drink whisky.

Whip the fight. We can put whisky out of this town if we go in to whip the fight.

A FELLOW said to me: "I can raise the devil as well as you can, but I always get licked." I told him he had better stop. There is no use in raising the devil if you are going to get licked.

I NEVER will be satisfied in Georgia till we put legs on all the barrels and demijohns in Atlanta and move them away from our boys.

CHAPTER XLV.

Sayings of Sam P. Jones (Continued).

How did I become a drunkard? By drinking wine like some of you do. If any man had tasted what I have and been where I have been, he'd be recreant if he did not preach as I do. You get some letters as I do and it would go to your heart. I'm not only not going to drink but I'll fight it to perdition, and when perdition freezes, then I'll fight it on the ice. If you can make it any stronger than that, put my name to it.

Nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell whisky, and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it.

Because you are reckless and can rush into fearful dangers without a quiver of the muscles. So many men are reckless. An Alpine hunter shoulders his gun and walks along an eight-inch path, while the dog beside him quivers with fear. Don't rush into the face of God at judgment unprepared. At best, we have only threescore years and ten. You, with your constitutional vigor, may go to seventy and be pouring into your body poison all the time. Strong drink sends many a man to his grave twenty years before his time. Men are greedy to be lost, and anxious for damnation.

Temperance is a great regulation force of man's life. No man can drink whisky and be a Christian. Bob Ingersoll, the worst in the country, says whisky is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. I never got so low down as to discuss a man who drinks vile lager beer. There ain't a four-legged hog in the country that'll drink beer. But lots of two-legged hogs will. And the ladies are absolutely drinking beer for their health. Shame on them! The only hope of America is in her sober mothers, for when they debauch themselves their children will be born full-fledged drunkards.

FAITH works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. Have you got that? Then you have got light.

YOU don't believe what you don't see. Did you ever see your backbone? Some men believe they have a backbone, when it is nothing but a cotton string run up their backs.

THERE are two different kinds of faith. There is a faith that is always in a receptive attitude. With mouth wide open and hands extended, about all you hear from that sort is: "Lord, give me something." What is it you want? "Oh, just something, that is all. Just give me something." Everlastingly on the beg. And some people think they can not get along unless they are begging all the time. Look here! Did I tell the truth when I said God was our Father and we His children? I know what that relation is. Suppose when I go home to my sweet children that every time they come around me they are begging: "Papa, please give me something; anything you please. Please give me something." Continually begging! Why, I would carry a brush with me whenever I went home and give them a good whaling.

THE hardest thing a poor fellow ever tried to do in this world is to give himself to God just as he is. He wants to fix up and brush up and arrange the matter. Oh, how we do hate to turn just such a case over to God! We would like to make him about half way what we want him to be before we turn him over. It's the hardest job a man ever undertook to turn himself over to God just as he is.

I WILL choose to be a Christian and won't bother about God's promises. He is not slow to do His part.

THERE are ten thousand ways to hell and only one to heaven, but with a good guide we need have no fear of losing our way.

THE difference between Christ and the modern preacher is that Christ said, "Follow me," and the preacher says, "Get down there at the altar and agonize."

MOST of the churches of this country are in the wagon. Some

singing, some dancing, some cursing, some praying, some drinking, all in the wagon, and the little poor preacher out in the shafts.

I TELL you what tickles me: to see an old sinner come in and pull out an old, lame, dwarf member of the church, and lay him down and measure by him. "Look here, boys; I am as long and broad and good as this member of the church!" I would die, if I was a decent man, to lay myself down by the side of such a man. Why don't you go and pick out one of these grand old Christians? You would look like a rat terrier lying beside an elephant. You quit measuring by these dwarfs.

EVERY barroom is a recruiting office for hell.

THE wife either makes or unmakes her husband.

SELF-DEDICATORY love is the very bed-rock and foundation upon which you can build a happy married life.

TAKE the marital relations. No holier or diviner institution was ever known to man. Tamper with it and you are tampering with the very foundation of society. Our mothers, the emblems of virtue, and our daughters the duplicate of their mothers. If a man tampers with virtue down there it means two charges of powder and a charge of buckshot.

THE first question in this world is this question: "What will become of my children?" I notice this spring that little Anna has on Mary's dresses. Little Mary has outgrown them. I notice that little Paul has on Bob's coat. Bob has outgrown it. I say, "Wife, see how these little fellows are growing!" but they are growing a heap faster in my heart. When they are young they step on our toes, and when they are grown up they step on our hearts. Oh, you mothers ought to go in partnership with God in rearing your children!

THANK God for these singing, shouting mothers! There is music in their voices.

GOD pity a mother that has to send her children to a dancing-school to learn grace and manners.

LET me say in all kindness the reason I despise card-playing, drinking, dancing, and all worldliness, is because I know they are the subterfuges of the devil to keep us from thinking about our immortality. If there is no harm in them, they will curse you forever, because they will keep your mind off things that will save you forever.

IF I had ten thousand angels to preach to to-day, every word I should say would be pure. Our Saviour preached to men. His sermon on the Mount would not have had so much in it about adultery if He had been preaching to angels. God keep me dead honest in dealing with souls. I want to lay my gun on the rail and aim straight. If I hit you on the side, I did not mean to hit you there, but right square in the head. If you think I hit you accidentally, you never made a greater mistake in your life. I hit you with malice aforethought.

BUT some of you say, "Now, Jones, you are too hard on us. This is a hard country. Everybody looks out for himself, and I am obliged to live." That's a lie. You ain't. How come you to think you are obliged to live? Why, you ain't obliged to live a minute, but you are obliged to do right. That's one excuse for this roundabout way of serving your Almighty God.

JUST as the makers of a piano can put it in tune, God can set the Ten Commandments to music in man's soul, and all will blend in perfect beauty and harmony.

WE'RE mighty like sheep. The tendency of a sheep is to stray off.

WHEN you have spent all, it seems, so far as you are concerned, that nobody else has anything.

IF I had a thousand tongues they should all talk for Christ; a thousand hands, they should all work for Christ; a thousand feet, I'd put them all in the way to heaven.

DAVID was a great sinner, but he was a first-class repenter.

WHAT the alphabet is to a man of learning, repentance is to a man going to heaven.

GOD don't want anybody to prove anything that is true.

To get there in the grandest and best sense of the word is to have your citizenship on earth pass you to your citizenship in heaven.

SOMETIMES a fellow ain't mad about what he's mad about.

A MAN will not confess his sins before he quits them.

THE Lord has a magnificent army on dress parade.

I LIKE to see the cross fences in the church pastures taken down. I like to see the Presbyterian come over in the Methodist pasture a while and the Methodist go over and feed on the final perseverance grass awhile. Somehow or another when they come back they stick better.

GOOD Lord make us so earnest fighting the devil and sin that we will forget which our church is.

A CHRISTIAN girl runs a great risk when she marries a sinner.

THERE are few men in this world better than their wives.

IT ain't whose wife you are, but what sort of a wife that fellow has got where you live.

I BELIEVE a blessing is one of two things. It is either given by God to man because that man has done his duty and God has paid him, or because God knows he has determined to do his duty and has paid him on credit.

IT is the little things in this life that keep up the worry.

RELIGION, when you boil it down to a concrete, is nothing more than something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Sayings of Sam P. Jones (Continued).

If I hew to the line and let the chips fly where they will, the people say, "Oh, Sam Jones said it. He can say anything." Well, now, if I can say anything and if I am the only one that can, then I think I ought to keep at it all the time.

Some people think they can't be pious unless they are everlastingly begging for something.

I pray for my daily bread, but I have to hunt for my corn-pone with the sweat running down the hoe-handle.

There is many a man and woman in this house who have tried to raise their son a gentleman, and their daughter a lady. One is twenty-one, and the other eighteen. One marries and moves off to himself. He is not a Christian, and what a dangerous thing it is to project a boy on this world who doesn't know Jesus Christ. Your daughter marries. She knows nothing about God and hope and heaven. She goes out into the world to be a wife and mother of a home. God pity the home when a mother don't know God, and where the wife doesn't know Jesus Christ. Home religion, home piety. Brethren, I say it with all the earnestness of my heart: I would rather raise a true, noble, loyal boy to Christ and the right and he just have sense enough to plow a straight furrow, than to be the father of the brightest genius in America or in this dominion and project him upon the world a dissipated godless wretch that will debauch himself and set a bad example to the world. It is not how much sense the boy has got, but how much religion; not how well have you trained him in business, but how close does he live to Jesus Christ? I'll tell you another thing: When a father hasn't left his boys anything but money, he has left them bankrupt.

A MAN of conviction—who says a thing because he means it, and means it because he says it! I like that kind of a man.

A GREAT many people think that a man has to go to an altar to be saved. Confidence in a man is not religion. That altar business started down in Georgia about sixty-nine years ago. Where did the sinner go before that time? Have they gone to hell because they did not go to the altar? A man who believes only in what he can see doesn't believe he has got a backbone. I am not running on understanding. I could not get to my front gate on understanding, but I could get from earth to heaven on believing. I am running on believing now.

THANK God for a bee-line to the good world! Do you know what a bee-line is? The bee, after going from flower to flower with its velvet tread, extracting the honey, soars above the tree-tops, and makes a bee-line for its hive. Happy, happy—thrice happy—will we be when, after extracting all the sweets out of this life, we can soar above the world, and make a bee-line for the glory land!

THE fact is, a man gets religion a good deal like he gets the measles. A fellow gets tangled up with the measles, and in about ten days the doctor comes, gives him a cup of good hot tea, and tells him to keep on taking that until it breaks out; and then keep it broke out, and he will be all right. So some of you have got tangled up in this meeting until you feel as bad as a fellow with the measles before they break out. A few hot cups of gospel tea will make religion break out all over you. Then keep it out, and you are all right. But, like the measles, if it goes in on you, it will kill you, sure.

GOD never does anything for a man that he can do for himself. The Lord is too busy for that—to be doing things for men that they can do themselves. God never quit drinking for any man; that is the man's own lookout. God never quit lying for anybody; that is your own job. God never quit stealing for anybody; that is your own business to look after.

THE church is the last place to be solemn, provided you have lived right.

LOOK on the inside. When you know yourself you can fight your battle.

YOU know what a sentinel is? He can't sleep. You are the same for the Lord as he is for the army.

IF I am a revivalist, I've grown to be one just as the fingernails have grown on my fingers.

YOU pack your preachers in an icehouse and abuse them all the year because they don't sweat.

EVERYTHING they say about me helps me. If they lie about me, I'm so glad it's a lie that I can't get mad. If they tell the truth about me, I'm so sorry that I can't get mad. So I always keep in a good humor.

I ONCE knew of a new pastor who, upon taking charge of his church, was met by a delegation of the deacons previous to delivering his inaugural sermon. They said: "Now, brother, you mustn't preach about fashion, because our fashionable members will be out to hear you. You mustn't preach about dram-drinking or liquor-selling, because several of our members who are liquor-sellers will be out to hear you. You mustn't preach about covetousness, because several of our millionaire members will be out to hear you." "Well, what can I preach about?" he asked in great perplexity. "About the Mormons," replied the good deacons; "give 'em blazes; there won't be a Mormon to hear you."

FEELING is moral perspiration.

THE secret of a happy life is to do your duty and trust in God.

I'D rather die on a well-fought field of battle than run away and speculate on the spoils of the war.

I NEVER see a woman put her nose at me but I say to myself: "All right; some of these days the devil will foreclose his mort-

gage on that nose and get the whole gal with it." Whenever you see me with a grubbing-hoe on my shoulder I'm out after grubs, and if you ain't a grub sit still—I'm not after you. Do you catch the idea?

WHEN you think a preacher has got wings you are mistaken.

SUPPOSE I had received a box by express. It is iron and wood and it is all in a bunch and I say I can't make out what it is; put it in the garret with the rubbish. A day or two after I get a book with pictures in it and directions how to put my machinery together, I follow the directions and have a sewing-machine. It does its work like a thing in life. The man that made that machine made the book and the man that made the book made the machine. Listen! Sixteen years ago I was all out of fix. Sixteen years ago I got the book and put myself together and I have been running all right ever since. I say that the man that made me made the book and the man that made the book made me.

THERE are some people who like to be a hammer, but they won't be an anvil. We preachers are all willing to be hammers and strike. The softest people in the world are the preachers and editors. They are always pounding, but they won't be pounded on. Those who criticise are the hardest to take criticism. I don't object to them pounding me. If they can pound me I can pound them. If your toes are stepped on just grin and bear it. I like a bulldog the best in the world. You can hold him up by the ears two days and he won't whine. I wish we had more bulldog in us and less bench-legged fice. Endure affliction.

How can we win souls to Christ? Some of the churches say rent the pews. My, my, my. If Sam Jones should charge admission they would get up and say he was making merchandise of God's word.

SHOW me a church that does not believe in revivals and I will show you a church that looks like an abandoned cemetery. Stagnation! Stagnation! Stagnation! Talk about enthusiasm! We are not suffering in that line. Stagnation is the last station this side of

damnation. I say that we Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians believe in revivals. We go for them. But revivals are not the best things in the world. Rather the need of revival is a proof that we are not right. It is an abnormal state of things that makes revivals necessary. I want to be understood. So long as the churches work on the plan they now work on, revivals are a necessity. What would become of us without them?

A GREAT many people object to pointed preaching because it pains them, they say. This suggests the story of the old lady whose daughter's tooth ached. She sent for a dentist. He came and pulled out a pair of big, old-fashioned forceps. The old lady screamed out, "Don't put them things in my daughter's mouth; pull it out with your fingers!" That would be mighty nice if it could be done. God bless you all! if you will let me get the old gospel forceps hold of these teeth, I will bring them out, but I can not pull them with my fingers. I want that understood.

THE difference between the devil and the penitentiary is, that the penitentiary works you hard and boards you, but the devil puts you to the meanest, dirtiest jobs in the world, and makes you board yourself.

SHALL I ask you little dudes and dudines how to preach the gospel?

IF any one thinks he can't stand the naked truth rubbed on a little thicker and faster than he ever had it before, he'd better get out of here.

IF negative goodness was religion, then one of these lamp-posts out here would be the best Christian in town; it never cursed, nor swore; not drank a drop since it was made; it never did anything wrong.

THE lawyer who knows as little about Blackstone and the Supreme Court reports as the average Christian does about the Bible would never have but one case. The sheriff would be his next client.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Sayings of Sam P. Jones (Continued).

Look here, brother, I have had about as much trouble in some days of my life as you had, but I never took more trouble to bed with me than I could knock off at one lick.

Politicians have no more heart than a Florida alligator or a society woman.

When you dilly-dally and waver about religion, let me tell you, brethren, the devil puts you down, soul and body, on his side . . . As men live so they die, and if you can't afford to die on the devil's side, let me say to you that you had better not get on that side at all.

I have the profoundest contempt for those colonels and majors and judges who grace our curbstones and saloons. They have nothing to commend them to God but their money and their means. If there is anybody I want to see go to heaven it is poor white folks and niggers.

Do you know what a cornstalk revival is? Well, if you were to pile up a lot of cornstaiks as high as this house and burn them up there would not be a hod full of ashes. We want a revival of righteousness. We want a revival of honesty. We want a revival of cleanliness and purity.

I know when a man opens his mouth on the ruinous effects of whisky he is dubbed a "political preacher," a politician drumming for some party. I don't go much on party myself. That's so. I want the political parties of this country to crawl up out of the mud and wash themselves from head to foot and put on clean clothes before I have anything to do with them.

HELL is the center of gravity for wickedness; heaven is the center of gravity for righteousness. This is the lineage of damnation, and the lineage of salvation.

THERE are more little lawyers in this city who think that if they missed being at court, justice would be overruled and constitutional government destroyed. There are doctors who don't have three cases a week who think that if they miss an hour from their office the whole town would break out in yellow fever, smallpox and the like. Poor little fellows.

WHAT is a military general worth to his country who never fires a gun or gives an order? That's the way to look at it.

IF you think the world needs you you're a fool. You die and they lay you out here and the world moves on as though you were never born.

WHEN a man is bragging that his father is a colonel, you may put it down that his father is ashamed of him.

IGNORANCE is round as a ball and slick as a button; it's got no handle to it and you can't manage it.

FOOLISHNESS is the stuff what you rub on fools.

LET'S make it fashionable to love God and keep His commandments.

WHEN God gives a man a good wife and fifteen children or so, he's all right; when the devil gives him a society woman, and a poodle dog, he's in a bad way.

SOCIETY is a heartless old wretch; and if you don't get out of it you will go to hell with it.

METHODISM never could do much at being fashionable.

YOU will go to the store and give four dollars a yard for a piece of goods—and the more it costs the better you like it—and then you will go over to Sister Brown, a poor, good woman in your

church, and give her half a dollar for making it; and if the devil doesn't get you it is because he ain't got anything against Sister Brown. The meanest woman in the world is the woman who will give four dollars a yard for her dress, and then go over to that poor old woman who is a member of her church and jew her down to the last nickel she can get her to make it for.

A GREAT many people, with what little religion they have, will run out in the corner and sit down and say, "God save me and my wife, and my son John and his wife, us four and no more!" That is the sort of religion that is cursing the world.

CHRISTIAN, if you don't do the clean things they will jump on you. If you don't live up to what you profess, the meanest sinner in the town will point the finger of scorn at you. Don't forget that! If a horse is sound, he don't mind being currycombed; but if he is not sound and has any tender spots, he will kick and bite when the comb is run over his hide. Why, if he's sound, he'll just lean up against the comb and enjoy it. That's the way it is with the Christian. He don't mind criticisms if he's all right, but he'll kick and squirm if he ain't. Yes, he will.

THERE is a class in this community that I have a hearty contempt for, and yet I pity them. They come up to the preacher and tell him to scratch off their names. They are goin' to quit. Ain't goin' to try any longer. What would you think of a man that would get trusted every day at your store for a year, and then walk in on Christmas, owing you five dundred dollars and tell you to scratch off his name; he is going to Texas? You would tell him to go to Texas or to perdition. You would want your five hundred dollars. Yet this man comes into the church and lives five or six years, and has had a thousand blessings, and yet he says he is going to quit. Going to quit telling the truth; quit staying sober; quit being a man, and going to be a dog. If you take a small auger and bore into that man, you won't bore very long until you discover he is all dog but his hide.

HERE are a hundred before me who have promised God, in time

of extremity, they would do better. Sister, you promised it to him on your death-bed, if he would restore you. That is what discounts death-bed repentances. Men get well from their death-beds and never do any better. They have lived and never did better, and I am afraid when they died they were lost.

THERE is so much sham in this country—a religion with a brown stone front and brickbat, mortar and stick back. Let's have a brown-stone religion all around.

I KNOW of one church when twenty were praying for the millennium and two hundred were playing for the booby prize in a progressive euchre. Such Christians as that would not be in heaven six months before they would be gambling for each other's crown.

WHAT is a little party? It is nothing but a big party with short clothes on. What is a big party? It is nothing in the world but the anteroom to a ballroom. And what is a ballroom? It is the anteroom to a german. And what is a german? It is the anteroom to eternal disgrace. And what is eternal disgrace? It is hell-fire. Now you see how it goes.

A WOMAN who had seen the german said to me: "Mr. Jones, you can tell the world it is nothing but hugging set to music." A boy at a dance was asked by his companion to get up and dance. "No," said he, "let's sit down and hug." I like that boy's grit.

IF you will testify that dancing helps you to be religious, and helps you to be good, and helps you to live right; if you will testify so, in order that we may have one way, we will adopt the dancing route and a dancing-hall in every member's house, and will have movable pews in the church and every Wednesday night will move the pews and have a dancing meeting. If dancing is a good thing let's all assist; if it's not, let's all give it up.

IF there is a thing in this world I have the profoundest contempt for, it's the infernal dancing-master going through the land despoiling the young people of our country.

GOD never gave a woman a child to debauch it by sending it to a dancing-school kept by an old hook-nosed Frenchman.

Go into a ballroom with your Christian light. It will go out. It won't burn there.

SOME people will forego their religious happiness and their religious usefulness for the sake of having three dances a year. A woman goes and she dances. She goes again and dances, and dances, and dances, until she opens her eyes in hell—but she danced.

Sow little parties and reap big ones. Sow these and reap ballrooms. Sow these and reap germans, and from these reap spider-legged dudes, and from these you'll reap a half thimbleful of calves' foot jelly.

THE woman that never helped the Lord never got much help from the Lord. The best way to help yourself is to help somebody else. You take society about this town. If I had the money that the Christian women, so-called, pay at the theater during the year, I could run every charitable institution in this town grandly. That is a fact. You can't walk to church—it is too far; but you will walk the next night a third farther to the theater, and your husband does not really want to go. Let us try and reform ourselves on this line.

LIFE'S in a community. Here is a theater on this street. Here is a prayer-meeting across the way. There they go, and you can not tell whose dogs they are to save your life. But when they get to the intersection of the streets, and they turn toward the theater or toward the prayer-meeting you know who are the devil's dogs, and who belong to the Lord. There is no use saying any more about it for the forks of the road tell whose dogs they are.

A MAN once asked me how long it had been since I had been at a theater. I told him I had not been at the theater since I had quit being a vagabond.

AND there are women in St. Louis that will go and hear things in the theater whose tendencies are the most vulgar of the vulgar,

and she will be tickled all over, and she will come to the church and she will have her poor little nerves all shocked to pieces at something Sam Jones says, and she will turn up her nose at me, and I can always tell when the devil has got a mortgage on a woman's nose. It is always turning up. And he is going to foreclose it some of these days, too, sister, and he will get the gal when he gets the nose.

PUT the Lord Jesus Christ by you in a theater and see how he looks at certain things said in that theater; and there are Methodists in this house, and members in all the churches that patronize those places, and if they were to go into your parlor the next day and say the things they heard there the night before, you would kick them over your front gate.

AND I say to you to-day, God never prayed in any man's family for him; God never took up anybody's cross for him. There is a great deal of this work of salvation on your own shoulders, and my great desire is to take hold of men and pull them up where God can save them. I say it is a moral impossibility for God to take a man to heaven when every step of that man's life is downward and hellward.

SALVATION or damnation is a personal matter. Nobody will die for you; nobody will stand in your place at the judgment bar of God.

GOING to heaven is just like riding a bicycle. You have to keep-a-going to keep-a-going. You got to keep a-moving—you can't stop.

I PUT Christianity and infidelity together here and say, "Christianity, what have you done?" "I have come into the world on a commission of mercy. I have founded orphan asylums. I have brought peace to many a soul." "Infidelity, is that true?" "Yes, that is so." "What are you doing, Infidelity?" "I am fighting Christianity." I had rather be a convict than to have a job like that.

A MAN or a chicken is no good without sand in his gizzard.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Sayings of Sam P. Jones (Continued).

Here's your logic: Because God is good I'll sin and keep on fighting him. I am sorry we ever fired a gun on that grand old flag at Fort Sumter. But Beauregard did it. He turned his guns on it, and the guns were answered; back and forth went shot and shell till the walls crumbled and were laid low. All at once a white flag went up from the center of the fort. Beauregard said: "Boys, roll back your guns and get your boats and don't suffer a hair on the head of those men to be touched." Well, God has been firing at this old world and we've been answering back hard, and many of our fathers and mothers have gone down in the struggle. God turned his big guns on us. I say let's run up the white flag. If we do, He will say to his angels: "Roll back your guns, go down and take the bread of heaven and give it to them. See to it that the sun does not smite them by day, nor the moon touch them by night." Who'll run up the white flag to-night?

I'm really glad that our salvation does not depend upon our believing this or that creed. Many preachers devote most of their efforts to showing that their creed is the only right creed, and defending it, instead of preaching Christianity to dying men. I am sorry for the preachers who have a creed that needs defense. The Methodist creed can not be swallowed by a great many men; the Presbyterian creed won't go down with a great many wise people; nor will the Catholic or any other creed. When we boil it down it comes to just this: God never said that believers in the first five points of Calvin should be saved, nor he who believes in the immersion, nor he who believes in the sprinkling, nor that he who believes in the final perseverance, nor that he believes in the im-

mutability of the Pope, nor that he who believes in apostolic succession—shall be saved, but "Whosoever believeth on Jesus Christ shall be saved."

SOME say, "My trouble is doubt." If you will take hold of your doubt and pull it up by the roots, you will find a seed at the bottom, and that seed is sin. If you will empty your hearts and meet the conditions then the doubts will be gone.

IF you quit sinning you will quit doubting.

INFIDELITY can grow only on the soil littered by the lives of unfaithful members of the church. That's it. Oh, for the faith that takes God in as He is. The man who don't believe is a mere pigmy in the church. I believe the Bible just as it was written, and I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah. I would have believed it just the same if it had said that Jonah swallowed the whale. I've got no better sense than to believe the Bible. Call me a fool for it, and I'm a happy fool.

I BELIEVE every word in the Bible. I accept everything between the lids of the Book. I have good reasons for my faith.

THE best thing a man can do in this world is to do right, the worst thing a man can do is to do wrong.

I WANT to be a true man—a man in the pulpit, at home, everywhere and under all circumstances. If I were to become satisfied to-morrow that the pulpit was absolutely shaking the foundations of my manhood I would come out of it, because I would rather be one true man than forty preachers, and I want to get out of the pulpit just one day beforehand.

EVERY true man is an eternal millionaire.

I HAD rather be a man in the truest sense of the word than the best angel in heaven.

REPUTATION is cheap. Reputation is like the glove. I may put it on my hand or take it off, or rend it to pieces and throw it away, and

not feel the loss of it. But character is the hand itself; and when once it is scarred it is scarred forever. Character is immortal. Character shall live on beyond the stars. Character shall live as long as God lives. Character-building is the one work of true men in this world. I used to want religion, when I was a sinner, to keep me out of hell. I used to think that I would love to have religion that I might get to heaven. But heaven and hell are both secondary with me now. I want religion now and forevermore.

A MAN wants a soul big enough for God and the angels and all men to come in and live with him.

IF a man believes he is right the next thing he wants is courage that will dare to do right.

I GET disgusted with some little fellows who are always talking that they preach Christ, and nothing but Christ, to sinners. I would as soon preach Socrates to an unconvicted sinner as to preach Christ. He's got just about as much use for one as the other. The law of God is a great moral force which moves the world and the law is what ought to be preached first, that conviction may follow.

THE devil has no better servant than a preacher who is laying feather-beds for fallen Christians to light on.

THERE is one preacher in this town that won't come to these meetings, but he says he is a-praying for Sam Jones's success—and won't come here. Praying for Christ to associate with a man he won't. Too much of a gentleman. Win souls for Christ, that's the evangelist's work. You say you can't find sinners. A Christian in ——— that can't find sinners. My, my, my, you can't find them? Ain't you a dandy? There are three kinds of setter dogs. One a cover dog; one a single-bird dog; one a retriever. One will flush up whole droves of birds at once. Another kind will just get up one at a time and you can kill them every pop. The retriever will go out and find them and bring them to you. Now, which are you going to be? I wish you were more like setter dogs, spiritually speaking, I mean. Now, don't you go and get mad and say that I compared you to dogs. I wouldn't hurt the dog's feelings.

I'D rather be a man than a dignified preacher.

I WANT to be a good man and a good husband, but God keep me from being a "nice" preacher.

THE greatest blessing that ever crowned an American or a Canadian church is a "game" preacher that is not afraid of man or devil.

I WOULD rather associate with a dog than with a profane swearer. This may sound strange; but I know what I am talking about. A man may associate with a dog until he becomes doggish; but a swearer can make him hellish. A man's affinities determine who he is, and what he is.

MANY a man will lie down in hell and say: "My tongue damned me."

YOU may baptize a man all over, but his tongue will come out as dry as powder.

THE Scriptures teach me clearly that my life can never be better than my heart. The Scriptures teach me that a bad tree can not bring forth good fruit; neither can a good tree bring forth bad fruit. It also teaches me that no salt fountain can send forth fresh water; neither can a fresh fountain send forth salt water.

TWO years or more ago I walked through John Wanamaker's store in Philadelphia. He told me some days he had three thousand clerks. Ten thousand customers buying goods all at one time. I say, "You've got everything, ain't you?" He replies, "Mr. Jones, I have worked for years to complete my store so that a customer can find everything he wants. That's where my customers get their dinner. I've got it fixed so that a man does not need to go out for his meal." God Almighty was four hundred years getting up this Book and every want of the universe can be supplied out of this Book. If I had the billions of men of earth before me I would refer them to this precious Book. Here's a blesed balm for every wound, a cure for every ill. Thank God for this precious Book, divinely written and divinely given to save the world.

THIS is the Book of books. This is the Book of knowledge. This is the Book which tells how to get to heaven. Glory to God for this precious Book. My mother lived by its precepts and pillowed her head upon it. It was the Book of my father and the light of his home.

TALK about Ingersoll, I never met an intelligent man yet that had been damned by Robert Ingersoll. The only difference in Ingersoll and any other fellow running after him is this: Ingersoll plays the fool for fifteen hundred dollars per night, and this little fellow runs after him and plays the fool for nothing and boards himself. And I tell you that Ingersoll is going to continue to play that kind of fool as long as this country gives him fifteen hundred dollars per night.

I NEVER met a sinner in all my work who said that Bob Ingersoll stood in his way of coming to Christ. I never met a sinner who was bothered about Ingersoll's blatant tomfoolery. If I did, I would say: "Old fellow, you need not trouble about getting religion; you have not sense enough; God, in my opinion, will take you into heaven at a side-door."

I WANT to see the day in this country when no decent woman will put anything on her table that will made a fool of her husband. The biggest fool woman in this State is the woman who will go to the closet and get the demijohn and bring it out and fix up a drink for her husband. You have not sense enough to keep out of the fire; your place is in the lunatic asylum.

I HAVE never been converted, if a man must believe something afterward that he didn't believe before.

KEEP my boy poor and honest, and let him die a fool. If you are doing wrong, quit it.

I NEVER had much confidence in a man that would do things in New York that he wouldn't do at home. You have some of that sort here. A fellow that is sober as a judge at home, when he goes on a fishing tour can not get along without a jug of whisky; and he drinks it all the way along and claims to be pious.

THE roar of commerce, the click of the telegraph, and the whistle of the engine have well-nigh drowned out the voice of God. But, amid all these rough trials and present transactions, it is well enough to put our hand up to our ear now and then and look up and hear what God has to say. Let us listen to that still small voice that never misled a man a step, and never deceived a man's soul; let us listen to that voice which, if you hear it aright, will make you wise unto salvation.

THE great curse of the world to-day is not out of the church, but in it. I know I touch upon ground that may bring out resentment, but, brethren, the harder and louder I say this the more I resemble my Divine Master. He gave the "amen corners" bringes whenever he met them. Every denunciatory sentence He uttered was to the church, to the members of the church. But to the sinner he says: "You are like the lost sheep which the shepherd sought and bore home on his shoulder." He didn't kick or beat the sheep, for it could not stand it. But he thundered his reproof to the Scribes, Pharisees and Publicans. All we want is a church like Christ wants, to march forth and win the world for Him. God grant us power to go out in the spirit of grace and bring back the lost sheep. It would be healthy if every member of the church would ask himself these questions: "Suppose every other member was like me, how would the spirit of prayer succeed? how would the expenses be paid? how much sympathy would the pastor receive?" It wouldn't be long before you came to this conclusion: "Here is the biggest humbug God Almighty allows to live in the church." I can stand a railroad humbug, a business humbug, a newspaper humbug, but God deliver me from a religious humbug. I believe it was at Princeton that some young fellows tried to fool a professor who was a bugologist and knew bugs from creation down. They made up a bug from the head, wings, feet and legs of different bugs, and taking it to him, said, "What kind of a bug is this?" He replied, "Why, that's a humbug." Now, take the hands of a swindler, the head of a keen trickster and the mouth of a saint, put them together and you have the biggest kind of a humbug.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Sayings of Sam P. Jones (Continued).

Don't worry about your money. God bless you, bud, they'll haul you off in a shroud without a pocket—and if it had a pocket your arm would be too stiff to get into it.

There are four things you can appeal to in a boy—his sense of honor, his conscience, his pride, and, lastly, his hide.

If the public has to educate your kid the public should have the right to lick your kid.

You fool clerks who gamble, you go to these upstairs rooms and let them milk you and turn you loose—just like the farmer does the cow. Only the cow has got more sense than you. The cow gets the grass and you get nothing.

We see God all around us. The mountains are God's thoughts piled up. The rivers are God's thoughts in motion. The oceans are God's thoughts embedded. The dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearls.

I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, and the only reason I don't believe that Jonah swallowed the whale is because the Bible don't say so.

He has either a mighty long head or a mighty short creed who believes only what he understands.

Repentance is the first conscious movement of the soul from sin toward God.

Thank God this old world has never seen the time when it did not take its hat off and make a decent bow to a good woman.

I DIDN'T say a clerk who gambles will steal—I just 'most said it.

I BELIEVE the greatest moral monstrosity in the universe is an impious woman. I can understand how men can be wicked, and turn their backs on God, and live in sin; but the greatest moral monstrosity is a woman with the tender arms of her children around her, their eyes looking up into her eyes with innocent love, and that mother despising God in her heart.

RELIGION is like measles; if it goes in on you it will kill you. The trouble with a great many Christians in this city is, religion has gone in on them. Keep it broke out on hands, feet and tongue.

EVERY day ought to keep good company. There is not an angel in heaven that would not be corrupted by the company that some of you keep.

IN a Georgia town a number of girls married men to reform them; now the town is full of little whippoorwill widows.

WHISKY is a good thing in its place, and that place is in hell.

THE capacity of a woman for making everybody about her uncomfortable can not be calculated by any known process of arithmetic.

THE Christian who will do things in New York that he would not do at home is a very poor Christian.

IT takes less sense to criticise than to do anything else. There are a great many critics in the asylum.

I DON'T think much of dignity. My observation is that the more dignity a man has the nearer dead he is.

THERE are three thousand guilty men in this audience to-night, and if they thought they were going to be found out, there would be an awful dusting out of town before to-morrow night.

WHEN you find a man that is first-class at some one thing, you will find him pretty good for everything else.

Mr. Jones Playing Golf at Winona Lake, Ind.

Mr. Jones and Gen. Booth at a Chautauqua.

Mr. Jones in the Country.

Mr. Jones and Senator Patrick Walsh.

A CHARACTERISTIC GROUP.

LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF REV. AND MRS. SAM P. JONES

YOU don't believe what you don't understand? Do you understand why some cows have horns and some are muley?

LET's quit singing the "Sweet By-and-by" and sing the "Sweet-Now-and-now."

IF you tell me what you love and what you hate, I will tell you your character.

IF the devil ever puts his foot upon a woman once, she never gets up any more.

THE biggest fool God's eyes ever looked upon is the woman who stirs the toddy for her husband.

IF my daughter only had one dress that should be a whole one. If it lacked anything at all I should cut it off at the bottom and not at the top.

THEY will put you in jail for stealing a man's money, but you can be an average church member and steal a man's character.

IT is worth something to a man to belong to a good family.

OLD sinners are not satisfied with us unless we live better than they do.

A MAN is not a sinner because he is an infidel; he is an infidel because he is a sinner.

I RATHER like the expression of that good old woman who cried out: "Oh, Lord, if you will only save me in this world, you shall never hear the last of it in the next."

GOSSIP is always about a person. Decent talk is about things, and unless your neighbor is a thing you frequently indulge in gossip.

A MAN don't have to live, but a man must do right if he wants to come out right.

I WON'T sell whisky. As I told you once, I've been fool enough to drink it, but never was fool enough to sell it. [Laughter.]

A GOOD many people are going to be good when they get to heaven. Well, old feller, you'd better be good down here or you won't get in.

A GREAT many members of the church in town, you can't trust them all; they won't pay you. Just think of a man afraid of getting to heaven for fear of meeting his creditors.

Now, don't you go away and say Sam Jones encouraged you to commit suicide, 'cause I didn't. But I'd go down to the harbor and crawl under a wharf and die before I'd sell whisky, though.

I'VE been solemn many times, and I went to a doctor for it, I did. I found I had a diseased liver, and got a prescription for it. And there's many a fellow going through this world taking diseased liver for a clean heart. [Laughter.]

WHENEVER I see an old maid I just know some feller hain't done his duty; and when I see an old bachelor, it makes me think of a hog. I don't know why it comes up in this connection, but it does.

THERE'S preachers in this town that wouldn't create a ripple of laughter in their audience for any price—I don't believe they could, anyway. They say the dignity of the pulpit must be maintained at any cost, and all they have done is to keep the pulpit way up in the air. [Laughter.]

I WANT to see people come to prayer-meeting with a rush; pray with a rush; sing with a rush; and stop a-blowing about their aches and pains, ups and downs.

I'LL tell you how I've stood all I've been through. I'm always in a good humor, I am. I believe that fun is the next best thing to religion, and if religion can't triumph over temperament, it ain't much account.

DID you ever hear a shout in Boston? If five or six would go ter shouting here in this place to-day, a lot of old women would jump up hysterically, and say, "Oh, I just can't stand this excitement in a church." And these same old women will go home to-night and

raise the devil with the cook over some burnt biscuit. [Great laughter.]

IT does tickle me to see the old devil's old gang trying to do like the young gang. Some people in the church have run so long that when the devil taps his gong you all, old people, hope to respond. [Laughter.]

WHY not preach the gospel so that it tastes good? I always like sugar in my coffee and salt in my bread. [Laughter.]

GIVE me the gospel in its purity and power, and so I can relish it. [Amens.] Fix it so they'll love it. "Delight yourself in your Lord."

GIVE me a cheerful, bright, happy Christian that loves God and carries his love in his heart. I've mixed with all classes; haven't mixed much with the solemn crowds, though, and don't have to.

When St. Peter said "add to your knowledge temperance," he did not have reference to you old red-nosed Methodists. Any man who pretends to be a Christian and drinks whisky is a great big old humbug—a two-legged hypocrite.

SOCIETY is a heartless old wretch, and if you don't get out of it you will go to hell with it.

WHEN the doctor says you can't live but an hour you'll want just such a preacher as myself talking to you.

GOD bores through the top of a man's head to his heart and on down to his pocket.

IF any of you don't like the way these services are going, there are three doors—you are cordially asked to leave.

WHEN your little cup's full you can just back out.

RED liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same hide.

HOW lovely is a patient woman. God pity the man who has a forked-tongued wife.

CHAPTER L.

Sayings of Sam P. Jones (Continued).

Every unfaithful official, every little prosecuting attorney who compounds a felony or compromises a crime, is an insult to the American people and very fit to be called worse names than criminals themselves.

Nine out of ten of these indecent pictures you see posted around the streets on the walls are of women. Is it possible that women are leading the immodesty of the age? And do you know that people get their cues largely from pictures?

What you should want is an honest dollar, honestly earned. The kind of a dollar which a man can put into his trousers pocket, put his trousers under his pillow and let the eagle on the coin change into a nightingale and sing him to sleep.

Terms like "hog" and "dog" sound very grating and harsh to the ears of some of the good people. But residents of a city where twenty-three hundred saloons are running every day in the week are the last people who should clamor for decency.

And these fat old women, who must have their beer for their health's sake! They make me tired, that's what they do. If I had a wife like that, when I went home I wouldn't say "Where is your mother?" or "Where is she?" but simply, "Where is it?"

If a man has a pull he can commit every crime known to the laws of the State and go unwhipped of justice. I imagine that there are about two thousand men with a pull who break the Sunday laws in this city every week and are never called to account for it.

The preacher has many opportunities that he does not avail him-

THOMAS DUNHAM, FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS, HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND.

HIS FAVORITE HORSE "DEXTER."

self of. He eats his breakfast, reads his letters and attends to his correspondence until noon. Then he says, "I'm tired. I think I'll lie down and rest this afternoon," and all the time the devil is busy working away.

WE preachers do not any longer speak with authority. If I should go through Edison's laboratory and he should tell me not to touch a live wire I would not do so. I should be an angel in a minute. Preachers tell a man if he keeps on sinning he will go to hell, and he leaves the church, saying: "Shucks, I have heard that before."

IF a lot of bums, thugs and low-down people were to get together and form a club and buy the best liquor they could get their hands on and open a room somewhere, I'll warrant you it would not be long before the police would raid it. But let it be a rich man's club; let its members have plenty of money, gild their deviltry, put plenty of frills and laces on it, and there isn't a policemen that won't walk by the door, raising his hat to the club-house.

I WAS born a Democrat and raised a Democrat, and remained a Democrat as long as I thought a Christian gentleman could. Then I pulled out. You Republicans need not laugh. I thank God I never got low enough to run with your gang. You Republicans claim to be a party of great moral ideas. It's a great lie. You ran this party for thirty years on a dead-stretch, and then when you turned it over to the Democrats it was soaked in whisky from Maine to California, and the government was in partnership with the whole damnable business.

The roar of commerce, the click of the telegraph and the whistle of the engine have well-nigh drowned out the voice of God.

WE little preachers think that we are doing first-rate if we take a text and announce about three propositions and discuss them for an hour. But do you know that Christ in His sermon on the Mount announced and discussed one hundred and twenty-five different propositions in the compass of half an hour?

IF I had a creed I would sell it to a museum. Creed shows itself

in the laws of the last few hundred years. It was over creed that men fought, and not over Christ. Orthodoxes are what has ruined this world.

THE back door of the church ought to be opened once a year and give all who have not lived up to its rules an opportunity to pass out.

BOB INGERSOLL—and I never call his name without feeling the need of a disinfectant—says whisky is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. He is good authority on that side.

WHEN I first started out I was afraid I would hurt somebody's feelings. Now I am afraid I won't.

YOU may not like my grammar. I am trying to get my style and grammar down on a level with you.

GOD can't elect any man unless he is a candidate.

EVERY barroom is a recruiting office for hell.

SOW whisky and you'll reap drunkards.

CHRIST won't stay in a house with the cellar full of whisky.

THE most demoralizing and damning thing and the most insidious is the city club.

I HAVE seen men converted from the barroom and from everything else, but never, never have I seen a man converted from a club.

RELIGION don't help a fellow to quit his meanness, but it helps him to stay quit.

DOUBTS are but the children of sin.

REPENTANCE is quitting your meanness.

INFIDELITY is nine-tenths mouth.

GIVE your heart to God and he will comb the kinks out of your head.

IF ever my daughters cut off any of their skirts, I don't want them to cut from the top.

THE tune of America is pitched to the dollar.

A MAN is never any better in politics than his party.

YOU can't bribe God's grand jury when you come to judgment.

YOU can cover up everything this side of hell with a five-dollar bill.

CUSTOM is the law of fools, and is ruining this country.

GOD pity the man who can't run his home without a deck of cards. He ought to have been in hell long before he had children born unto him.

IF any man don't like what I say, let him come to me afterwards and say so, and I'll—forgive him.

YOU dance with this world and you'll go to hell with this world.

I HAVE no respect for Mahone's politics, but I like his answer to the question, how much he weighed. He said: "I weigh ninety-five pounds, but ninety pounds of that is backbone."

THERE is more religion in laughing than in crying. If religion consists in crying I have the best boy in the world.

I PHOTOGRAPH your own ugliness, and you sit here and laugh at it.

SOME people say I ought not to call a drinking man a lying rascal. If he drinks, ain't he a rascal? And if he says he can't quit, ain't he lying? Now couple the two things together and you have the lying rascal. I talk plain. I call a spade a spade and a hog a hog.

I AM a Methodist, and want to be the best one God ever made.

I DON'T worry much about the mysteries of the Bible or Melchizedeck's children, or such things as that.

IF I understood all about the Bible, I'd know that somebody that didn't have any more sense than I have wrote it.

To think of the saloons being kept alive by members of the church.

I DON'T speak from a theological, but a logical standpoint. I never studied theology a moment in my life.

THE word "convert" is from the Latin terms *con* and *verto* —"turn altogether." Now, I used to think that every old sinner was in a wilderness of sin and that it would take him a week to find the road out, but I've found out now that when a man's converted all he has to do is to turn right about.

NOW, when a man wants to be converted he musn't just "con," nor he musn't just "verto." He must "converto"—turn altogether.

NOW, you've had your back on heaven and going hellward all your life. Do you want the illustration any plainer than that? Here's a man who has been drinking all his life. He is going to a saloon. He decides to quit. What must he do to be converted? He must turn from liquor and join a temperance society, which is the antipodes of the saloon.

A CONVERSION isn't worth anything unless its a double conversion. A man must be converted from something to something.

I WAS converted from whisky to prohibition—uncompromising prohibition.

THE only thing I have to say against the saloon-keeper is that he is just like a louse. He makes his living off the heads of families.

I HAVE more respect for an old toper than one of these elegant gentlemen who go in and drink liquor at a saloon, and then pose as churchmen outside.

*Forty-eight pages of Illustrations, not page-numbered, plus 464 type pages, equal to 512 pages in Volume.